

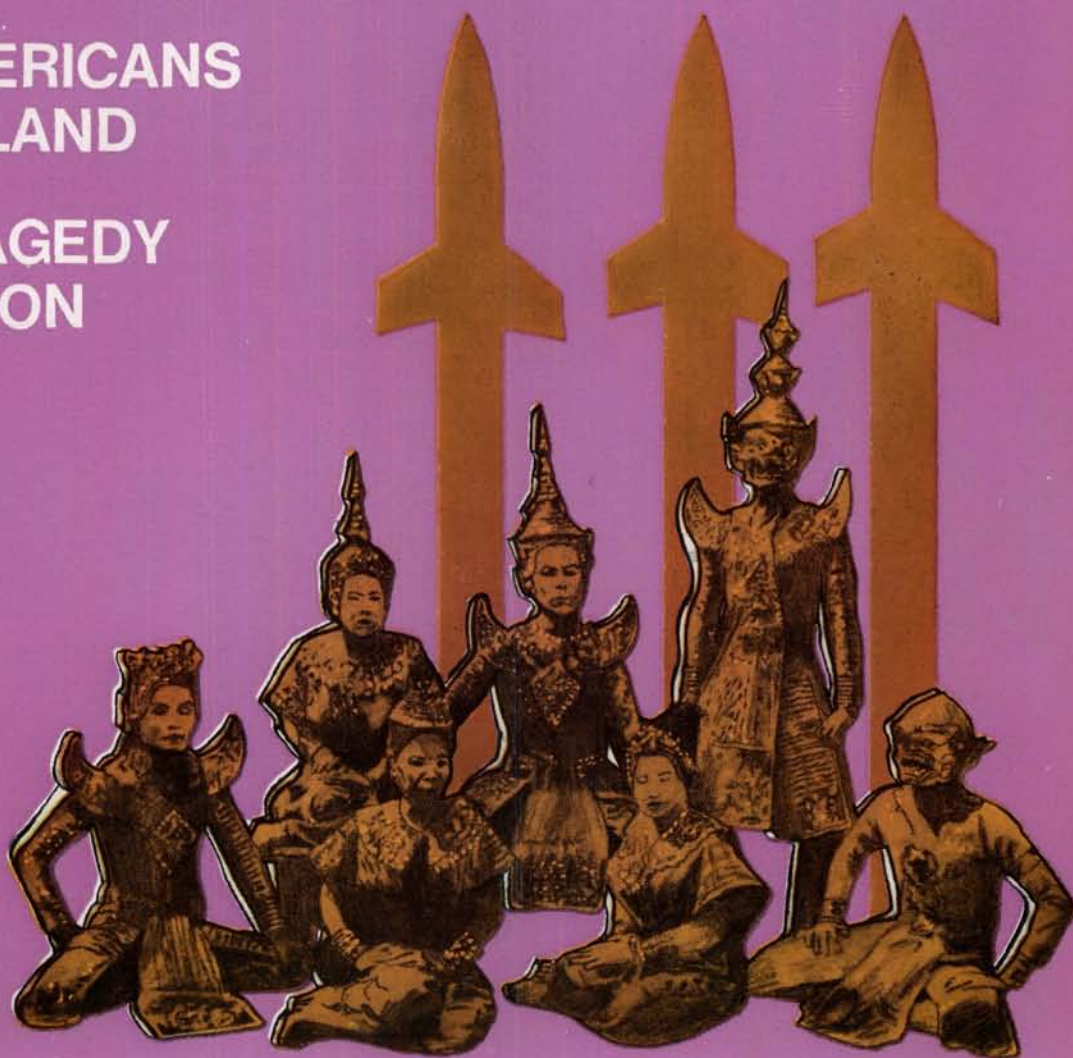
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December 1966, 75 cents

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IN THAILAND

THE TRAGEDY  
OF SAIGON



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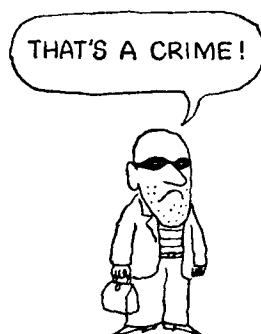
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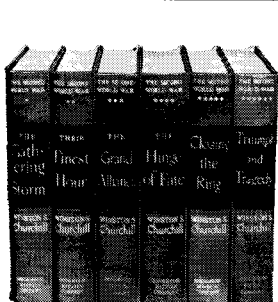
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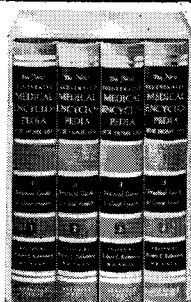
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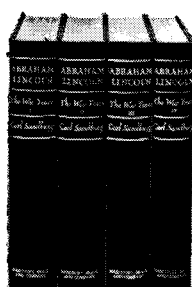
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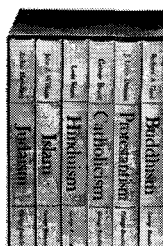
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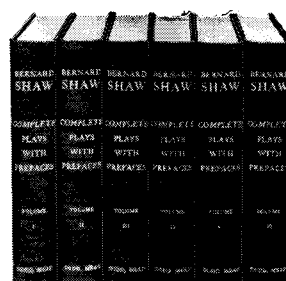
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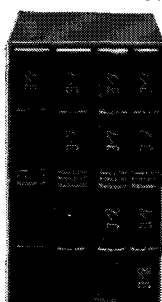
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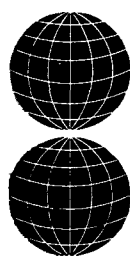
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## WASHINGTON

**P**RESIDENT JOHNSON's press conferences resemble the bouillabaisse concocted by the chef in one of those questionable restaurants not listed in the touring guide. It is included on the menu only when he is in the mood to prepare it. The quality greatly varies. It is a bit too thick and mushy, and often so overcooked that the ingredients are indistinguishable. It has a strong aroma. A little of it goes a long way. And there are lots of surprises in the bottom of the pot.

It is a familiar dish to anyone who has ever worked as a White House reporter. But it has occurred to me that probably there are many others who have never done more than sniff, tentatively taste, and push the plate away, not realizing that this is fare which must be consumed slowly and thoughtfully to be fully appreciated. For example, I have just finished picking through the transcript of the press conference held by the President before his trip to Asia, and I enjoyed it immensely.

### The President's games

I doubt that the President's busy schedule has allowed him the time to read Dr. Eric Berne's best seller, *Games People Play*. But I believe he would enjoy the book, because he plays certain standard, recognizable games himself at his press conferences. For example, he began this one with a long, rambling rundown of his travel plans, which led eventually to the point he felt compelled to make: he was bitter, indignant, and resentful because some reporters had dared suggest that the timing of the Manila conference just might have had a connection with the fall elections.

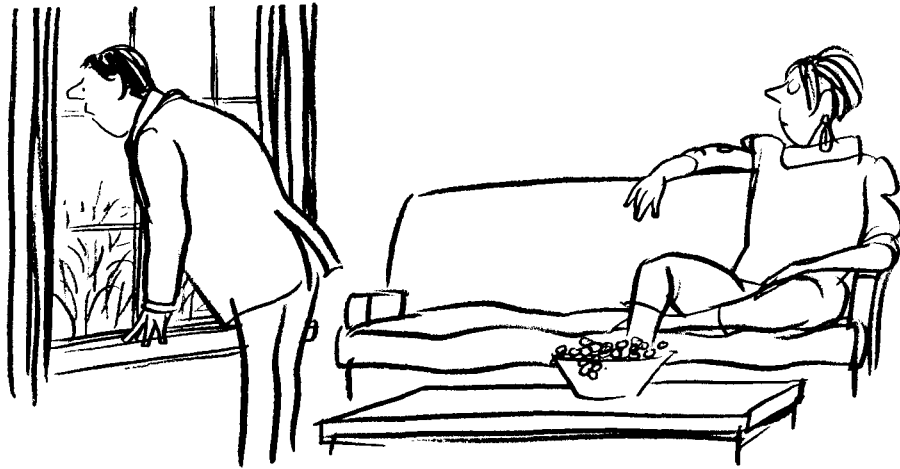
There were several reasons for the timing, he said, and not one of them had anything to do with the fact that a new Congress would be elected only six days after he returned from two exciting weeks of headline-making and peace-seeking

in the Far East. He said he and the South Vietnamese had agreed in Honolulu to meet again "in six months or so to take stock." He said he also was responding to "pleas" from Filipino, South Korean, and Thai leaders that he meet with them. He said he had wanted to make the trip after "my Congress" adjourned, but — drat the luck — it just so happened that both Prime Ministers Keith Holyoake of New Zealand and Harold Holt of Australia were up for re-election in November, and they "felt that I could more appropriately be away . . . when I wasn't a candidate . . . than they could when they were both candidates." He concluded sorrowfully, "I've been criticized some for accepting. I only wonder what would have been said about me if I'd said no, I refuse to come and talk to our allies about our problems or our program."

The name of that political game is "How Dare You?" and it is always entertaining to watch the President play it. He is like the audacious fox in the movie cartoon who stands just outside the hen-house door with a struggling chicken hidden behind his back, draws himself up to his full height, and indignantly says to the big angry rooster that is confronting him, "Sir, are you daring to suggest that I —"

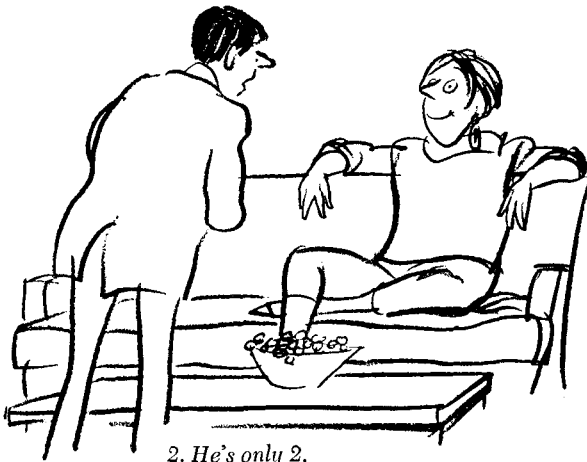
*Of course* the Asian trip was timed to influence the elections back home; the capacity to make such a maneuver is one of the acknowledged political privileges of the presidency. Obviously it was inevitable that there would be stories commenting on the domestic advantages to be gained. And, of course, the President had the perfect political right to smile sweetly and deny it all. But his indignation is genuine. Unlike the cartoon fox, who always breaks and runs sooner or later, Johnson stares you down — and more often than not, walks away with the chicken.





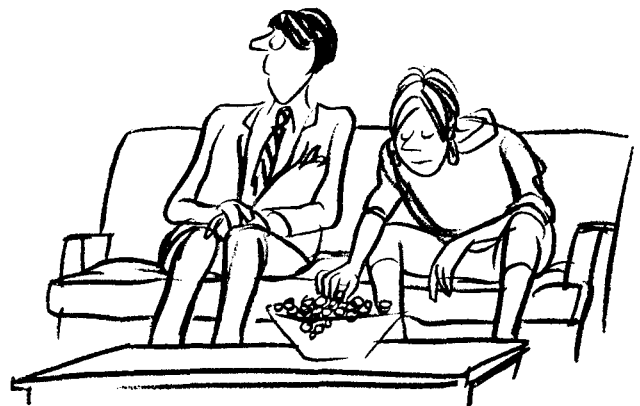
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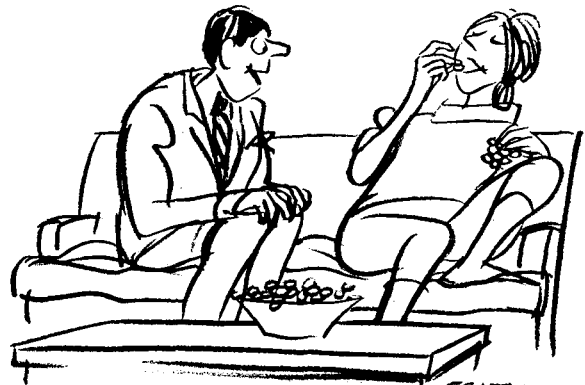
3. And what's that mess Jane is making in the kitchen?

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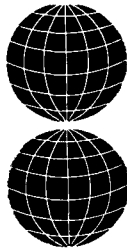
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## Report on Washington



After this opening round of "How Dare You?" the President quickly changed both the subject and the game. He said he was "very, quite pleased with the apparent tremendous response to the proposals I made . . . yesterday to increase social security benefits and to extend Medicare to the disabled." Republican leaders had, in fact, charged that this was only an election gimmick, and proposed that Congress act on it before adjournment. So the President's remark now could only mean one thing — that he was warming up for a game of "You Asked for It."

"I have had, as you know, as I stated last April, my top advisers in the government working on improving the system for almost six months," he said. ("How Dare You?") Now, he added, "I was particularly pleased to observe . . . the really historic move on the part of my friends that are Republicans in the Congress, to support social security legislation." ("You Asked for It.")

Ninety-nine percent of them voted to kill the original social security bill back in the thirties, and 93 percent of them voted against Medicare, he said. "Now they seem to be in a big hurry to pass a bill as soon as they can." *Well, since they asked for it*, he said, "we welcome them to the vineyard. . . . I'll have our people work through the nights, if they care to act on it before going home," and "if they care to come back after the election — those of them that are coming back — I'd be glad to have them act on it then."

A little later in the press conference, the President also used another of his favorite defenses, "Look What I Have to Put Up With." Earlier in the day, Senator John Stennis of Mississippi had criticized the Administration for "piecemeal" planning of the war in Vietnam, predicted that 5000 Americans would be killed there next year, and estimated that another \$15 billion in supplemental appropriations would be requested to finance the fighting.

Asked his opinion of all this, the President replied, "Oh, I welcome their . . . recommendations on military strategy." ("Look What I Have to Put Up With.") The problem is, he said, that men like this are well meaning enough but just

don't have access to information the way he and the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff do.

Then he suggested, rather abruptly, that members of the Senate who say such things are guilty of harassing the President in a time of crisis. "You recall Senator Borah, who was somewhat guilty of harassing another President at another period," he said. "And one time he said he had better information than the President. Well, in light of the developments a little bit later, that statement didn't stand up very well."

But Stennis might well have pointed out that he made his speech in his capacity as chairman of the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee, the very same subcommittee which was critical of defense planning and mobilization in the Korean War, when Senator Lyndon Johnson was its chairman.

Johnson's next opponent noted that "it has been suggested that another pause in the bombing would bring about a good atmosphere for your trip," and asked him to "discuss the pros and cons of another pause."

The President responded with a game of "Are You Suggesting . . . ?" He readily would agree to a mutual pause, he said. But, "I don't quite understand why ["Are you suggesting that . . . ?"] you want me to have our marines and our airmen pause and put their hands behind their backs while the other people don't pause, and continue to shoot at them."

Johnson casually stepped around a basic challenge to Administration logic when he said this, for he equated the tactical importance of bombing in the north with the tactical importance of North Vietnam's ground operations in the south.

Some months ago a Pentagon study group, acting on personal instructions from Defense Secretary McNamara, tried to determine exactly how many tons of supplies per month were required by Communist forces in the south to continue fighting at their present force levels. McNamara was told that it was nine tons.

The study enabled him to stand fast last February in Honolulu, when South Vietnamese leaders demanded that U.S. raids on the north be stepped up in intensity and spread over larger target areas. It was then that authoritative stories were leaked saying that even if the raids were increased to four times their present level, they would have no major effect on the military situation in the south, and that stepped-up raids on oil and gas dumps could never cut the level of supply to the point where there would not be enough fuel to transport



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## Report on Washington

the minimum supplies needed to the south. Thus, although the bombing in the north can be related strategically to the guerrilla activity in the south, it is impossible to draw a tactical parallel. But that is just what the President did.

### Straight in the eye

Bill Moyers, the White House press secretary, has said that Johnson much prefers the medium of television to get his messages and thoughts through to the American people. He said television is a "pure" medium which gives Johnson the chance to look the public straight in the eye, and which rules out the possibility of inaccurate interpretation.

No doubt this does represent the President's view. But the fact is that he misuses the medium during his televised press conferences, for the audience he eyes is not "the public," but the reporters seated in the room before him. There is an argumentative undertone to all these appearances — an aggressive defensiveness, as it were, a prevailing sarcasm which suggests that just once, in public, he would relish telling those who write about him what he thinks of them and their work. The script stays the same, even though the President sometimes thrashes around in search of a new format. He tries homey, FDR-style meetings around his desk, then East Room extravaganzas. But no magic format switch, none of his jumping from weeks of silent sulking to unexpected extroversion can hide the essential fact that the President and the press find each other incompatible.

Typically, the President concluded this press conference with a game of "Nobody Loves Me But the People." To begin with, he said, the press has not been accurately reporting the national mood. Through journalism, "sometimes we don't get it firsthand, and sometimes there's a little personal equation that gets into it, and sometimes personal opinions are substituted for facts." ("Look What I Have to Put Up With.") "I think it's good to get out and see the people and talk to them," he said. "In my travels over thirty states, I have never said, 'You've never had it so good.' That is the expression of



One of the figures shown above  
isn't a character from "The Wind in the Willows."  
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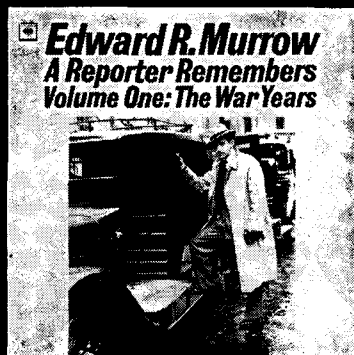
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### Report on Washington

what people concluded I said." ("How Dare You?") "I have seen on the faces of the people of this country a happiness, and a pleasure, and a satisfaction that is not always reflected in what I read." ("Nobody Loves Me But the People.")

#### Musical chairs

Related to all this presidential compulsion for games is the fact that Robert Fleming has ceased to be the presidential deputy press secretary in anything but name. Of all the many people who have attempted to conduct Johnson's press relations for him, Fleming's tenure was the shortest: he was out of the job soon after he was placed in it.

The search for a new man to replace Bill D. Moyers as presidential press secretary began nearly a year ago, when both Johnson and Moyers concluded that Moyers could more profitably spend his time on policy matters. Both agreed that in an electronic age, his replacement should be a television man.

During the next few months, Moyers conducted an informal talent search, and discussed the possibility with several Washington television executives and commentators. Eventually Fleming, who was then the Washington bureau chief of the American Broadcasting Company, was offered the post. Because he had no experience inside government, he was given interim appointment as deputy press secretary, with the understanding that he would take over after a period of orientation.

But, alas, within weeks of his appointment last February, it became apparent that a horrible mistake had been made. Fleming and Johnson simply didn't "fit" — Johnson, who likes his lieutenants sharp and lean, found Fleming ponderous and heavy-handed. But what could be done about it?

Abrupt changes of assignment are not at all unusual in the Johnson White House; they are easy enough to effect when the men involved all work behind the scenes. But in this instance, the change had to be made in the one White House office which is visible to the public eye. The

result was a series of changes in office assignments which assumed the zany, breathtaking quality of a chase sequence in a Marx Brothers movie. Fleming moved a desk into Moyers' office. They shared the office for a few weeks, then Moyers moved out, secretarial staff and all. Fleming moved to Moyers' old desk and brought in new secretarial help. Thus it appeared the change had been made — except that Moyers, working from an office in the rear, continued to brief occasionally and retained the title of press secretary.

By late spring, and without announcement, Moyers had moved himself and his furniture — but not his secretarial staff — back into the press secretary's office, and Fleming had moved into a smaller adjoining office.

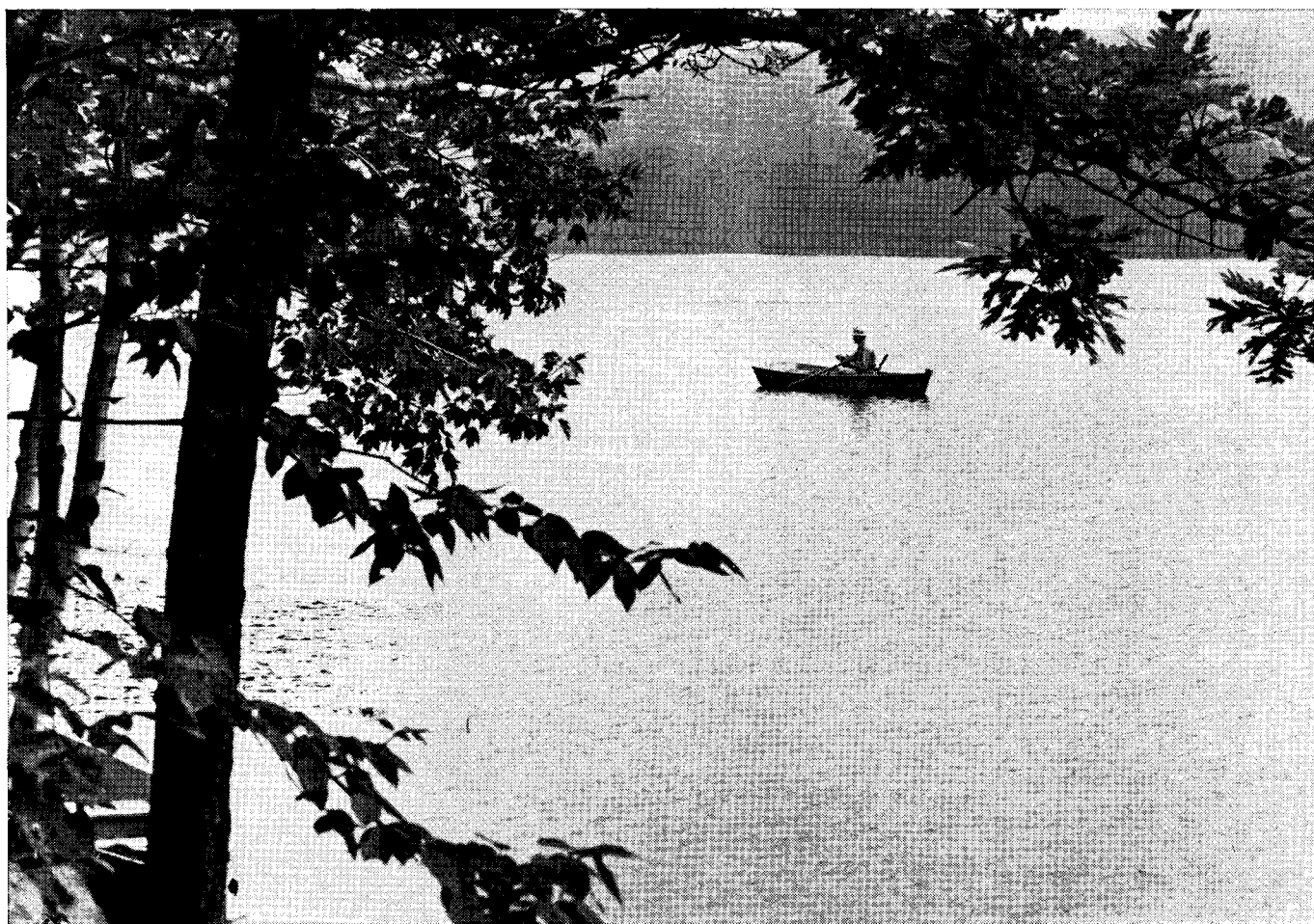
Concurrently, a new face appeared on the scene, that of George Christian, a former press secretary to Texas Governor John Connally. He was given an office with the National Security Council complex in the White House basement, where, it was said, he would take long-winded State Department papers and translate them into readable Texan for the President.

By midsummer, Moyers' secretaries were back at their old desks in the press office. Shortly after that, Fleming moved out of the press office completely and into the office vacated by Moyers. And shortly after that, Christian moved in with him, and recently has begun to act as a presidential spokesman. A big, bear-like man of thirty-nine, Christian is the perfect embodiment of the Connally Texas statehouse aide to whom Johnson has been turning increasingly for help.

Now it is assumed that Christian is being groomed to replace Moyers eventually as press secretary. But the change will not be made anytime soon, for the belief is that Fleming's troubles came from the fact that he "was brought along too quickly," and should have been given more time to feel his way into the job. In any event, the real press secretary at the White House will continue to be the same games master it always has been — Lyndon Johnson himself.

— Douglas Kiker





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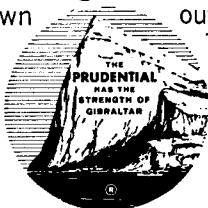
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# The Atlantic Report RHODESIA



*The sun was gloriously warm in a cloudless sky, but otherwise it might have been a fair in rural England instead of 5000 miles south. At the Marandellas Agricultural Show pink-faced men drank pink gins while the prizewinning cattle were paraded. In the tea tent volunteer ladies served fruit salad and cream. In the display shed there were blue ribbons on the best rhubarb and brussels sprouts. Only occasionally was there a reminder that this was Africa: black men running suddenly out onto the field to set up jumps for the horses; the sign outside the men's room, "Europeans only."*

*A horse-loving family from South Africa, the Myburghs, had come to compete for the jumping prizes. And so, across from the small grandstand, three flags were flying: the union jack, the blue-and-orange of South Africa, and the standard of Rhodesia — in the middle, like Rhodesia itself. In the jumping, the Myburghs won most of the prizes.*

"Go the way of South Africa?" said the Salisbury businessman. "Never. We cannot turn back now on multiracialism. There are too few of us — 225,000 whites to 4 million Africans, and they are having the population explosion."

A banker agreed. "Our future is the internal market. We cannot continue to live and let the Africans contribute nothing to the economy. We have to educate the black people and put them to work. We have to get them out of subsistence farming. We have to create more jobs. We have to turn them into customers. It is an economic necessity, not sentimentality. In the end the Africans are going to be in control. Any sensible man knows that. The question is whether we are going to have enough time. The issue to most people is turning the country over to a bunch of ignorant, illiterate, stupid blacks. Ten years is probably the most we can hope for. We'd be lucky if the world allowed us ten years."

But could Prime Minister Ian Smith survive politically if he agreed to a settlement that would mean African rule in ten years? Would his white party, the Rhodesian Front, support him? "I sincerely doubt it," the banker said.

Salisbury is a city of the mid-twentieth century, clean and open, with wide, straight streets and parking meters and buildings of glass and concrete. No one would accuse it of harboring any charm. It is on a plateau 5000 feet above sea level, and the standard comparison is Denver. Only Denver is older and has more character.

In the new wing of Meikles Hotel a four-piece band played "People" and "I've Told Every Little Star" in the fancy restaurant. Roast lamb was wheeled around on a trolley. Through the windows the union jack could be seen in Cecil Square, flying over the spot where Cecil Rhodes first raised it. In the corridor there was a picture of Elizabeth the Second. Little England, it seemed, except for one embarrassment. The waiters kept saying "boss" and "massah," like characters from Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The other end of the hotel had a veranda in weather-beaten Western style, and there was a bar with none of the restaurant's bourgeois chic. A leathery-faced man sat on a stool drinking beer, his voice pure Glasgow although he had left home eighteen years ago and had not been back. He was a bricklayer. "You and I had to learn to get where we are," he said, "and work. These Africans just want it all at once. And they won't work: W-O-R-K. They want a subsidy, and that's one thing they're not going to get here anymore. I say, let them be paid what they earn."

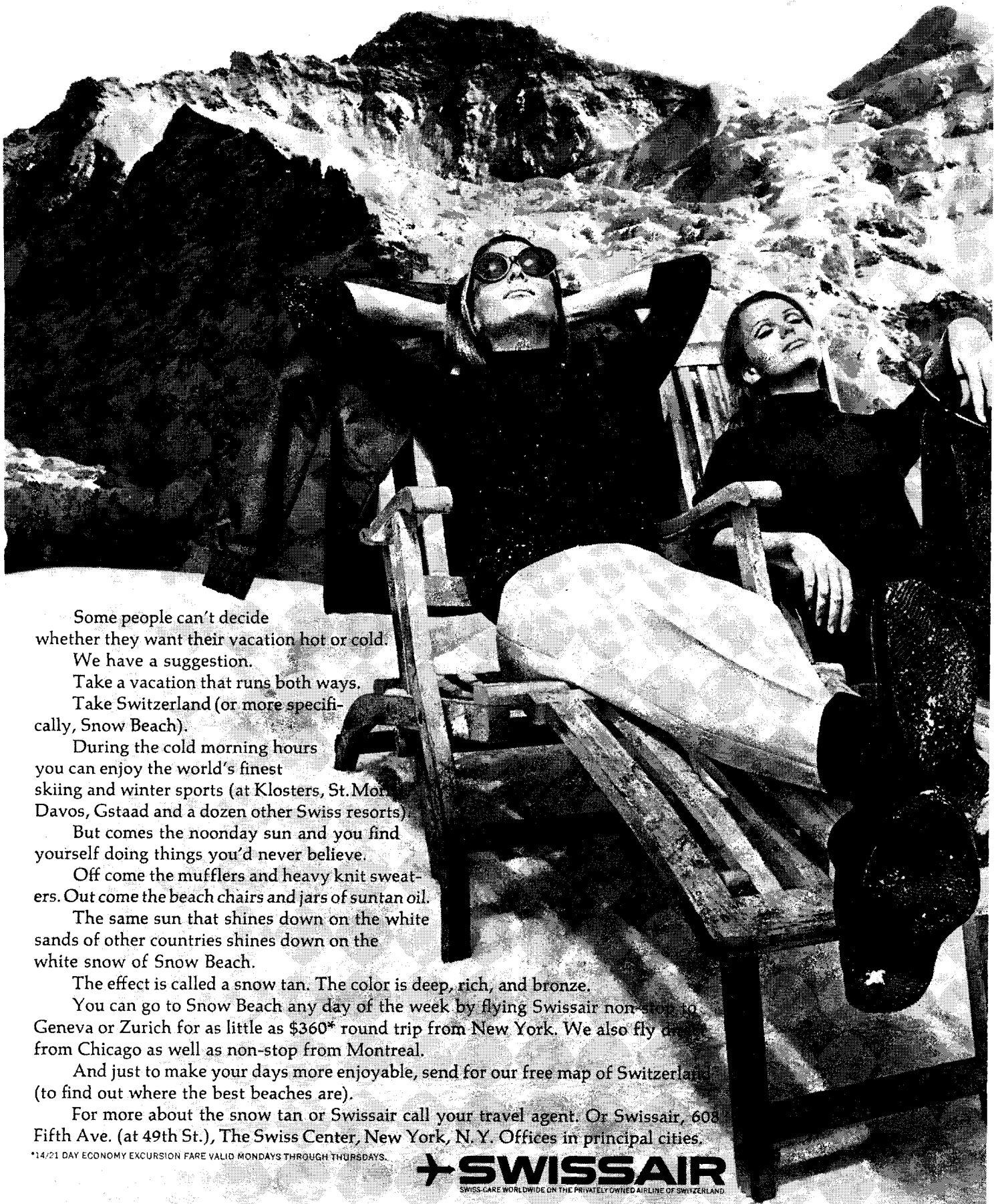
## Separate but not equal

Rhodesia does not have South Africa's intricate network of laws to keep Africans out of white jobs. But in practice, separate unions and separate living areas lead to separation at work. African pay for manual or semiskilled labor is as little as a half or a quarter of white wages. And the doors of apprenticeship for skilled jobs are virtually closed to black men. "They can't even read a plan," the bricklayer said. "You have to knock it down and do it over."

Driving out to Marandellas, the milling company executive talked about his love for Rhodesia.



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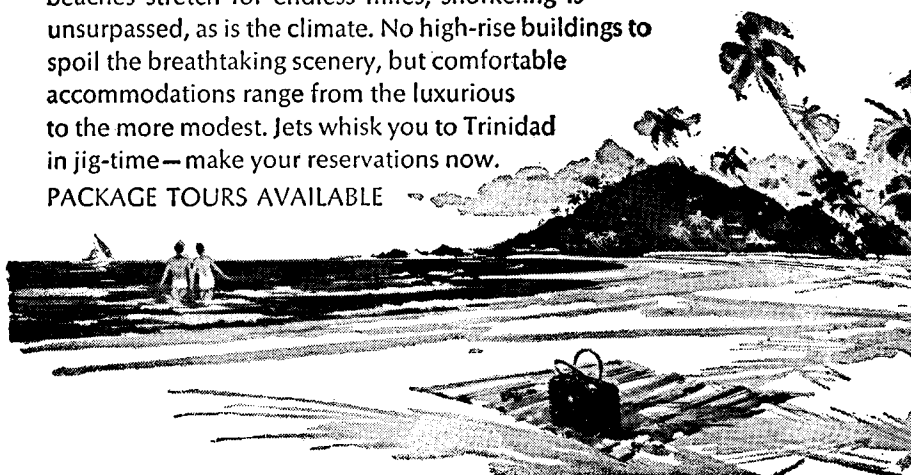
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### Report on Rhodesia

He was there as a Royal Air Force trainee during World War II, fell in love with the place, and came back from England after the war. "It's not an easy country to live in," he said, "not what they think in England. You work harder and longer. I've just been in London—they come in at ten, then there's a coffee break; they'd never make it here. This is a land of opportunity, the frontier. In Britain you have to have everything laid on—the bus at the door, cinema at the corner; even on holidays they tell you what time to get up."

He agreed that apartheid was not for Rhodesia. "The average Rhodesian has a soft spot in his heart for the African. They're some jolly nice chaps. They have to be brought more and more into the picture—into parliament, into the economy. But not because some bloody fellow stands up and screams, 'One man, one vote.' The only way we can grow economically is to bring the African forward—but in our time, not them telling us what to do."

### No love for England

Like most other businessmen, the milling company man was opposed to Ian Smith and his party before the unilateral declaration of independence and would like to settle the dispute with Britain now: "We have a great future, but not as an isolated, unrecognized country." But he would not hear of Rhodesia giving up its independence as the price of a settlement.

"I gave six years of my life to Britain in the war," he said, "but the way things are going there today I don't want to be associated with it. They're absolutely despicable. I wouldn't hesitate to fight for Rhodesia today if it came to that."

At the fair an old farmer, in Rhodesia forty years, expressed the same feelings about the mother country. "My family were parsons in England for 300 years," he said, "but I don't ever want to see the place again. The only thing that would take me there would be to buy a bull. They're fools to drain themselves over this. They talk about ruling Rhodesia from Whitehall."



What rot. We made this place, and we've been running it for forty years. The people in Britain had nothing to do with it and know nothing about it." Cattle were his business, and sanctions had not hurt him.

For a tobacco farmer who came out from England after the war, things were much worse. He was not making enough to pay off his loans. What would he do? "Oh, something will turn up. When you know you're right, you come out ahead, don't you? Every day you see what's going on in Zambia and Nigeria and Ghana — and your country, too — and you know how right we are."

#### Sanctions don't hurt

Bulawayo is an industrial town, overbuilt during an economic boom that ended when the federation with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland (now Zambia and Malawi) fell apart five years ago. The Victoria Hotel, built a dozen stories high in the days of great expectations, now caters to a handful of guests.

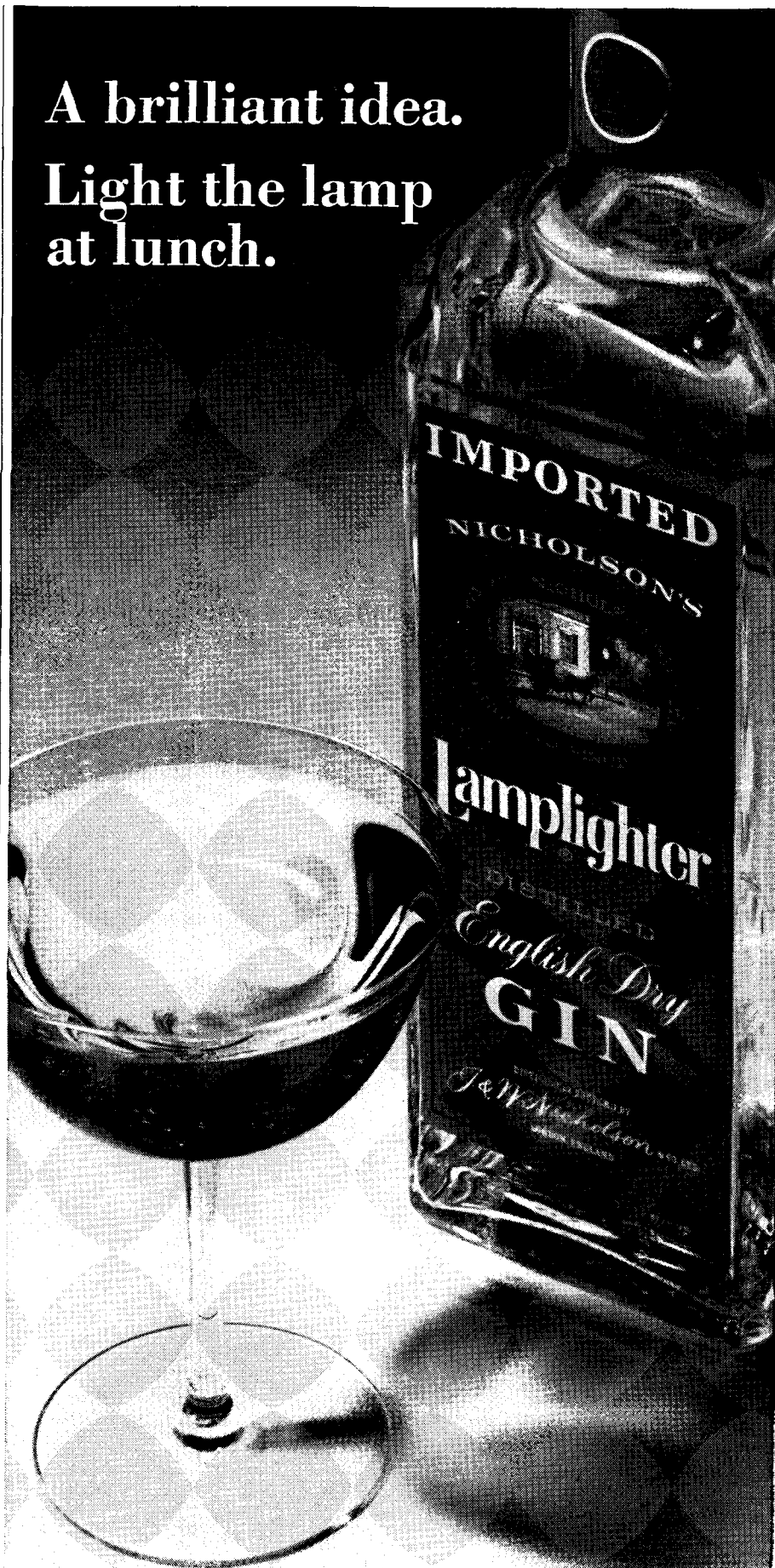
A critic of the Smith regime, seen in his home, said things were actually looking up a bit in Bulawayo. The textile mills were turning out goods for home consumption. Sales to Zambia had recovered — the Zambians must be stockpiling. "We could go a lot farther toward austerity," he said. "Sanctions have not hurt all that much yet."

His wife intervened. "It's the Jews who are spreading the sad stories," she said. "They hope people will get scared and move out, and sell their factories cheap."

A Jewish lawyer, a supporter of Mr. Smith, explained why he had joined the Rhodesian Front Party. "Are the Africans democratic?" he asked. "Do they tolerate minorities? I think we are entitled to ask those questions, and I am not satisfied with the answers."

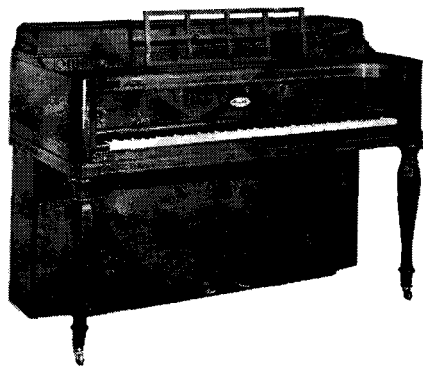
"I supported Whitehead [Sir Edgar Whitehead, whose policy was "partnership" with the Africans and who was beaten by Smith]. But I was appalled at the African reaction; I realized that African nationalism was a monster. The Rhodesian Front was the backlash to Nkomo [Joshua Nkomo, nationalist leader

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### ***Report on Rhodesia***

now in detention], to the statement 'We don't want to share, we want to rule — now.' It is self-preservation with me. I think this country would be a dust bowl if the Africans took over now; I think it would be worse for everyone. I believe that when we settle this thing with England — you notice I say when, not if — race relations will improve. We know we're outnumbered. There has to be accommodation."

A cement company president said he had opposed U.D.I. (unilateral declaration of independence) but was "solidly behind the government in keeping the economy going." His company could last at least another year, spreading the work to keep employment up. "The government must hold out for independence," he said. "There is no going back. And there can be none of Britain or the United States imposing this majority-rule stuff. We must convince the world that we are going to advance the Africans."

### ***The African viewpoint***

Garfield Todd, former Rhodesian Prime Minister, lost his place in white politics because he argued for accommodation with black nationalism. Shortly before U.D.I., Smith placed him under restriction. He was confined to his ranch in Shabani, a lonely spot in the bush 100 miles from Bulawayo.

Over that 100 miles the Western veneer of Rhodesian cities dropped away, and it was Africa. The road thinned to two narrow asphalt tracks in the dust; in 100 miles, only three cars passed. Mile after mile there was nothing but red clay and sand and dry grass and brush, the branches bare or covered with yellow leaves after the dry winter. Suddenly an African boy appeared out of the tall grass, or a herdsman driving his long-horned cattle. On the road an occasional African family walked in bare feet, heading patiently for no visible place.

The rivers that the road crossed were dry until the Ngezi, which Todd has dammed. In his home, on a bluff overlooking the Ngezi, he talked in a way few white men in Rhodesia do — from the African



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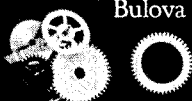
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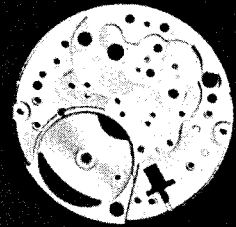


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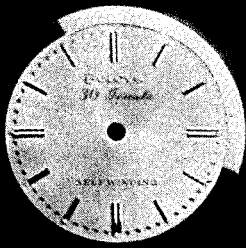
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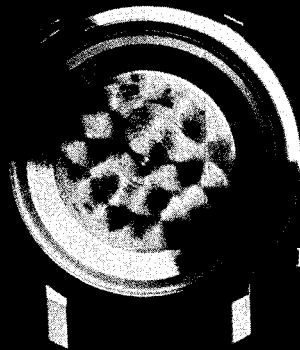
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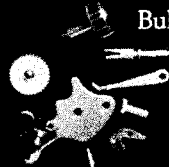


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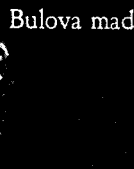
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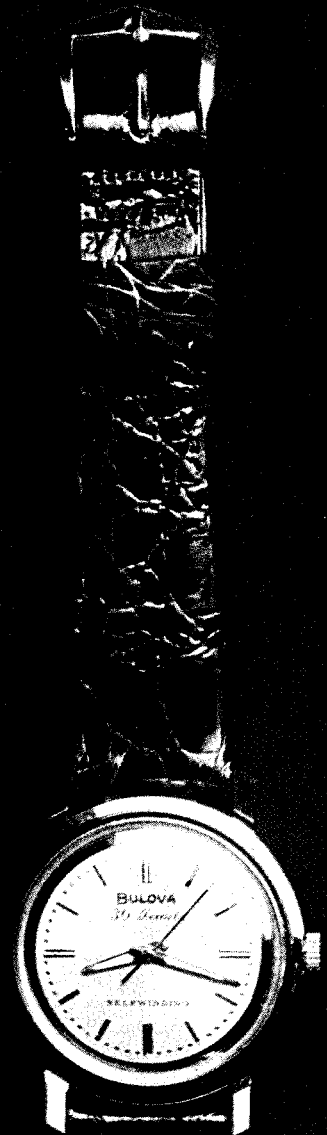
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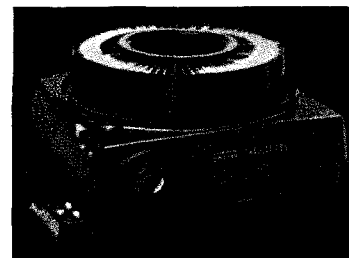
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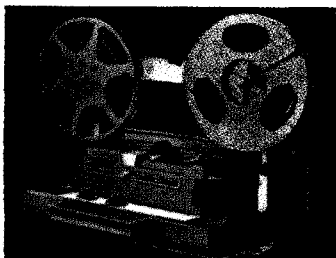
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## Report on Rhodesia

viewpoint. Silver-haired, he still seemed what he was when he came to Rhodesia from New Zealand thirty years ago, a missionary.

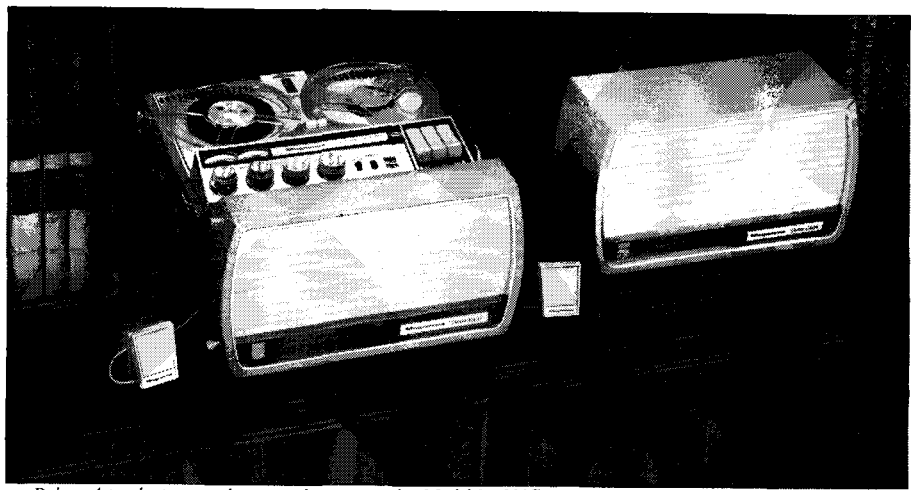
"It is better to go on with sanctions for five years than to settle on Smith's terms," Todd said. "Any settlement can only confirm white power. There is no hope for the Africans in such a settlement. And you have to face the fact that the Africans are going to prevail in the end. Continuing white domination can only lead to bloodshed. Soon this will not be a country where whites will want to live.

"While the next five years will be grim if you carry on with sanctions, it's nothing like what will happen after ten or fifteen years when the Africans rise from their thralldom. They are not going to accept it. They are sick and tired of it."

Mrs. Todd, a handsome woman in a white knit dress, wearing a string of pearls, spoke with less a tone of apocalypse than her husband. "There is no dialogue," she said. "Maybe people see each other at work. Then they go home—the white man to his swimming pool and two cars, the black to his hovel. That's the 'Rhodesian way of life' that we're protecting. They don't talk together, or sing together, or even go to church together.

"The Africans are doing better economically. But many cannot find a place in school for their children. And when one does get an education and works up to a responsible position, say as a school administrator, he is still a stranger in his own country; he cannot eat in a restaurant with white men, except one or two in Salisbury; he cannot find a place for a vacation."

Todd spoke enthusiastically of Africans he knew, such as Nkomo, and said they had more intelligence and more character than almost anyone he had met. "The Africans are so kind and so happy," he said. "It's a great country, a beautiful country. How wonderful it could be. I myself have been escaping from paternalism. When you come to a place as I did thirty years ago,



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## Report on Rhodesia

and you do everything, you are bound to think yourself irreplaceable. I hope I am outgrowing it in adversity." Was he? One could not help wondering, for all Garfield Todd's sincerity, whether the exaltation of everything African was not in itself a new, unwitting form of paternalism.

The drive back to Bulawayo was into the sun. The mystique of Africa — the space, the big sky, the emptiness — for the moment overwhelmed politics. Then at the side of the road there were two African women and a man. The man was hitchhiking. He carried a battered tin toolbox. What was in it? Some dried ears of corn, his supper. He had a 200-acre farm there in the bush, with eighteen head of cattle and a cornfield. The woman minded that. He worked in a mine, driving a Jeep twelve hours a day for \$1.42. The whites in the mine made as much as \$11.20 a day.

Attempts to draw the hitchhiker into political talk were turned aside. Then he asked, "Are there Africans in England?" Oh, yes, quite a few. "How do they make out?" They get good pay. The conditions of life — well . . . The African smiled.

Thirty miles on he got out, startled and apparently pleased at the offer of a handshake. And so back on the road to Bulawayo, the white liberal conscience assuaged.

### Outnumbered 18 to 1

"Anyone who says this country cannot go the way of South Africa is dreaming." The comment came from a foreigner in Salisbury, one of the professional observers there least clouded by illusion. "At the time of U.D.I.," he said, "I thought 50 percent of the whites really wanted 'partnership' with the Africans. Now I think it would be 10 percent, at most. Every day that there is no settlement, the hope is less.

"People talk of the demography — the 4 million Africans to 225,000 whites — as if it assured moderation. But that's been exploded. This minority can hold out indefinitely. By that I mean fifteen or twenty years. That's why I think

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## *Report on Rhodesia*

the British ought to get the best they can out of Smith and settle. Then things might calm down here, the better white people might have some influence again. With American money for education, you could change the whole situation of the Africans in a relatively short time. Then you'd have some Africans with an income, who could bring meaningful pressure for change. And the connections with Britain would still count for something. But the day they get so tied into the South African orbit that they can't get out, the hope will be gone. Every day without a settlement I think is tragic."

No hope for peaceful adjustment in Rhodesia was seen by the only white opposition member of parliament, Dr. Ahrn Palley. Some would call him bitter or cynical; he would call himself a realist. There is nothing in his talk about the nobility of the African, or of the white man.

"All you can hope for in Rhodesia is the least amount of suffering," Dr. Palley said. "Gradual acceptance of black and white may be possible in the United States because the whites can afford to be magnanimous there. A majority can be magnanimous to a minority. What is impossible is for a minority wielding power to give it up."

"The businessman may talk about more African consumption, but he doesn't extend that concept to ownership of a bank or a bazaar or an office building—much less to a house next door. Farmers won't have any of it; they depend on a supply of cheap labor. And it's no use having education without the opening up of apprenticeship and staff jobs to Africans."

"One thing I should make clear—the European in this country is not cruel, not deliberately unkind. He likes Africans. It is just the economic motive. The white carpenter is not going to let an African compete for his job. Maybe in some other place the logic of an exposed position could restrain a white minority, but here safety is seen in the presence of South Africa next door. And yet Rhodesia cannot be as secure for the whites as South Africa;



the population balance is so different, and the economy is weaker. We're chasing stability in this country, and we'll never achieve it."

### Optimists in the face of defeat

In the parliament building — another bit of old Britain, with officers in wigs and knee breeches — the Minister of Information in the Smith government, John Howman, spoke in a pleasant, reasonable voice about race relations. "We have a priceless advantage in Rhodesia," he said, "in that we have always got along rather well. We are not and we are not going to be racialists. We have to live with these chaps. I was born here, my children were, and we don't want to do any damned silly thing that would make it an unfit place to live. Britain has trusted us for forty years, and we've behaved responsibly.

"It shocks me that we're all in danger of losing sight of our main enemy, Communism, while we carry on this little internecine war. Nobody really knows what the answer is to race relations. For us to argue about a perfect solution while the Communists try to enslave the world — we're around the bend."

Down the street in a musty office was the man who dominated Rhodesian politics for so long, until the Rhodesian Front swept him away — Sir Roy Welensky, ex-boxer, ex-railroad worker, still an optimist in the face of defeat. "The Rhodesian Front's dominance must pass someday," he said. "Emotions will calm down. This country is multiracial by long constitutional inheritance, and it will stay that way — unless, of course, we become part of a certain state that practices apartheid."

*It was a few weeks later that the Smith government moved to amend the constitution without regard to entrenched clauses. A letter from a friend in Rhodesia to London spoke of the sense of "political frustration" but went on: "If you can only forget it all, Rhodesia is so beautiful now — warm and sunny and the trees are every color from deep mahogany to vivid green. Sunday morning I went riding, miles across the open country. We flushed a buck and chased secretary birds and guinea fowl . . ." Someday Rhodesia will have to have her own Alan Paton to cry for her.*

—Anthony Lewis



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**F**OR nearly a year now Communist China has been a land of seemingly incomprehensible convulsions. Towering political figures have been toppled. Eminent scholars have been verbally lashed and sent into obscurity. Bands of teen-age militants called Red Guards have been unleashed against everything smacking of the West or China's traditional past. In short, the country has been shaken to its political, social, and economic foundations. And the image of China as a monolith, a nation of unquestioningly obedient citizens being led inexorably forward by an omnipotent, unified leadership, has been shattered.

Such developments as the fall of Party Politburo member Peng Chen, or literary don Wu Han, or the rampages of the Red Guards represent momentous changes for China. The purge within the Party has created considerable uncertainty about the makeup of the current Chinese leadership. The banishment of the intelligentsia has left a vacuum in the classroom and has eliminated creative thought from the literary and artistic scene.

The cyclonic sweep of the Red Guards has battered and destroyed many of the remaining vestiges of old China. Yet more significant than all these changes, wrought by what Peking calls its "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," is evidence of the fact that large segments of the Chinese population remain tenaciously bound to their old ways. Therein lies Mao Tse-tung's principal failure, and the hope for a more reasonable China in the years ahead.

Seventeen years have passed since Mao led his troops triumphantly through the streets of Peking and took up the challenge of 2000 years of Chinese tradition. The struggle between Mao's new ideology and China's old habits has been long and frequently bitter. Yet the humanism, pragmatism, and seemingly innate common sense of the Chinese have turned aside attempts to impose Maoism on the country. Years of intense indoctrination and sometimes brutal regimentation have failed to win acceptance for Mao's code. And for at least ten years, the opposition to his doctrine has grown.

The depth and degree of that opposition have become clear only in the past eight to ten months as the "Cultural Revolution" has spread across China. The number of individuals who have been publicly condemned, and the charges leveled against them, leave little doubt that Mao's prestige and support have fallen precariously low.

This is true of officials at all levels of Party; government, academic, and military work. Certainly Mao Tse-tung has long been aware of this situation, for it obviously was a crucial factor in his decision last winter to plunge the nation into a frantic political housecleaning.

#### **Resistance to Mao**

At the heart of the issue, then, is the stubborn resistance that has built up to Mao's policies. Much of what has happened in China in recent days centers on the nature and scope of that opposition. Thus it is useful to ask: Who is it that has resisted the spread of Maoism? What is it they have opposed? Can they weather the onslaught of the cultural revolution? And if so, what might that mean for China's future?

Although Mao and his ardent supporters have never been completely free of critics, it was not until 1958, with the introduction of the Great Leap Forward and the People's Communes, that serious policy disagreements began to develop within the leadership itself. Mao's first major political challenge came to a head in the fall of 1959 when, at a meeting of the Party's Central Committee, then Defense Minister Peng Teh-huai denounced the Great Leap, the communes, and the policy that was rapidly leading China to a break with the Soviet Union. Mao resisted the challenge and won. Peng and his supporters were dismissed from their posts.

In the months that followed, however, Mao was forced to ease up in his attempt to leapfrog China into the mid-twentieth century. With the controls relaxed, the country began to recover from the disastrous effects of the Great Leap attempt. Of all the damage resulting from that period, how-



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## *The Purge in China*

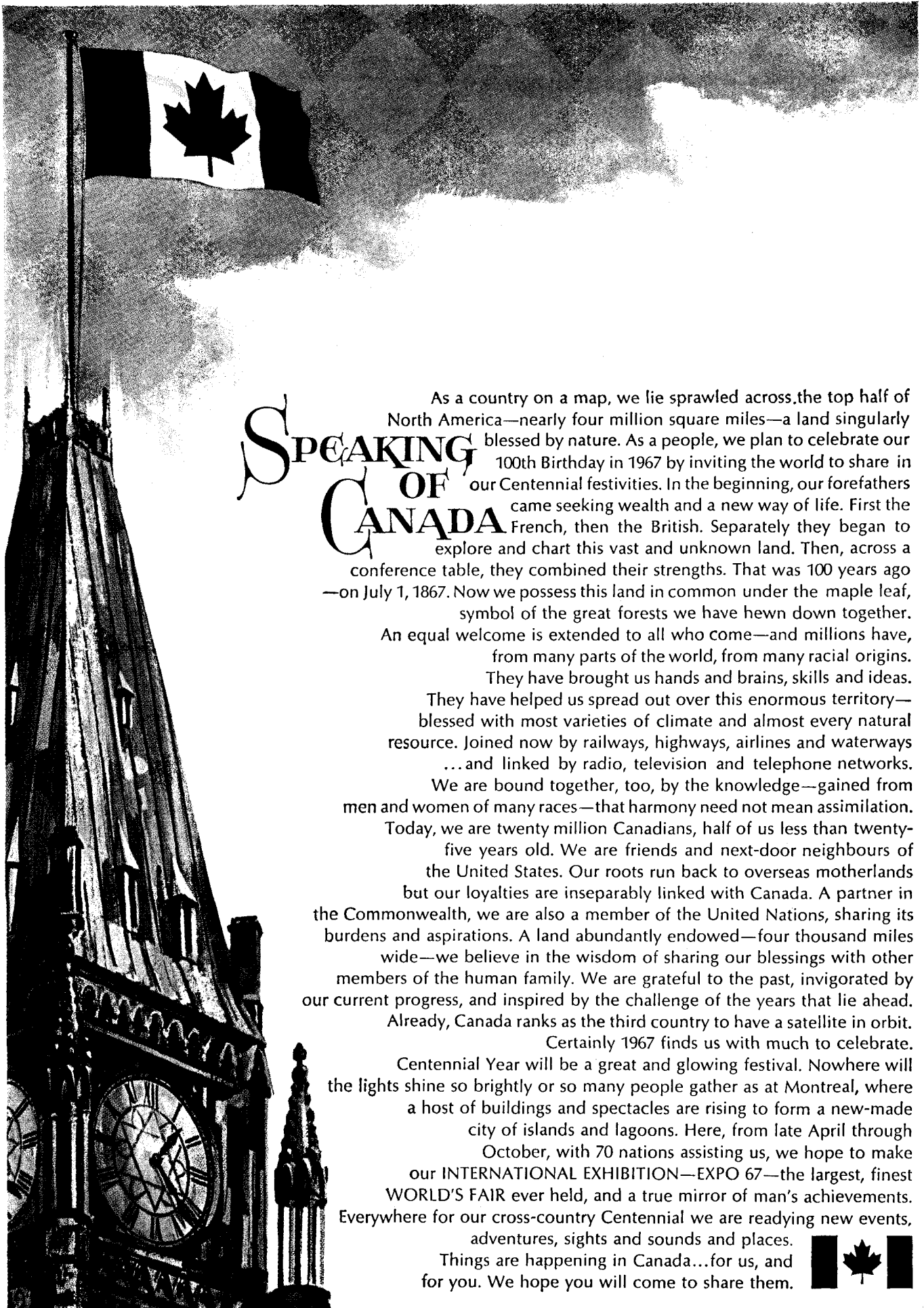
ever, perhaps the most significant was the loss of confidence in Mao's wisdom, especially among the intelligentsia. As the world was to learn last summer when the cultural revolution began unfolding in earnest, China's men of letters had used the period of relaxation between 1959 and 1963 to criticize the policies and person of Mao Tse-tung.

In the manner of protest used during the days of imperial rule in China, writers turned to historical allusion in condemning the Maoist line. Dramas with historical settings and veiled anti-Mao themes were staged. Films of the same nature were cranked out. Numerous books were written subtly attacking the extremist nature of Mao's approach to building a strong nation. Newspapers, such as the *Peking Daily* and the *Peking Evening News* (the former has been placed under new management and the latter has ceased publication), carried articles belittling the Great Leap, the communes, the whole sweep of Mao's policy, and by innuendo, Mao himself.

At colleges and universities throughout the country, professors patiently listened to Party instructions to promote the thought of Mao and turn out students who were both "red" and "expert." But in their classrooms, they taught as they saw fit. At the same time, historians and philosophers began publicizing interpretations of Marxism-Leninism that, when carried to their logical ends, were antithetical to the doctrine espoused by Mao. Economic specialists, though cautious in their choice of language, began suggesting that material incentives might be useful in spurring production—a direct affront to the Maoist belief that proper political motivation could produce the same result.

Although a tightening of the political screws in China during 1964 and 1965 forced such dissidents into silence, there is no reason to believe they had altered their views. Thus when Mao and his close supporters launched the cultural revolution, it was necessarily directed against the obvious opposition in literary and artistic fields, in journalism and the academic world.





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## The Purge in China

Since early summer, the Party organization, from central to provincial and country levels, has been seriously ruptured. In part, the breakdown in the organizational structure has resulted from the confusion caused by the cultural revolution itself. Yet there are myriad cases cited in the Chinese Communist press of Party officials having opposed Mao's directives and refused to propagate his thought.

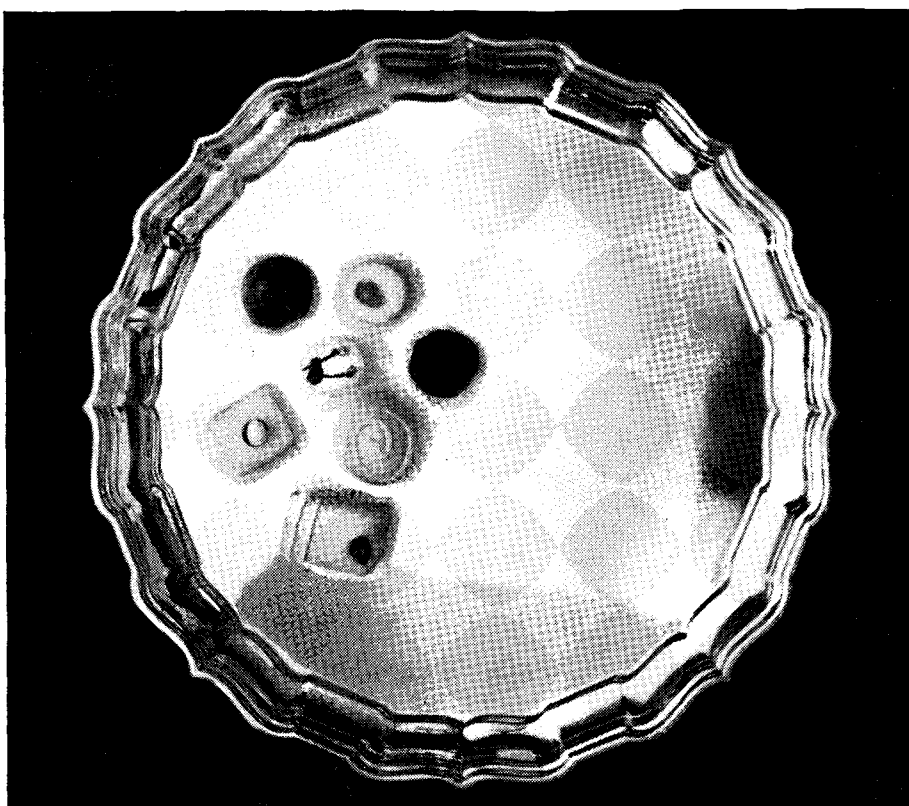
### The drums of discord

For a brief period early this year, the Peking Municipal Party Committee resisted, apparently as a unit, the decision to launch a nationwide purge of non-Maoist intellectuals. That a leading Party committee stood firmly against Mao is unique in the history of the Communist regime.

The People's Liberation Army, under the leadership of Mao's new heir-apparent, Defense Minister Lin Biao, has played a leading role in the cultural revolution and has been held up for emulation by the rest of the nation. Yet even in that highly exalted body the drums of discord have rolled. The dismissal of Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ching, and presumably his close supporters, indicates that not even the most politically proper organization in China is without its doubters.

Though the specific issues that arouse opposition vary, there is in all the dissension a common factor, the rejection of basic Maoist policies, and the expression of less drastic approaches to the political, social, and economic development of China. Specifically, the writer and artist, proudly aware of China's glorious cultural tradition, find it difficult to swallow mass-produced art and literature stuffy with political overtones. The academician views long periods devoted to political instruction a waste of the student's time. The military dissenter shudders when told that a guerrilla army imbued with Mao's thought can meet the challenge of a modern army in this nuclear age.

Such opposition, however, has been forced for the moment into silence. Those who have been purged



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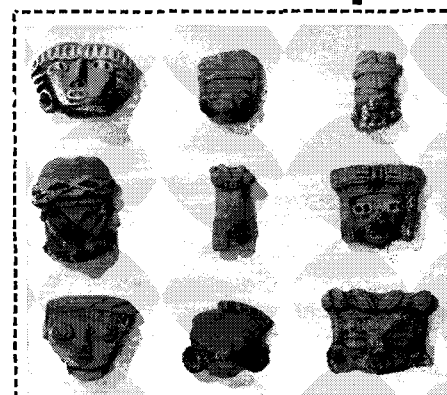
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## The Purge in China

are branded and watched. Those who have avoided detection must necessarily move with caution. As long as the political storm over China maintains its strength, dissidents will be exposed and purged. But will that opposition die under the weight of Mao's cultural revolution? There are numerous reasons for believing that the answer is no.

The purge as it works in China, to begin with, is not an exercise in bloodletting. The men who have been disgraced and sacked from positions of authority often suffer little more than relegation to a life of inactivity, or subjection to a period of manual labor as a means of remolding their thinking. It is easy to force them into silence. Getting them to change their views is a considerably more difficult task.

China has experienced many political campaigns like the current one during its years under Communist rule. And after each, the opposition has reappeared.

Mao's doctrine tends to breed opposition: the idea that a man with high political motivation can conquer any obstacle, including nature, ignores human nature. And yet ironically, the years of Mao's rule have produced conspicuous evidence of human nature at work. The Great Leap Forward led the nation to the brink of economic collapse. It was only when the controls were relaxed and the self-interest of the peasants was brought into play that the economic backsliding ceased. Furthermore, although the Chinese people have long been removed from direct capitalistic influences, the nation continues to experience what Mao calls a "spontaneous tendency toward capitalism." In addition, Mao's call for the Chinese people to sacrifice their own comforts and pleasures for the sake of creating a strong China for future generations is equally removed from reality. As the country grows economically stronger, the people are bound to desire some improvement in their own welfare.

A final reason for believing that the cultural revolution cannot elimi-

nate the kind of opposition that has grown in recent years is that a new generation of leaders must soon begin to appear. When Mao leaves the scene, there is no one in the wings with his charismatic qualities. In the process of reaching for power, those who aspire to leadership might well find themselves making political concessions for the sake of their advance.

The "Proletarian Cultural Revolution" has created new leadership openings in the Party hierarchy. But the men who have come forth to fill those vacancies invariably have been of Mao's generation, of his school of revolutionary hard knocks. They represent, as one China analyst puts it, "simply old wine in new bottles." The failure of younger men to appear even in the second echelon of leadership suggests that Mao is uncertain where they might eventually lead the nation.

## Changes in China

The indications are thus many that China is nearing the end of the era of Mao Tse-tung and on the threshold of change. What will a changed China be? How will its domestic policies differ from those today? What can be expected in its posture toward the rest of the world, and particularly the Soviet Union and the United States? Contrary to the hope of some in the West, it seems unlikely that China will experience a quick shift in position like that which occurred a little more than a year ago in Indonesia. Those who today harbor doubts about the radical approach of Mao Tse-tung do so not from the perspective of Western liberalization but from that of Communist liberalization. Though their views are certainly less radical than Mao's, they are no more removed from the context of a Communist state.

In the period immediately following Mao's demise, there seems little doubt the new leadership will govern in the Chairman's name, if not in his spirit. The changes that come will come gradually as the nation is maneuvered through and around the doctrine of Mao.

Domestically, this might mean more freedom of expression in China's literature and art. In education, it is likely the emphasis



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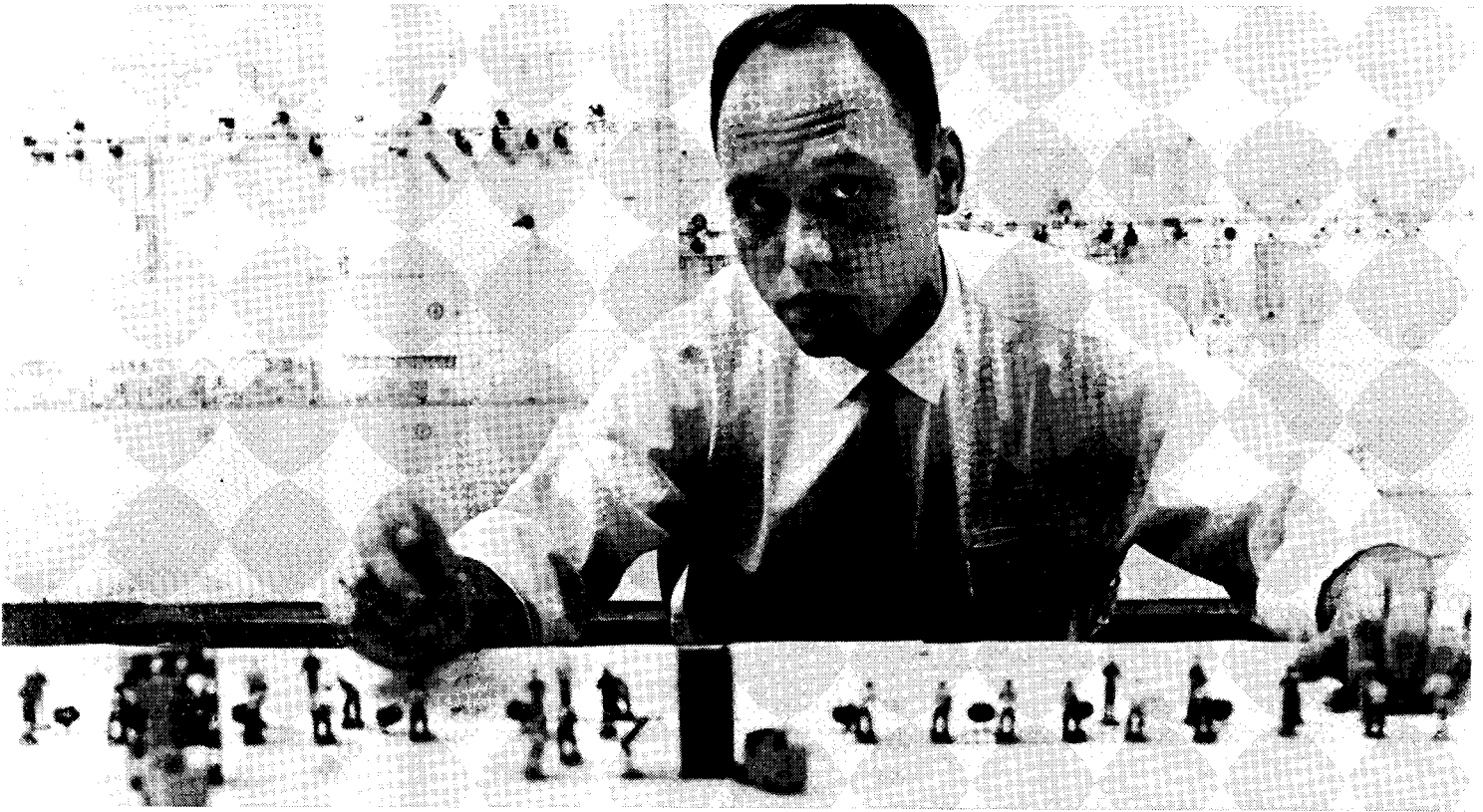
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## The Purge in China

would shift to academic achievement over political purity. As for agriculture and industry, they seem certain to remain in the hands of the state, though the workers and farmers might profit from the recognition that material incentives are useful to production. With all these changes, there would necessarily be an easing of political pressures on the population.

In the area of foreign policy, speculation is considerably more hazardous. There must certainly be those in China today who view the country's increasing isolation in the world with dismay. But indications of this are scarce. The rare cases appearing in the Chinese press of opposition to Mao's foreign policy invariably concern Sino-Soviet relations. Such criticism suggests the existence of at least some feeling that China should not cut itself off from the Soviet Union, and specifically Soviet assistance. How this feeling might manifest itself under new leadership remains uncertain.

With the United States, too, there are few indications of how the opposition to Mao's policies might view the situation. Certainly, there are real and lasting barriers to rapprochement that transcend the general differences between Mao and the dissidents. The question of trade, with both the West and the Communist world, would be an early concern. A move toward more realistic economic development policies at home could rapidly create a need for more markets and sources of raw materials and equipment abroad. Trade, in fact, might offer the United States an easier opportunity for re-establishing contact with China than the currently promoted exchanges of journalists, scholars, scientists, and technicians.

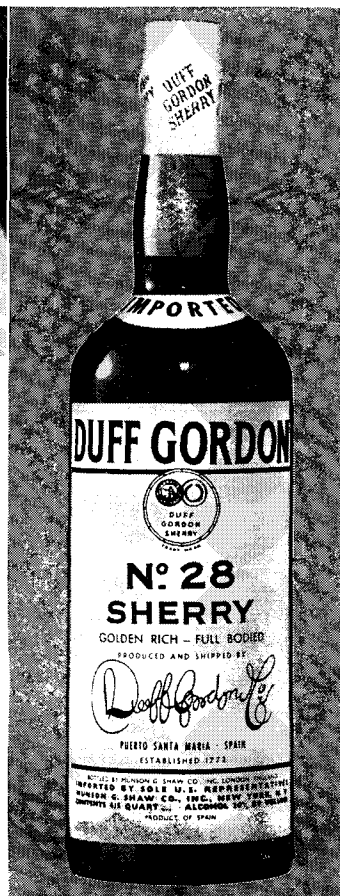
All these projections, of course, represent no more than possibilities at some future date. Yet they do have relevance to what is happening in Communist China today, for they are extensions of the views espoused by Mao's opponents. The "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution" seeks to remove that opposition. But the chances that it will succeed seem slim.



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# The Atlantic Report



## BRAZIL

**M**ONDAY, October 3, was a national holiday in Brazil, because the country's twenty-second President was to be elected that day. But Brazilians had nothing to say about his election. He was chosen by a Congress composed of men whose votes were quite predictable. This indirect election of an army ex-marshal, Artur da Costa e Silva, to lead the nation until 1971 was in accord with the system of succession decreed in October of last year by another marshal, Humberto Castelo Branco, who has been acting President of Brazil for two and a half years since the military overthrew the regime of President João Goulart.

And a new Congress itself was to be chosen on November 15 in no less "arranged" a manner, even if it is, on the surface, more "popular." According to the scheme created by the Castelo Branco government, the entire Chamber of Deputies and one third of the Senate were chosen by direct election — but the choice of the candidates was monitored by the regime, which has the self-granted revolutionary power to say what men may run for what office.

### Bloodless revolution

The revolution or coup (to supporters it is the revolution, to opponents the coup) of April, 1964, was triggered by the colossal ineptitude of President Goulart. He had brought the nation to a state of such total chaos that the Brazilians, who have an amazingly high threshold for crises, could tolerate no more. The revolution was broadly supported, and in one week it was all over. In Brazilian tradition, not a battle was fought, no one was killed or even wounded.

The military leaders who took control of the nation in 1964, acted, they said, to save the country from Communism, corruption, and itself. Their expressed intention from the first days of their regime was to return the country to the people themselves once they felt the place was clean and livable again. To assure itself of time, and to move cautiously in the direction of the proclaimed goal, the generals devised the compromise of the indirect election of the President,

a man who is one of their own, and who, they feel, will "continue the revolution."

Quite understandably, then, public excitement over the elections was limited. There was a certain amount of banter and speculation about a *Frente Ampla* ("Broad Front") opposition, but the rumored coalition was so bizarre that even Brazilians, who bring a profound quality of humor and the unusual to their politics, could not take the *Frente Ampla* very seriously. The supposed composition of this alliance would have brought together three former presidents, and a would-be president who has in the past publicly denounced the others. The comparable image might be an election coalition of Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, Norman Thomas, and George Wallace.

However complete voter alienation has been in recent months, it is not because the revolutionary government is static: it is fraught with tensions. General Castelo Branco was a seemingly good choice for the near-impossible job of temporary President. He was a regular with a difference: he knew the meaning of armed power, had served bravely as leader of Brazilian troops in Italy during the Second World War, had traveled, and claimed to love the theater. Yet he was drab, selfless, unpretentious, moral, and honest, all of which lined him up with the revolution's righteousness. He was also intelligent, and a not unskillful politician, always seeking a moderate path — though he was not able to keep to it; for though the revolution had broad popular support, it was staged against a government of the left, and so it endowed the political right with a fierce momentum.

That momentum gained extra force from Washington's enthusiastic endorsement of the coup. The Johnson Administration's recognition of the new military government came so fast that it was in the press almost before the coup was accomplished. Beyond its fear of subversion, Washington was fed up with Goulart, his broken promises and shabby politics. Nonetheless, its unhesitating support of a military coalition which





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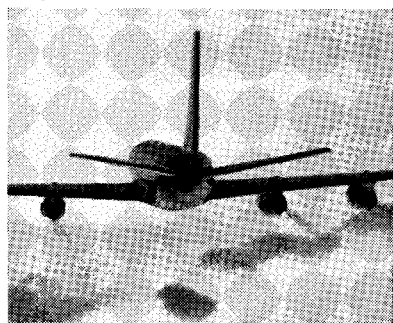
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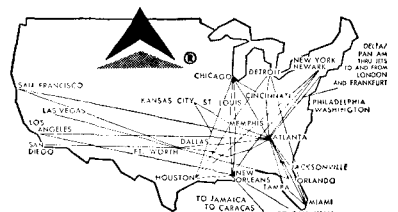
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## Report on Brazil

overthrew a legally, democratically elected government was distressing to many who are unsure about the real intent of U.S. policy in Latin America.

### Tug of war

Castelo Branco's mission has been to restrain the powerful forces pulling from the right, which were quickly displeased by his gestures toward democracy. His entire rule has been a continual tug of war, especially with the hard-line elements of his own army. And while the President has been able to calm some sectors through personal suasion, he has had to bow to the demands of others. For example, the intellectuals and artists of Brazil, as elsewhere, are symbols of left opposition, and so they were among the first to be sacrificed.

But they were not the only ones. Thousands of Brazilians were arrested, overflowing jails and make-shift camps; some were even ferried out to a warship anchored in Rio's harbor. Anonymous sources turned in their neighbors for suspicious activities, and the military rounded up citizens arbitrarily. No one was charged with a crime. There were no writs of habeas corpus. Everyone who was arrested was simply assumed to be a Communist or some other enemy of the revolution until proved innocent.

It was a hysterical orgy, and it was un-Brazilian. No one thought it would last, and no one lost his sense of humor: it was considered a good time to turn in your mistress' husband for seditious thoughts and have her to yourself. Then, just as suddenly as it started, the hysteria passed. Every day one read the reports of another 400, 700, 950 prisoners being released from jail, still not having been told why they had been locked up or why they were being released.

### Eliminating the opposition

Lists were published of those who, by decree of the revolutionary government, were disenfranchised with the loss of all their political rights, including the right to vote or run for office for ten years. They include the deposed President Goulart, his

extremely eccentric predecessor, Jânio Quadros, and *his* predecessor, Juscelino Kubitschek. With these and other leaders disenfranchised, the new government deflated all serious political opposition.

The administration subsequently went further. In October, 1965, the same act which created the new presidential-election arrangement also abolished all political parties and most popular elections. While it was generally agreed that politics in Brazil before the revolution had become a corrupt and appalling mess, it is difficult to find many defenders in Brazil today for such sweeping actions. Two new parties have been established: the official government party, the National Renovating Alliance (ARENA), and the official government opposition, the Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB), known popularly as the "Yes Party" and the "Yes, Sir, Party" respectively.

And, in a somewhat gratuitous gesture (since no substantive opposition existed anyway at that time), the new law declared that anyone who had lost his political rights could not make any public statements against the government, whether oral or written, or assist anyone else in any way to make such statements.

This latter restriction, a high Brazilian official said privately, was meant "only as a warning." In fact, no one has been prosecuted under the no-criticism act, but the effect has been one of darkening the cloud already hanging over Brazil's intelligentsia. Emigration of this group from Brazil has been high. It is estimated that some twenty social scientists have gone to Chile, which offers the attractions of a new and vital Christian Democrat government, two first-rate universities, and the Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA), a United Nations economic study group. Others have left for Europe and some for the United States.

### Military bullies

One of the primary techniques of harassment employed by the military has been the Inquesto Polizia Militar (Inquest by the Military Police). The IPM's are tribunals, in which a man is arbitrarily called to answer any questions the cross-





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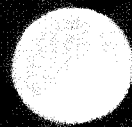
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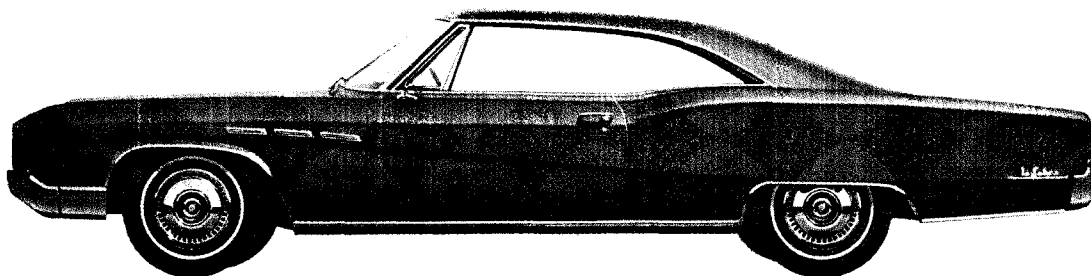
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## Report on Brazil

examiners — sometimes a single officer, sometimes a panel — choose to ask. The questions may be based on claims, rumors, charges, and the military's own investigations.

A special desk has been set aside in one publishing house for the exclusive use of the IPM man, expected to come around every week or so to check once again through the company's records. The publisher, an outspoken figure of the left, has appeared before twelve different IPM's, each time answering more or less the same questions. His shortest session consisted of one exchange. He was accused of having taken money from Moscow and Peking.

"What proof do you have of that?" he asked. "No proof," the lieutenant answered. "Simply state whether you affirm or deny the charge." "I deny it." "Thank you very much. You may go."

These panels have no civil power. They are a method of bullying all sectors of the population, and when the Army releases its findings, innuendos, and judgments, the repercussions shake businessmen, politicians, and, at least once, the entire government. Behind the reports, of course, is the tacit threat of military action if the findings are not implemented by civil authorities.

### Government censorship

Censorship has been part of the fabric of the revolution from the beginning, though less now than during the first hysterical days, when the works of the disenfranchised were swept up along with those by Karl Marx, Mikhail Sholokhov, and Pasternak, and anything, including *The Red and the Black*, that sounded suspicious to the ears of illiterate anti-Communists. In the early days, the revolution's representatives purged the nation's universities of "leftists" involved in "subversive activities" and "Communist plotting," not to mention those "demonstrating incompatibility with the objectives of the Revolução," certified grounds for dismissal from a teaching post. Students expelled during that period may not return to any university in Brazil unless they are pardoned.

In the theater, plays are submitted to the censor for approval, and usually one preview is visited before final approval is granted. Gorky was temporarily banned, and, of course, most of Brecht, and once when a provincial company went to São Paulo with *The Taming of the Shrew*, parts of it were cut for "moral" reasons, a sign of the other side of the revolutionist's mentality.

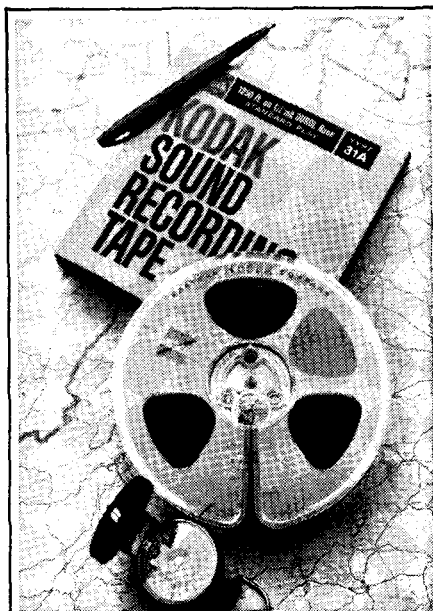
The newspapers on the whole have remained independent. While their sympathies at first were understandably on the side of the revolution and the hope it promised, they have maintained their right to report and criticize. They paid little heed to the government's warning that they had better censor themselves or they would have the government doing it for them, but they did seem to hold an attitude of forbearance. They wanted the revolution to work, they wanted something to work.

But the honeymoon is long over. The editorial pages of Rio's major papers, especially *Journal do Brasil* and *Correio da Manhã*, are regularly covered with solid, detailed attacks on different government programs. They all seem to be saying, we gave you a chance and we paid whatever price you asked, and now, after two and a half years, you haven't kept your promises.

The charge is unfair because the government never promised utopia, at least not right away, and indeed, in certain areas — economic reform and planning, checking inflation, increasing foreign investment and trade, cutting corruption — its record has been admirable.

### Campos and austerity

In the key area of economic reform and development, Castelo Branco has had the services of a brilliant Minister of Planning and Coordination, economist Roberto Campos. Campos is a career foreign service officer, who as ambassador to Washington represented Goulart, a mission that brought a certain amount of inner conflict to Campos. In fact, it was the personal respect and popularity of Campos in the Washington of the New Frontier days that helped counterbalance distress there about the increasingly critical conditions in Brazil. This respect and popularity was negotiable in the



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## *Coming in the Atlantic*

### **GOD AND MAN IN THE SOUTH**

*by Marshall Frady*

A Southerner reports, more in sorrow than in anger, how and why the Southern Baptist Conference — 34,000 churches and nearly 11 million members — has chosen to ignore, sidestep, and even deny the great moral challenge of civil rights.



### **Police on the Junkie Beat**

*by Bruce Jackson*

The world of the drug addicts and the narcotics squads in the big cities, from New York to Los Angeles, as seen from inside the prowls cars and in the pushers' hangouts.

### **Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality**

*by Senator George McGovern*

The senator from South Dakota inaugurates *Viewpoint*, a new *Atlantic* department, with a criticism of the way in which we chart our course in world affairs.

### **The President and the Professors**

*by Elizabeth Brenner Drew*

A traffic report on LBJ's relations with the intellectual community.

### **Up Pollution!** *by John Kenneth Galbraith*

A dispelling of certain clouds of confusion and innuendo.

### **The World of Erle Stanley Gardner**

*by Charles W. Morton*

Beguiling words about one of the most successful word-mongers in history.

Also a Visit with Borges by John Gunther, The Sun King by Louis Kronenberger, Washington in Aspic by Douglas Kiker.

*Drawing by Emil Antonucci.*

form of aid and loans, which went far beyond Washington's confidence in Goulart.

Campos has had a clear vision of the austerity measures required for the economic development of the country, and with the solid backing of Castelo, he has attacked core problems, and attacked them without concern for political consequences. No one within Brazilian memory has done this. But ironically, his efforts have made him probably the most unpopular civilian in the entire administration, and have solidified opposition against him and Castelo Branco.

#### **Everybody against the regime**

Business is against the regime because of new taxes, which put rates 25 percent above 1965's and established very tight credit restrictions. Labor has never been happy with it because the deposed Goulart was their man and annually allowed them across-the-board wage increases of 50 to 100 percent.

The urban poor are against the government because their lot has not yet improved much. Though the overall increase in the cost of living has been cut from an incredible rate of 150 percent a year under Goulart to around 35 percent, the prices of essential rice, beans, and bread have continued to rise at rates higher than 35 percent. The low-cost-housing programs announced more than twenty-two months ago are only now becoming real. And tight credit has brought vast employment layoffs. The rural poor are against the government because they are, if it is possible, even worse off than before. Their Peasant Leagues, which were by no means all Communist-led, are disbanded, as are many of the Church's literacy efforts. Minimum-wage laws are still ignored by large landowners; twelve cents a day is still the going wage.

And, as noted, the military have edged increasingly against their own revolutionary government because they have felt it has been too liberal. Only Castelo Branco's personal skill and the support of his key generals, including Costa e Silva, have prevented another coup.



Costa e Silva, who served in Castelo's cabinet as Minister of War, indicated as he went through the motions of his campaign that he would follow the policies established by the revolutionary government, especially Campos' economic policies.

Unlike his predecessors since Kubitschek's time, Costa e Silva has the advantage of inheriting more than just the problems themselves. He is bequeathed some attempts at solutions, as well as an important psychological intangible: a recognition that Brazilians can do something about their problems. Perhaps that will turn out to be the most important contribution of Castelo's regime: it has stuck to its avowed intention of housecleaning, which so far at least makes it a revolution with a difference — it has not been betrayed by personal avarice.

How the fabric of life in Brazil will be qualitatively affected by Costa e Silva's accession is a matter of great speculation. He will have to be a more popular politician than his predecessor because he won't have Castelo's absolute power. A revised constitution is being readied for Brazil, and by the time Costa e Silva assumes office on March 15, it will be the law of the land and the limit of his powers. The sweeping revolutionary acts and their machinery, like the IPM's, will disappear, though their judgments will remain, and it will take new acts to grant amnesties to those who have been disenfranchised.

While he is considered a more flexible, gregarious, and warmer personality than Castelo Branco, Costa e Silva has also been a soldier for forty-five years, and is said by some to be even more distant and noncomprehending of the left, especially the intellectual left, than Castelo. A return to academic and intellectual freedom appears still a speck on a very distant horizon, though hope is present, if somewhat related to the Brazilian character and sense of humor.

"Remember this," an economist said one day on the beach, with a wistful look out at the sea, "Brazil is a very surrealistic country. You can't really tell what is going to happen. I think all this will change, very nicely . . . Perhaps."

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# Atlantic Repartee

## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



### The Nobel Prizes

SIR:

Donald Fleming's "Nobel's Hits and Errors" (October *Atlantic*) is an excellent capsule summary of the Nobel Prize recipients and their contributions. As Fleming points out, some absurd choices have resulted from "psychological tensions that profound historical change produces." An even more cogent reason is the great advance of mass communication media. The headline makers, regardless sometimes of the nature of their influence on bettering humanity, receive the Nobel Prizes.

A group whose contributions receive little headline attention but whose untiring devotion toward improving interpersonal relations, organizational environment, and unstructured society is the resourceful and humane behavioral scientists, such as Gordon Allport, Carl Rogers, Abraham Maslow, Erik Erikson, Erich Fromm, Herbert Marcuse, Sidney Jourard, Esther Harding, Kenneth Benne, Leland Bradford, Ronald Lippitt, Warren Bennis, Chris Argyris, and Herbert Shepard.

The Nobel Prize Committee should look beneath the news headlines in all countries to uncover some of these great but "silent" contributors to the advance of humanity.

ROBERT A. SMITH III  
Huntsville, Ala.

SIR:

Professor Fleming characterizes the list of prizes in literature as being "smugly unadventurous." He goes on to say that "with the arguable exceptions of O'Neill, Pirandello, Eliot, and Hemingway, no prize has been given for work that was mark-

edly experimental in technique."

I am truly astonished at the glib dismissal of William Faulkner by a distinguished Harvard professor. Admittedly, Faulkner was influenced by Joyce. Moreover, it is conceded that the quality of Faulkner's vast literary legacy is uneven. But an experimentalist he was, and a great deal of his work was "markedly" experimental.

DONALD C. DIXON  
Charlottesville, Va.

### Is Schweitzer Dead?

SIR:

Apropos your article "Is Schweitzer Dead?" by Cornelius Scipio (August *Atlantic*), my psychology courses were elementary ones, but I believe we were told that the people who fight an idea hardest are usually the ones most strongly attracted to it. Could this mean that those who can't bear for anyone to admire Schweitzer have actually been deeply touched by his philosophy and are trying to avoid the inconvenience of following it?

JOAN GILBERT  
Dixon, Mo.

SIR:

As a "hard-nose Unitarian" who is apparently also a member of the "do-good jet set," let me comment on the article on the Schweitzer Convocation at Aspen. Unlike "Scipio," my evaluation did not begin and end at the Meadows Inn Bar. Like "Scipio," I arrived wondering whether the convocation could truly evaluate Schweitzer or would indeed degenerate into a cult rite. Happily, Aspen became a Schweitzer teach-in, valuable to some of us who had repeat-

edly been to Lambaréné and Gunsback if not to "Scipio." New insights were available for those who came to learn, not to scoff. As for the so-called "Schweitzer-inspired philanthropic industries," as far as I know Schweitzer in his lifetime never sent letters asking to "make up the deficit of the Albert Schweitzer College." He never once visited the college, and only reluctantly allowed it to be named after him.

A thrilling aspect of Schweitzer, not sufficiently discussed at Aspen, was his intellectual growth during the last decade of his life. At an age when most men would retreat in memories or become more conservative, Albert Schweitzer became more radical as he delved into the problems of atomic war and peace. Schweitzer's contribution to world public opinion demanding the partial test-ban treaty, so frivolously handled by "Scipio," was as significant as Norman Cousins indicated at Aspen. This alone is tribute to any man in his ninth decade.

Is Schweitzer dead? Not to "Cornelius Scipio," for he or she feared to come from the shadows and face the very much alive friends of Schweitzer. This is an indictment not only of "Scipio" but of the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* who are a party to this shabby scheme. Schweitzer, for all his human faults, was honest. "Scipio" hides behind a pseudonym and behind abundant quotes from unnamed persons when not in that bar at the Meadows Inn.

HOMER A. JACK  
Unitarian Universalist Association  
Boston, Mass.

**The author of the article participated in the Schweitzer Convocation as fully**



and as earnestly as did Mr. Jack but came, as was his right, to interestingly different conclusions. — THE EDITORS

“I, personally . . .”

SIR:

The Atlantic Report on Illinois in the September issue referred to figures released by the mayor of Chicago to the effect that “50 percent of all buildings in the worst West Side slums are owner-occupied.”

May I point out that most urban slum real estate is arranged this way. The actual profit is made by the holder of the mortgage or mortgages, which are at rates of interest far above those prevailing in the housing market. The owner of record is usually an old pathetic foreign-born, et cetera, who gets to live rent free and makes bare sustenance as superintendent. Public records of deeds and titles show only that the property bears mortgages, but not who did the financing. Inasmuch as mortgages may be sold, transferred, and generally hidden in the corporate and financial never-never land, virtual anonymity is assured for the real “slum landlord.”

Any legal action brought against the building falls upon the owner, the mortgage holder being free of liability. It is for this reason that attempts to improve conditions in slum areas by imposing sanctions upon building owners usually fail. If there is too much heat, the owner can be replaced by another front man, delaying for months any legal proceedings, and confusing the bureaucracy in the prosecutor’s office beyond its ability to cope. Finally, if the state or city seizes the property for violations, then the mortgage becomes a bad debt, and tax deductible.

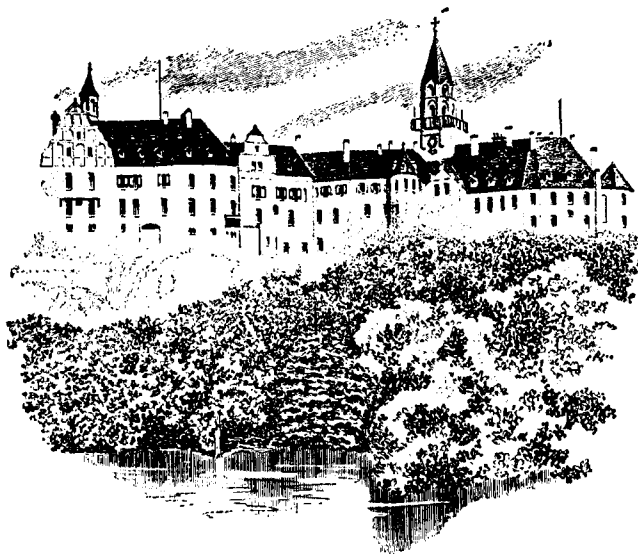
It’s a pity Martin Luther King never went to business school.

MATHEW H. RUBIN  
New York City

SIR:

I fully understand that in Boston schools students are taught that “all civilization stops at the Charles River, excepting, naturally, Harvard Yard,” but I truly never expected a publication such as yours to overlook the full-grown blooper on page 114 of the October issue (“Nevada: The End of the Casino Era,” by Edward F. Sherman) — “northeastern Nevada, where Lake

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Tahoe is situated" — without some sort of editorial research.

Unless Nevada now uses different points of the compass than I, Lake Tahoe is still in the lower lefthand corner of that state's western boundary with California, where the Nevada-California border angles toward the southeast.

ALBERT W. KARR  
Rockville, Md.

Our compass was pixed.

— THE EDITORS

SIR:

I am writing to say how much I admire David Levine's caricatures (October *Atlantic*). The man is a genius. Ruthless, expert, he pictures the very essence of his victim. Not in years has there been so talented an artist in this field.

FRANCES ROGERS  
Woodstock, N.Y.

SIR:

James Dickey's poem, "The Sheep-Child" (August *Atlantic*), is one of the most moving and beautiful poems I have ever read. Weeks after my initial reading of it I am still disturbed by its impact.

SARAH BROWN WEITEMAN  
New York City

### Crimes and Confessions

SIR:

In reference to your article "Crime, Confessions, and the Court," by Robert M. Cipes, in the September *Atlantic*:

The issue has become not what a criminal suspect said, but whether he knew he did not have to say it. It would seem that the wisest thing an arrested person can do for his own defense is to acknowledge quickly an understanding of his "rights" — and then confess.

If this is done immediately after a person's arrest, the police may preclude the need for extensive investigation seeking incriminating physical evidence.

Then when brought to trial, the suspect need only testify that he didn't really understand he should not have said anything, and that he confessed only because he was afraid of the badge on his tormentor's chest.

D. SYLVESTER  
Buena Park, Calif.

SIR:

Your recent article entitled "Crime, Confessions, and the Court"

has been brought to our attention. We have reviewed the article carefully and we feel that it contains certain errors which should be brought to your attention.

Mr. Cipes states that in the *Miranda* decision "what the Chief Justice did not make clear is that the FBI warning omitted the crucial element required by *Miranda* — that the indigent suspect has the right to appointed counsel prior to interrogation."

The fact is, as Robert Cipes will see from reading the *Miranda* opinion again, that the Chief Justice reviewed rather thoroughly the practice of the FBI in giving the warnings before the *Miranda* decision, stated elsewhere in the opinion that the person being interrogated must be advised of his right to free counsel before interrogation, and then said, "A letter received from the solicitor general in response to a question from the bench makes it clear that the present pattern of warning and respect for the rights of the individual followed as a practice by the FBI is consistent with the procedure which we delineate today." The position which Mr. Cipes has taken in his article thus appears to us to be quite the opposite of that taken by the Chief Justice and the remaining members of the majority of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Cipes attributes to the FBI a consistent policy of interrogation which we do not follow. His article indicates that it is the established procedure of the FBI to interview a suspect several times, not intending to obtain all the facts the first time but hoping, instead, to enmesh the suspect in his own lies. The fact is that Special Agents of the FBI are under strong instructions to obtain, in any questioning of any person, the most complete account of the facts as soon and as early as possible and to avoid successive interviews as much as possible.

At one point in his article Mr. Cipes states that "Most of the crimes which the Bureau investigates, contrary to common belief, are petty crimes — for example, auto thefts and thefts from railroad cars." These particular offenses do not meet the legal definition of petty crimes, and the manner in which the statement is made indicates that this type of investigation constitutes the greater part of FBI jurisdiction. In this statement, also, he is at odds



with the position taken by the Chief Justice when he pointed out, in a footnote to the *Miranda* decision, that the FBI investigates such serious crimes as kidnapping, white slavery, interstate transportation, and sale of stolen property, all manner of conspiracies, violations of civil rights, and murders of federal officers and employees.

Elsewhere in his article Mr. Cipes implies that the FBI's record of performance is obtained, at least in part, through manipulation—the practice of dropping the case unless we obtain a confession or are able to catch the suspect in an incriminating lie. To the contrary, the fact is that the constant policy and procedure of the FBI are that upon reaching a sufficient quantity and quality of facts to make probable cause for arrest, we confer with the United States Attorney for his approval for the issuance of an arrest warrant regardless of whether we have, or think we can obtain, a confession or other statement from the accused.

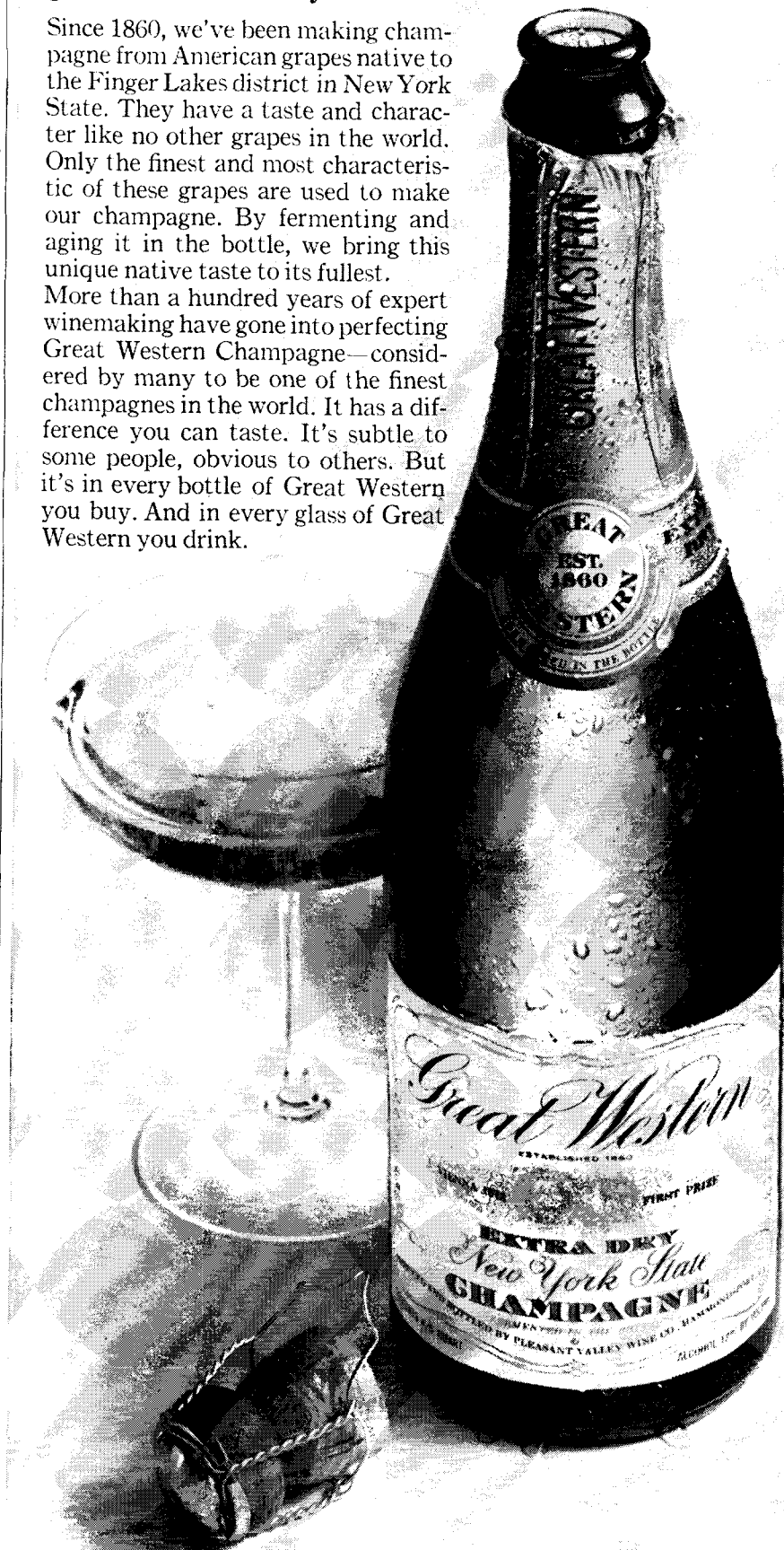
At one point in his article Mr. Cipes questions the integrity of FBI agents by stating that it is “doubtful” that agents now give “a truly effective self-incrimination warning.” His statement flies directly in the face of the approval of the FBI warnings stated by the Chief Justice in the *Miranda* decision and is otherwise quite gratuitous. He makes this accusation without, I believe, any evidence to show from actual cases that FBI agents have given any warning other than one which is clear and unequivocal.

Mr. Cipes further questions the integrity of the FBI and its Special Agents by suggesting that during investigations carried on after the *Miranda* decision, the agents will seek to evade those situations in which the Court requires that a warning be given by claiming that such investigations are matters of general on-the-scene questioning for which no warning is required. His statement is not consistent with instructions which have been issued to Special Agents of the FBI since *Miranda*, and I believe that there is no factual basis whatsoever for his assumption that we would seek to evade the requirements of the law rather than to comply with them. Mr. Cipes appears to have forgotten that the leanings of the FBI have been exactly to the contrary. For many,

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many years prior to the time when the Supreme Court first required that the suspect be advised of those constitutional rights set out in *Miranda*, it was the consistent policy and practice of the FBI to warn the man of both his right to silence and his right to counsel prior to interrogation. This being the case, your author has no basis for assuming that after *Miranda* we would do an about-face and seek to evade giving the type of warnings which we ourselves initiated long before the Court required them.

I thought you would appreciate receiving these observations in the interests of factual accuracy.

J. EDGAR HOOVER  
Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

### Mr. Cipes Replies:

In my article I criticized the Court for trying to equate its new rules with existing FBI interrogation practice. Its strategy was to evoke popular approval for what the Court recognized would be an unpopular decision. The opinion created confusion — which Mr. Hoover's letter perpetuates — because FBI interrogators in fact "omitted the crucial

element required by *Miranda* — that the indigent suspect has the right to appointed counsel prior to interrogation."

There is a big difference between telling a suspect that counsel will be assigned by the judge when he gets to court, which was the FBI practice, and making a lawyer immediately available to him before police questioning — that is, before the damage is done. This distinction is completely blurred by the statement that "the person being interrogated must be advised of his right to free counsel before interrogation." In other words, the second paragraph of Mr. Hoover's letter is misleading.

When I said that FBI investigative techniques are "qualitatively different from other police agencies'," I intended to compliment the Bureau and not criticize it, as Mr. Hoover's third paragraph assumes. I pointed out that FBI practice emphasized false exculpatory statements obtained in noncustody situations, and suggested that greater use of such statements, as opposed to confessions obtained from in-custody detention, would enhance the quality of law enforcement. I did not

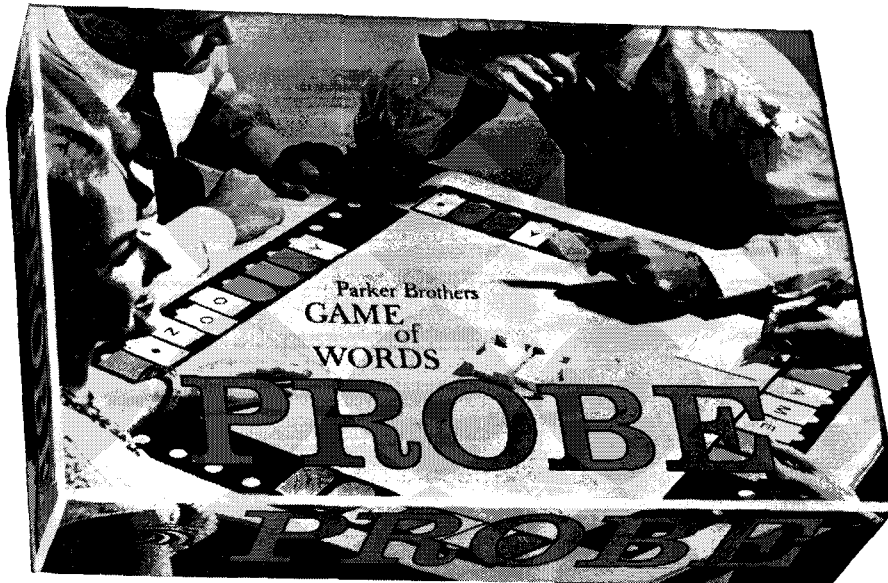
intend to imply that FBI agents engaged in successive interviews where such technique was unnecessary to obtaining the facts.

My article made the further point that FBI practice may not be an appropriate model for local police who not only lack the Bureau's expertise but are pressured to find quick solutions to community-disturbing crimes. The bulk of FBI criminal jurisdiction consists of "petty" crimes regardless of the legal definition of petty. For example, as James V. Bennett, former federal prison bureau director, has said, "The statistics classify stealing a car as a 'serious' crime, even though most cars are stolen for only a few hours' use and not for monetary gain." These "stolen" cars also make up much of the millions of dollars worth of property that the FBI boasts of recovering. The recital of some serious crimes which the Bureau investigates is no answer to my statement that these crimes do not make up the bulk of the FBI's work.

I did state that the FBI's superlative batting average is due in part "to a high degree of selectivity in charging crime." Perhaps I should have qualified this observation by basing it on my own experience. I find it hard to believe, however, that FBI agents stop when they have sufficient evidence to make an arrest and do not think in terms of evidence to ensure an eventual conviction.

As for Mr. Hoover's final points, when I questioned whether the FBI's self-incrimination warning would be effective under *Miranda*, I was not of course questioning the integrity of its agents but simply emphasizing the strictness of the new rules. Nor did I suggest that agents would seek to "evade" *Miranda* in the case of noncustody questioning. I merely discussed the possible application of *Miranda* to this situation as an "area for future litigation," without venturing a prediction as to what the result would or should be.

ROBERT M. CIPES  
Washington, D.C.



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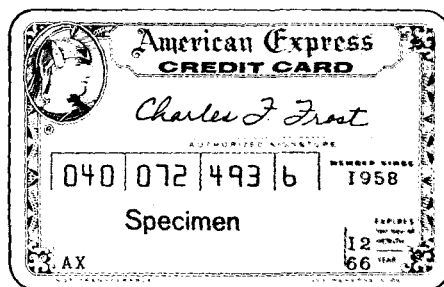
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## THE AMERICANS IN THAILAND

BY MAYNARD PARKER

*What is really happening in Thailand and why are we expanding our military forces there? After all the talk about increased economic and social help for South Vietnam, why are we doing next to nothing for the 3 million Vietnamese who live in the backlash of war and the squalor of slums in the capital city of Saigon? These situations have much to do with the costly and escalating American involvement in Southeast Asia, but they have been little told until now. In the following report on the American presence in Thailand, Maynard Parker combines his experience as a journalist (LIFE magazine) and his recent Army service as a public information officer in Thailand. Mr. Parker wrote this article after completing his military assignment and before rejoining LIFE as a Far Eastern correspondent based in Hong Kong.*

WHILE serving in the United States Army in Thailand, I participated in scores of top-secret briefings. However, none so clearly crystallized my year's experience in the country as one I attended in late 1965, just before leaving Thailand. Standing back behind rows of captains and colonels, I listened to a major in crisp khaki discuss a war plan for the defense of Thailand in case of an overt Communist attack across the Mekong from Laos. Using a pointer, he referred to a giant map which covered an entire wall. The Communists' probable axes of attack were neatly laid out in red, the U.S. and Thai deployments in blue. At the close of the briefing, the major asked if there were any questions.

Hands popped into the air. An engineer lieutenant colonel wanted to know how much barbed wire was needed for fortifications, a quartermaster major how much gasoline would be required to fuel the tanks and trucks. Finally, the major delivering the briefing reached me, the lone lieutenant in the room. I asked him how the war plan would be adapted in the event that the Communists began a war of liberation within Thailand's borders. His answer was short: "We do not expect a guerrilla war in Thailand."

Yet little more than a year before the major's briefing, there were news reports in the West of a clandestine Communist radio station in southern China which announced in Thai that a people's war "to rid Thailand of the American imperialists and to overthrow the corrupt government of Premier Thanom Kittikachorn" had been launched in Thailand. Similarly, it had been reported that the Chinese Communist Foreign Minister, Chen Yi, had told a diplomatic reception in Peking, "We will have a guerrilla war going in Thailand before the year is out." Communist terrorism was responsible for an increasing number of political assassinations in the impoverished northeastern provinces of the country. Government police had discovered hidden arms caches and abandoned camps.

Given these facts and given Thailand's proximity to Laos and North Vietnam, I had expected to find the U.S. mission in Bangkok busily turning Thailand into an armed camp when I arrived there in late 1964. Instead, I quickly discovered that few Americans, civilian or military, were particularly concerned. I was to leave a year later having seen this lack of concern over the Communist threat transformed into frantic anxiety —

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but with the U.S. military response almost as clumsily misdirected as in Vietnam in 1960.

American officials in Bangkok had long been in the calm eye of the Asian hurricane. Foreign service officers and military advisers alike looked forward to their tours in Thailand as peaceful times for buying star sapphires, bathing in the blue waters of the Gulf of Siam, and doing a minimum of work. It was in those days that the chief political officer of the U.S. embassy in Bangkok told a reporter that the insurgency was not growing at a rapid rate, but "I suppose something should be done about it." When I first met one of the local directors of the Agency for International Development, I was reminded of a Bob Hope "Road" movie. He and his wife floated into view on a rebuilt junk with a crew of black-pajamaed sailors manning the sails. The Joint U.S. Military Assistance Group, under the command of Major General Ernest Easterbrook, seemed to feel that the situation was well in hand: despite a rising Communist tide, the mission was already proceeding to phase out American military advisers according to the doctrine of building up an allied country's military force and then sending home the advisers. General Easterbrook had visited his advisory team in the northeast only twice in the year before he was rotated back to the United States. Newly arrived officers assigned to the largest Army unit in Thailand, the Ninth Logistical Command in Korat, were proudly told by the colonel in command, "I do only an hour's work a day." At night in one of Korat's bars, the commander amused the local natives by playing "dead bug," a game begun when someone yells "dead bug," at which everyone drops to the floor on his back with his hands and feet wiggling in the air. The last one down, of course, buys drinks. It was rarely the colonel. (He has since been replaced by a competent West Pointer.)

"There's not going to be any war here — the Thais are our friends," I was told by countless Americans. They had apparently forgotten that Thailand for centuries has quickly shed allies for new friends to maintain its independence while neighboring countries fell under colonial domination. During World War II, the Thais had helped the Americans and British for three days before arranging a surrender to the Japanese. "But the Thais are happy," other Americans insisted. "They have rice to eat and fish in the klongs. There are no famines." They argued that Thailand was no China — but forgot that Vietnam was no China either.

To be sure, the Communists once found Thailand the toughest of all Southeast Asian countries to penetrate. Under Russian tutelage the party tried for years to foment revolution in the unions and

student groups, but their efforts failed to ignite a revolutionary spark in the Thai working class. In the early sixties, however, the Thai Communist Party apparatus changed from Russian to Chinese hands — and with it, the target of subversion, from the city to the countryside of Thailand's fifteen northeastern provinces.

As BIG and populous as the state of Illinois, the northeast sits snugly in a triangle formed by the Mekong River and the Phnom Pangrek mountain range. Flying north from Bangkok, it takes only forty-five minutes to reach Korat, the largest city of the northeast. Flying south from Hanoi, it takes a jet plane not much longer to reach the same destination. One can stand on the Mekong River bank and look across the brown water into Laos at the razorback mountain range which cradles the Ho Chi Minh Trail in its valleys. On any map, the northeast is the heartland of Southeast Asia. Its natural trails and man-made roads lead directly south to the riches of Thailand's rice-growing central plains and Malaysia's rubber plantations. Yet few Thais have ever seen the northeast, for to them it is as remote as the moon, and they have as little reason to venture there.

In the dry season, the northeast is a desert without sand. A fiery sun pierces through the scattered teak trees and bakes the land into a powdery red dust. In village after village it shrivels the tiny rice shoots planted in the wet season and laps up the murky water from primitive wells and shallow streams. Then comes the other extreme: in the wet season, the monsoon rains pour down upon the countryside, creating hundreds of island communities as completely cut off from food and medicine as a Pacific atoll. I arrived one day by helicopter in an isolated village to be told that a girl of eighteen had just died giving birth to twin boys. A trained midwife lived in a village an hour's walk away, but no one had been able to bring her across the intervening floodwaters.

Dry season or wet, the northeasterner struggles with a more severe form of poverty than is known elsewhere in Thailand. While other Thais earn more than \$150 a year, the northeasterner subsists on an average of barely \$40. Americans complained of the northeasterners' lethargy. They were usually unaware that whole villages had been robbed of their vitality by the internal ravages of liver flukes and tuberculosis.

Even before Peking displaced Moscow as the dominant influence over subversion in Thailand, the starving northeast was fertile ground for Communists. For many years they have patiently trod the natural trail formed by the Phumi Mountains,



which jut out of Laos and slice into the center of the northeast. Within the last ten years, two waves of Communist agitators have filtered down the trail from North Vietnam and Laos. In the late fifties, it was the North Vietnamese who first brought the seeds of guerrilla war into the northeast. Now it is Laotians and the Thais themselves who travel the trail to reap the harvest.

Driven from their homes by the fighting of the French Indochina War, tens of thousands of North Vietnamese refugees crossed the Mekong with their families to begin new villages in Thailand. Bound together by language and custom, the North Vietnamese settled apart from the Thais. It is possible today to drive through village after village in the northeast and see only the conical straw hats of the Vietnamese, who look out from huts built on the ground rather than on stilts in the Thai manner.

Instead of attempting to assimilate the Vietnamese into the mainstream of Thai life, the Thais have used the harsh policies of repatriation and repression. Neither has worked to their advantage. Beginning in 1959, the Thais began to repatriate the Vietnamese to Hanoi under Red Cross auspices. The repatriation went slowly, however, and was finally choked off last year by the North Vietnamese government, which claimed that the American bombing of their country made it impossible for them to accept any more refugees. While the repatriation lasted, Communist cadres in the villages slyly turned it to their own advantage. Home to Hanoi went three main groups: the non-Communists, those who had learned useful skills in Thailand, and those who would be trained as guerrilla squad leaders and infiltrate back into Thailand.

Meanwhile, Thailand has detained 40,000 Vietnamese in its northeast while waiting to repatriate them. These Vietnamese are by no means concentration camp POW's. They do not live behind barbed wire or under armed guard. Still, they are not free to travel, as are the Thais, and they are not allowed to hold meetings. They cannot establish Vietnamese-language schools. In Tha Bo, a typical refugee village, there can be no meeting of more than five people. Villagers may not leave Tha Bo to travel to another village without the district officer's approval. They may not work at night. If these rules make it impossible for Communist cadres to meet in the open, they also make it impossible for the Catholic Vietnamese to attend church in the next town on Sunday or for the fishermen to fish at night on the Mekong, when much of the fishing is done.

This repression has been confining, yet in fact it has forced many neutral or non-Communist Vietnamese into the hands of the Communist cadres, street committees, assassination squads,

and agitprop teams. But despite their numbers now, the Vietnamese Communists in Thailand, organizers and converts, would not themselves have been able to convert more than a handful of the Thai peasantry. Separated by physical appearance, custom, and language, the Vietnamese were distrusted as much by the Thai peasant as by the Thai policeman.

THE Vietnamese, however, were not the only Communist immigrants to Thailand. Early in the 1960s, perhaps exhilarated by early successes in Laos and Vietnam, Peking gradually began to build the foundations of an insurgency in the northeast of Thailand. From special schools in Communist-controlled portions of Laos, Laotian infiltrators came down the web of Phumi Mountain trails into the northeast. Following the pattern pioneered in China and subtly refined in Vietnam, they moved from village to village. Their main message was simple: throw out the American "neo-colonial imperialists and their corrupt Thai lackeys." On this message they hung every local grievance which could be exploited. With their daring actions and emotional slogans they appealed to the rebellious youth; with their promise of reduced taxes, to the overtaxed peasant; with medical aid, to everyone.

The similarities between Laos and northeast Thailand only facilitated the task of subversion. For centuries the meandering Mekong River, which divides the two countries, has served as a unifying ethnic and commercial bridge between the Laotians and northeastern Thais. Both speak the same language and eat the same glutinous rice. Both areas had at one time been ruled by Laos.

The Communist agitprop teams worked in an almost complete vacuum of governmental authority. And here it is necessary to explain that vacuum. The revolutionary party in Thailand is the army; it rules by martial decree under the aegis of the old god-monarchy, which the military brought down to earth in a 1932 coup. In the intervening thirty-four years, the army, police, and air force generals have shifted the power from group to group through thirty-two coups. The present holder of power is Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn, once the commanding general of the First Army, which surrounds Bangkok.

Practically all Thai officials are xenophobic and highly nationalistic; their continuing foreign policy aim is the preservation of Thailand as a sovereign state. Skillful Thai diplomacy in pursuit of this aim has long kept foreign influence to a minimum in Thailand. Thailand's leaders are anti-Communist on a practical rather than an ideological basis.

Although both the late Prime Minister Sarit and the present one, Thanom, have in fact run staunchly anti-Communist regimes, only Sarit managed to propel his anti-Communist fervor down through the morass of the civil service. It was Sarit who, beginning in 1962, originated most of the development and security plans in use today. Under Sarit, province chiefs could never be sure that the Premier would not drop in unannounced in his helicopter to check up on their progress. Despite the worsening threat, the Thanom government has been far more placid. Thanom rarely visits the northeast, and never unannounced. Development programs have expanded, but there is no driving force or sense of urgency behind them.

At the province and district levels the Thai official tends to be at once corrupt and, on the surface, well organized in his routine duties. He is anti-Communist because he is told to be by the national government. But he tends to be incompetent in responding to the problems of development and security arising from Communist insurgency because he seems unable to grasp the tactics of the Communists.

In this situation Communist agitprop workers soon constructed their desired bases of insurgency. A network of cells linked village to village along the Mekong. Arms caches were hidden in the countryside. Handbills were circulated from town to town complaining, often with much truth, of neglect by the government in faraway Bangkok. The interruption in the work of these Communist agents which occurred in 1962 because of Sarit's series of anti-Communist programs in the northeast ended with Sarit's death in 1963. His successors did not disband his programs, but neither did they encourage or expand them. Gradually, they wasted away. (An indication of renewed government concern, it should be said, is a system of civilian-police-military posts formed in the northeast in the last few months. But these have been more effective in irritating local officials than in rounding up Communists.)

Left once again to themselves, the Communists began in the spring of 1965 to push out from their river bases along the Mekong into the far reaches of the northeast. The stories of the Communist advances drifted south into Korat in official reports, travelers' tales, and provincial newspapers. But only a small portion of the subversion was visible to the eye. At one village, a journalist reported that all of the men had taken to the hills. An American official reported an unfriendly welcome in a previously friendly village. A Thai police patrol discovered a cache of arms.

The movement was given a national identity with the announcement in Peking of the quasi-legal Thai National Liberation Front. From some-

where in Laos, a Voice of the People of Thailand radio transmitter added its propaganda voice to that of the Communist agent on the ground, giving the movement an aura of tremendous geographical scope. And everywhere there were coldly calculated assassinations of both corrupt and respected officials. The newspapers hinted at the terror with brief notices of assassinations; the echoes of terror ran through the conversations of the peasants like the distant thunder before a storm. In the provincial districts, headmen and police armed themselves in fear of Communist reprisal, and justifiably, for at the military headquarters in Korat and Bangkok, reports of assassinations piled up. At Ban Renu the village headman was shot after he was seen talking to a policeman. In the Muang Nakorn Phanom district, another headman was ambushed after taking part in a government roundup of Communist suspects.

In the American military organization, officers stationed in the northeast wrote of the escalation of terrors in reports to their superiors in Bangkok. Often, it appeared, these reports went unread. "I write reports, but never get queried on them," complained one field adviser. "The only time Bangkok called, they told us to 'get on the team. You boys are the only ones writing pessimistic reports — things are fine down here.'"

IT WOULD have been interesting to see how many assassinations the Communists would have had to commit and how many reports Americans would have had to write to awaken Bangkok to the danger in the northeast. But on February 7, 1965, the question became academic. On that day, in South Vietnam, two hours after midnight, a band of Viet Cong penetrated the outer defenses of the American air base at Pleiku and launched a mortar attack, killing seven Americans and Vietnamese and destroying almost a score of American aircraft. Within hours, American fighter-bombers had headed north to bomb North Vietnam. Unknown to most of the U.S. public, a majority of the planes flew from bases in Thailand. America's war in South Vietnam had become Thailand's.

It was not, however, the first time that foreign planes had flown raids from Thai soil. As early as September, 1964, a weird assortment of Laotian, Thai, Chinese Nationalist, and American pilots (some of them mercenaries), flying under the auspices of the Central Intelligence Agency, had begun to bomb the Laotian portions of the Ho Chi Minh Trail from the Thai Air Force base at Udorn, a few miles south of Vientiane, Laos. The insignia of the World War II fighters and trainers heavy with bombs and rockets varied from mission to



mission — mechanics would slide the different insignias into brackets on the plane's fuselage as was required. Some planes flew with Laotian insignia, some with South Vietnamese, others with none at all.

This raffish band of pilots — all extremely well paid, accompanied by their wives, and enjoying such unusual battle amenities as a swimming pool and air-conditioned bar and restaurant — were joined to the south at Korat by a squadron of F-105 fighter-bombers shortly after the Gulf of Tonkin incidents in August, 1964, to assist in the bombing of the Laotian parts of the trail. These early Laotian raids were carried out by a small number of planes and with a minimum of ground support. But the round-the-clock bombing of North Vietnam which followed was a different matter. Now more planes, more fuel, more bombs, more roads, more people were suddenly needed in Thailand. Hundreds of planes flew into the country. There were F-4C Phantoms at Takli, F-105 Thunderchiefs at Korat, reconnaissance FR-101's at Udorn, SAC tankers for mid-air refueling at Bangkok's International Airport. The American military personnel in Thailand jumped from 4000 in early 1964 to 6500 by the end of that year, and 18,000 by the end of 1965.

It was this American military escalation which caused Americans to take a new look at the growing Communist insurgency in the northeast. Reports from junior officers were dug out of the files, and Communist agitprop teams and assassinations were flagged on countless maps in Bangkok. In Washington, the Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara, told Pentagon reporters at a briefing session, "You people should have been asking these questions about Vietnam five years ago. It's too late now. Now you should be asking about Thailand. Five years ago our tactics in South Vietnam weren't perfect. We didn't build up the South Vietnamese fast enough. There may still be time in Thailand."

The word was out. Overnight, it seemed, Thailand became the "in" country to worry about. U.S. officials warned that "Thailand is next on Peking's list." The commander of the military assistance command, Thailand (MACTHAI, which controls all of our military presence there except the Air Force), was rotated home. Major General Richard Stilwell, one of the Army's brainier guerrilla war specialists, who once served a long tour with the CIA, was imported from General Westmoreland's staff in Vietnam. Senators and congressmen arrived for inspection junkets. Joseph Alsop wrote a breathless column, and the news-magazines ran cover stories. The money and the troops began to pour into Thailand.

Yet, as in Vietnam in 1958, much of the aid was

misdirected and the advice to the Thais misguided. Despite all the talk of a Communist insurgency, there was little counterinsurgency practiced in the field by either the Americans or Thais. For in retrospect, the escalation in Thailand was caused not by conditions in Thailand, but by the need for a safe haven for American aircraft outside Vietnam. Also it was secret and generated the need for what intelligence men call a "cover story."

The men and machines that poured into Thailand were concerned not with Thailand but with Vietnam. To the Air Force, Thailand was a giant landlocked aircraft carrier. (Thai bases provide about 80 percent of U.S. land-based air power hitting North Vietnam.) For the American high command, this meant the luxury of planning missions and strategy in relative calm. To the pilots, it meant complete relaxation when not in the sky.

FOR this imposition of foreign troops on its soil, Thailand exacted a price from the United States. That price was secrecy. The Thais were willing to be our allies, but they did not then want to become identified with the bombing of North Vietnam. In the struggle for Southeast Asia, they were backing the United States, but hedging their bets all the same. There was to be no mention from either Bangkok or Washington of the raids against North Vietnam from Thailand. As far as the two governments were concerned, the day and night takeoffs of fully armed planes were simply training flights.

This was easy enough for the Thais. Their press and radio, if not directly censored, were indirectly controlled. Any editor unwise enough to mention the flights would have found his presses shut down within hours. None tried. American journalists, on the other hand, were theoretically free to report what they saw. In reality, they were not, for U.S. Ambassador Graham H. Martin was determined that the story should not be told and was willing to go to great lengths to keep it from being told. The man responsible for keeping the press muzzled was Bob Beecham, the graying crew-cut press attaché of the U.S. mission in Thailand. Beecham's main duty as manager of our information apparatus was to keep the story of America's mission in Thailand out of the press. Beecham's and our other information officers' easiest problem was the resident foreign press in Bangkok. Most of them were only stringers whose main business was other than journalism. Long friendship and the words "no comment" kept them from straying over the boundary lines. The United Press correspondent was a Thai, and feared the restrictions of his own government. Of all the press in Thailand, only the Associated Press bureau was independent. After

watching the buildup for months and verifying it with pilot friends, the number-two man in the AP bureau filed a story on the American bombing of North Vietnam from bases in Thailand. Within hours, the correspondent's unclassified story, which had been printed in hundreds of newspapers, came rocketing back from the State Department in Washington to the embassy in Bangkok with the classification "secret — limited distribution." Ambassador Martin was furious; the Thais cried that America had reneged on its bargain to keep silent. Working on personal instructions from the ambassador, Beecham acted. Sources in both the American and Thai governments were systematically sealed off. Beecham advised the correspondent not to write further stories "because it is against our national interest." But the correspondent still continued to write about the planes. What followed thereafter is not altogether clear. There were more grumbles among Thai and American officials, and even talk of expelling the AP man. The American ambassador recommended against this. In any event, the correspondent soon was transferred to another assignment, first in Tokyo and later in Jakarta. Meanwhile, nonresident correspondents presented a more difficult problem. They were only in the country for a few days. Once they departed, they were free to write what they liked.

From these circumstances, our official "cover story" of the American Army's civic action program in Thailand sprang full-blown. The tale was simple. Beecham and others would admit to correspondents that American planes were taking off from Thailand, but would plead with them not to print the story because of "our national security and interest." Instead, they would suggest, why not write about the U.S. Army and the valiant help they are giving the Thais in fighting the Communists in the northeast. They would tell the correspondents about the communications system an Army engineer battalion was building, or the American-built road which opened up hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin land for agriculture, or the Army hospital which treated the Thais. The correspondents, who lived with daily deadlines and who were often worn out from their reporting on nearby Vietnam, usually agreed.

The line which the U.S. mission was using was, of course, technically correct. The roads the United States was building *could* be used by the Thais. The Thai Army *could* send messages on the United States-built communication system. The Army doctors *did* treat the Thais. But the *raison d'être* for the U.S. Army in Thailand, as for the Air Force, was Vietnam. The roads were needed to carry bombs, the communications system to coordinate the air strikes between the dispersed bases, the hospitals to care for wounded pilots.

One unhappy result of this preoccupation with Vietnam was that Thailand was pushed into second place in the minds of the military and fared badly even there. The Vietnam air war, with its priorities, its emotional strictures, its contingencies and deadlines, spun its own web of reality for those among the military whose sole concern should have been Thailand, as well as for those whose primary mission was Vietnam. At worst, the military simply forgot about the guerrillas in the northeast. Even at best, the reality of suddenly having more roads, more docks, more pipelines, led the American military mission to concentrate more and more on the contingencies upon which the United States would fight a conventional war and less and less on the crucial problem: how to eliminate the Communist guerrilla movement in its nascent stages when it was still numerically small.

In the locked files at Korat and Bangkok were scores of classified war plans, including battle deployments in case the Russians, Burmese, Laotians, or Chinese attacked across the border; there were few plans that dealt with a war of liberation from inside the country. One could go to dozens of briefings and never hear any expression of worry about subversion. In the brown stucco headquarters of MACTHAI in Bangkok, hundreds of officers worked at the job of advising the Thai military, but only four were assigned full time to counterinsurgency warfare, and they were relegated to a small windowless room.

UPCOUNTRY the great neglect of a counter-guerrilla strategy for Thailand stood out even more obviously. Of a Thai Army force of almost 80,000 troops (there are 125,000 in the entire Thai armed forces), the Thai Army had deployed only 5000 combat soldiers to the northeast. These were organized into three heavy, slow-moving regimental combat teams such as the U.S. Army has not used since World War II. On the training charts in the war rooms of the Thai Army, the time allotted to counter-guerrilla tactics was infinitesimal.

Near the three main cities of the northeast — Korat, Udorn, and Ubon — were three giant air bases. Each bustled with the activity of dozens of planes, thousands of airmen and soldiers. A few miles away from each base was a detachment of American advisers whose job it was to advise the Thai Army regiments in their areas. In their complex role as counterparts to Thai officers, they were given a minimum of advice and encouragement. Left alone for a year, some groped their way toward a solution; others decided to have a good time. But whether they worked or played, bitterness tinged their conversations. One night



after dinner a lieutenant colonel who supervised all advisory operations in the northeast told me, "I don't have anything to teach the Thais, and if I did, they wouldn't do it. My main function is social. I just go around to a lot of parties." And he did. His jeep with the letters JUSMAG (Joint U.S. Military Assistance Group) was always prominently parked by one of Korat's brothels come sundown.

Those who saw their roles as soldiers found the job more difficult. They arrived in Thailand bubbling with energy and willing to work around the clock, but were slowly defeated by a lack of interest from their own superiors in Bangkok which was outdone only by the lethargy of the Thai High Command. Within weeks after their arrival, many advisers would be spending half their frustrating days on the volleyball courts, counting the days to departure. One of the most articulate I knew was Major Dusty Rhoades, a tough infantry major who had earned the combat infantryman's badge in the Korean War. His experience — and viewpoint on it — is representative of other U.S. officials' in Thailand. When Rhoades arrived in Thailand, he was sent directly up to Korat: "I never received a military, let alone an economic or political, briefing on the northeast. I didn't know what areas were dangerous, what areas the Thais were working in, or what was going on. It didn't take too long, however, to discover that much of our aid is wrong. I was up in Surin on an operation when it began to rain. The Thais had forgotten to ditch the tent and began to work on it with a couple of beat-up hoes. I saw three brand-new American shovels lying outside unused and wondered why until I finally realized that to use an American shovel you have to have shoes to put between the flesh of your sole and the shovel. These troops didn't have any shoes. You can give the village shoes, and the shovels will still sit there if no one tells the villagers how to use them.

"Of course, some of our aid is pure junk. We've given the Thais tanks that are so old there aren't even any parts for them. The armor battalion commander knows that if he moves the tanks, half of them will break down before he leaves the camp. So naturally, he just lets them sit there. We've given the Thais single-barreled 40mm anti-aircraft guns which we didn't even use in World War II. The damn things must be thirty years old.

"Their Army is understrength because they don't have the extra money required for field pay. So they don't train, let alone go into the field to hunt guerrillas. The situation is serious in the northeast. With some direction and some money in the right places, we could probably roll it up. But all we do is play volleyball."

Paradoxically, the most effective efforts to coun-

ter the insurgency in the northeast have been those of two U.S. civilian agencies, the United States Information Service and the Agency for International Development. Dropping any pretense of telling America's story to the Thais, USIS has instead concentrated on telling the Thai story to the Thais, who have seldom heard it from their own government. Using both simple and sophisticated media, the agency has boldly sought to bridge the ancient communications gap that exists between the functionally illiterate Thai peasant and the Bangkok official.

One of the most successful of the agency's operations has been its domination of Thai broadcasting. Operating out of cramped studios in downtown Bangkok, a handful of Thai USIS employees each week produced more than forty hours of prime time radio and television programs in Thai for broadcasting over Thai stations. Each show contained a subtle government propaganda message, but the programs were rarely recognizable as propaganda. Few programs were attributed to either the Thai or American government; most were of such quality that they were carefully camouflaged by the presence of a paying sponsor.

Perhaps the most imaginative idea spawned by the agency's men in Thailand was the Mobile Information Team. First improvised in the field by Robert Lasher, a savvy USIS officer now serving in Vietnam, the teams were an effort to bring the services and faces of the central government directly to the isolated villages of the northeast. In the scattered provincial capitals, USIS officers persuaded provincial governors to organize and train jeep caravans of local experts to travel into the boondocks of their provinces to meet the people, learn of their problems, and tell them what plans the government had to aid them. Traveling to a different village each day, team members treated the sick, discussed livestock and agricultural problems, visited the local school, and distributed posters and pamphlets to the village headman. At night, a Thai employee of USIS showed movies telling of the progress and plans of the Thai government led by King Bhumibol.

Yet one way or another, the Mobile Information Teams often succeeded only in making more grist for the Communist propaganda mill. If the teams happened to insult the villagers, they reinforced the Communist line that the officials were the enemies of the people who came only to eat and tax. If the teams were successful, they usually promised many more improvements than the Thai government could produce. When the government failed to build the promised dam or road on schedule, the Communists were able to capture the new aspirations of the villagers with little more than words.

In an attempt to make such subversion more difficult, the Agency for International Development (known in Thailand as USOM, for United States Operations Mission) has financed a variety of programs planned in Bangkok to improve permanently the villages of the northeast. One of these efforts has been the Mobile Development Unit, of which nine are scattered over the northeast. The MDU's, as they are called, are simply the "strategic hamlets" or "new life villages" of Vietnam without the barbed wire. Remaining in selected villages for many months, the development crews helped the villagers build roads, latrines, and wells and make other simple improvements while they lived side by side with them in village huts.

In theory, the program should have brought physical improvements to the villages while simultaneously winning the peasants to the government's banner. But like the Mobile Information Teams, the Mobile Development Units often alienated the villagers despite the amenities they added to their lives. This alienation grew out of the ineptitude of the urban Thai bureaucracy in Bangkok which drew up the plans for the MDU's. They had little conception of the true needs or nature of the villages and drew up a standard blueprint of improvements which would have pleased a city planner, but which often was irrelevant to village life.

Thus, the MDU workers arrived in each selected village in the northeast and set about their development work much as an engineer in battle sets about building field fortifications. The villagers were not consulted about their needs and soon found their villages taken over by strangers who often didn't speak their dialect, who took their land to build roads without explanation, and who built toilets which went unused because there was no water to operate them with.

These problems were fully evident in the MDU I visited in Ban Bak, a town situated about thirty miles from the Mekong River border with Laos. After leaving the main road, I walked for an hour over a muddy trail past high teak trees and rice paddies streaked with crevices from lack of rain. It was startling to come on a sign rising out of the midst of this jungle which read, "Welcome to the MDU." As I walked into the village, welcomed by the usual barking of the village dogs, I passed a neatly fenced plot with a sign in Thai designating it as "Sample Farm Number One." Inside the fence a mass of weeds strangled out any plants which might have grown there. Obviously no one had cultivated the sample farm in months. I was given a tour of the village by its aging headman, Suan Songsri. He showed me the four existing

wells, Ban Bak's only water supply. In each the water was as dark as chocolate and bugs puckered its surface. Suan had tried three times to build a dam near the village for irrigation, but each time the dam had washed out in the rainy season. A district officer had given him cement to build another dam, but since the villagers lacked sufficient engineering skill, it too had washed away.

This lack of water was painfully apparent. In the fields the rice was brown, the ground was cracked. No vegetables or fruit could be grown in the village, and so the children's bellies were swollen with malnutrition.

Suan did not look like a leader. Barefoot, deep brown from the sun, his only garment was a purple pakoma, a Thai sarong. He had attended school for only four years and had never ventured twenty miles from his village. He had married twice and had fourteen living children. Yet as we walked down the streets, the villagers greeted him respectfully, bowing their heads very low and raising their palms pressed together to their faces — the traditional Thai greeting. By Bangkok's standards he was a simple peasant, yet he knew far better than Bangkok officials what his village needed, and he was far more respected than they by his villagers. He was a valuable man for the government, but Bangkok chose to ignore him, and in so doing, negated much of the good work they had labored so furiously to build.

Within the last few months, the United States has increased its military garrison in Thailand to more than 32,000 men — twice our commitment in Vietnam at the end of 1963. With permanent facilities such as air bases, roads, and even swimming pools under construction, it is logical to assume that the United States intends to stay there for an extended period of time. Only the size of the escalation depends on Vietnam. If the United States remains in Vietnam, Thailand will continue to remain vitally important as the sanctuary for America's war against North Vietnam. If the United States should pull out of South Vietnam for any of a variety of reasons, Thailand would become even more strategically important as America's last defense foothold on continental Southeast Asia. In short, no matter what the course of events in Asia, it seems likely that the United States is in Thailand to stay.

The Defense Department, which has engineered this escalation in Thailand, also publishes a widely circulated bulletin entitled "Lessons Learned in Vietnam." One may agree or disagree with the Department's interpretation of those lessons, but obviously the lessons are not being applied in Thailand.

## THE TRAGEDY OF SAIGON

*by Frances Fitzgerald*

*This report on the life and half-life of the cockpit city of South Vietnam marks Miss Fitzgerald's farewell to Saigon. For the last ten months she has lived there, writing articles about the war and its side effects which have appeared in the New York TIMES Sunday Magazine and New York's VILLAGE VOICE. She is twenty-six and a graduate of Radcliffe College. Before going to Vietnam, she wrote for the New York HERALD TRIBUNE.*

**B**EFORE entering Saigon, the military traffic from Tan Son Nhut airfield slows in a choking blanket of its own exhaust. Where it crawls along to the narrow bridge in a frenzy of bicycles, pedicabs, and tri-Lambrettas, two piles of garbage mark the entrance to a new quarter of the city. Every evening a girl on spindle heels picks her way over the barrier of rotting fruit and onto the sidewalk. Triumphant, she smiles at the boys who lounge at the soft-drink stand, and with a toss of her long earrings, climbs into a waiting Buick.

Behind her the alleyway carpeted with mud winds back past the facade of new houses into a maze of thatched huts and tin-roofed shacks called Bui Phat. One of the oldest of the refugee quarters, Bui Phat lies just across the river from the generous villas and tree-lined streets of French Saigon. On its tangle of footpaths, white-shirted boys push their Vespas past laborers in black pajamas and women carrying water on coolie poles. After twelve years and a flood of new refugees, Bui Phat is less an urban quarter than a compost of villages where peasants live with their city children. The children run thick underfoot. The police, it is said, rarely enter the quarter for fear of a gang of teen-age boys whose leader, a young army deserter, reigns over Bui Phat.

Though most of Bui Phat lives beyond the law, the electricity lines, and the water system, it is changing, growing rich. Here and there amid

the chaos of shacks and alleyways, new concrete buildings rear up in a splendor of pastel-faced walls, neon lights, and plastic garden furniture. In one of them there is an American who suns himself half naked on a porch under a clothesline draped with military uniforms. He does not know, and probably never will, that the house just down the alleyway is owned and inhabited by an agent of the Viet Cong.

Except for Bui Phat and its likenesses, Vietnam shows few signs of its twenty-one-year-old war. Weeds grow quickly in the charred earth of a village, and the jungle sweeps back over the cleared land; where a 500-pound bomb has exploded, a hole several feet wide fills slowly with paddy silt; people no longer build the grand stone tombs that their ancestors lie in. But Bui Phat is the new face of Vietnam. From Danang in the north to Rachgia, the slow port at the base of the Delta, the new slums, these crushed villages, spread over all the cities and garrisoned towns. Plastered against sandbag forts, piled up under the guns of provincial capitals, huddled behind the straight streets of Saigon, Nhatrang, Quinhon, they are everywhere — everywhere that the refugees can find a piece of land sheltered from the war.

In the past year of the American buildup half a million people have left their villages to be counted as refugees — officially. How many more people have left their homes, no one knows, but for a



single year the estimate is a million.<sup>1</sup> By any estimate (and none is more than an educated guess), the last two years of war have changed the demography of Vietnam. People wash across the country as if the very land had been tilted to drain, primarily into the cities and towns, the real “strategic hamlets” of the war. Sometimes traveling but a thumbspan on the map, these refugees lose their lands, their families, their ancestral homes, and the structure of their lives. Today, more than a quarter of the whole population and over half of the people under government control live in the six big coastal cities, or rather, in the urban complexes, for there is only one “city” in South Vietnam.

Saigon is *the* city. Once a medium-sized commercial town and the capital of Cochin China, it has over the last two decades grown into one of the major capitals of the Far East, the center of a country which had no center and the headquarters of several armies. The two million people who live within its twenty-one square miles and the million inhabitants of urban Giadinh Province make Saigon ten times more populous than Danang, its largest rival. Since the beginning of World War II, its population has quadrupled within the old city limits, filling in the space between the two formerly independent nuclei of Saigon and Cholon, spreading across the rivers, then imploding back into itself. Closed in on three sides by the marshes and by the war, confined on the fourth by its own army, Saigon now outrivals Tokyo for the greatest density of population in the world. Yet nearly all of its inhabitants live in one- and two-story houses, by habit because Saigon rests on a low mudbank, half-flooded during the monsoon season, in a lacework of rivers and canals.

The public services installed by the French before the war have all but disintegrated under the pressure of the new population, amid which the 30,000 Americans count for more than their numerical weight. Having lost much of the Indo-chinese trade and gained but a handful of light industries, Saigon could not under normal conditions support a third of its present population. Without the American troops and their construction projects, unemployment, serious when the French left in 1954, would rise to unimaginable dimensions.

After twenty-one years of war and political crisis, Saigon resembles a single lifeboat thrown into the sea for all the passengers of a sinking

<sup>1</sup> By bureaucratic definition the word “refugee” means an individual to whom local officials have granted temporary relief. How many people who have fled war zones and have not applied for or not been granted relief remains a matter of speculation.

ocean liner. It lives on a gamble, a small percentage of probability. In a year the prices of all basic commodities have risen 100 to 200 percent — with the exception of the price of rice, which, because of the U.S. import program, has risen only 60 percent. While in some sectors, wages have soared almost in parallel, the continual adjustments, exaggerated by the blockages of the port as well as the Viet Cong roadblocks, create continual social frictions. In Saigon a man has one out of ten chances to contract tuberculosis; his children, if they reach the age of four (two out of three actually do), have a somewhat better chance to join a gang of juvenile delinquents than to go to a public secondary school.

Though no accurate estimates of their numbers exist, Viet Cong political and paramilitary networks crisscross the city, their agents spreading propaganda, collecting supplies and intelligence. Not surprisingly, the most effective and resistant of the political cells lodge in the miserable quarters. In downtown Saigon Americans are advised for their own safety to avoid a patch of execrable slums between the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) and a U.S. Army complex.

ALTHOUGH the Viet Cong can no longer hope to take Saigon militarily, the conditions of life in Saigon — and to a lesser extent in other cities — present them with a number of political possibilities. In the three years since the fall of the Diem regime, labor strikes, urban demonstrations, and military shuffles in Saigon have made and unmade the successive governments. In addition to the successful coups, numerous coups manqués, demi-coups, and semipopular uprisings, threats and rumors have so preoccupied military commanders in the field that the government war effort has been seriously retarded. While the demonstrations have not specifically protested against urban conditions, all of them have fueled themselves on the discontent of the dispossessed city people. During the political crisis last spring, the streets of Saigon were filled each night with crowds waiting for the slightest pretext to attack anything that lay in their path; riots were the evening’s pastime — since there was little other entertainment in the city.

Having once stirred up the mobs in Danang and Saigon, the Buddhists lost control, and politics waited on gangs of teen-agers. For weeks the government hesitated to call out the riot police, afraid not so much of the demonstrators as the void of popular support. In the period of confusion, the Viet Cong drew from the reservoirs of violence, but never fully exploited them. The fact that they

did not, and that they have never actively campaigned for organized urban support, owes, perhaps, less to the bias of Maoist doctrine than to their own emotional ties with the Vietnamese village. But they may learn better. Faced with a military stalemate, as one analyst points out, they can only hope for a major breakthrough by exploiting urban unrest. Already in Cholon, Chinese Communist agents are rumored to be filling the gap of leadership that opened after the fall of the Diem regime. If the Ky government cannot win a solid base of support in its cities, its hold on the nation will remain as tenuous as it seemed at the height of the crisis.

Despite Saigon's importance to the national government and despite the whirlwind of money passing through it, the city collects very little to spend on its residents. In a war of staggering figures, the city budget at a total of \$8.7 million (771 million piasters) roughly equals that of Lynchburg, Virginia, or Allentown, Pennsylvania. When two thirds of it is deducted for the police and for official salaries, the remainder for all other city programs comes to slightly more than one dollar per person per year.

Although Saigon receives some additional money from the ministries of Youth, Social Welfare, and other departments, the amount, apart from the officials' salaries, is so small and so enmeshed in the national budget that it would yield itself up only to a determined systems analyst with an IBM machine. Unlike every other region of the country, Saigon gets nothing from the special wartime funds distributed by the Revolutionary Development Ministry — of which even Anxuyen, a province only 4 percent controlled by the government, receives over a million dollars for its agriculturally rich population. Because of their relative freedom from red tape, these funds are more important than their size would indicate; they are virtually the only resources available for new programs, for building rather than maintenance. As for the direct USAID contributions to Saigon, their total, unknown for last year, unreleased for this, does not exceed by much the sum for the water and electricity development projects.

But it is not just a question of money. There is no effective administration. Thick as a morning smog, the bureaucracy hangs over Saigon, wisping, whorling, drifting directionless, going nowhere. Theoretically responsible for the "autonomous city" (autonomous, that is, from the provincial administration), the mayor of Saigon cannot so much as replace a spigot on a city water line on his own authority. Below him a vast network of officials reaches down into the district, subdistrict, ward, and family groupings of the city. Created by the Diem regime as a political control system,

the network now has grown so brittle that impulses from the top never reach the bottom — or indeed, many of the intermediary levels — if they demand more than the filling out of forms. Since the system was never designed to work in the opposite direction, by "government" the people of Saigon understand the police, the tax collector, and the generals.

As for the mayor, his power rests on his persuasiveness, his relations with the ministers and the ruling junta. Each year he must make his way to all of the relevant national ministries to have each program authorized before he can spend a piaster of the city budget. Under this system, inevitable in a centralized government with no elected officials, he can spend only three quarters of the remaining budget, or about two million dollars, for such programs as street repairs, school building, sanitation, and social welfare.

The rest just vanishes into the books. The books, those heavy yellowing ledgers that lie in quadruplicate around the offices of the ministries — where not a typewriter clatters and all that can be heard is the peeling of the paint and the fall of the piaster, where clerks form letters in their painstakingly elegant script and the functionaries sit at empty desks, staring into space. The mayor, who is a paratrooper colonel at heart as well as by rank, grows restive occasionally. Before the Vietnamese New Year this year, when the price of pork was soaring unimpeded by any effort of the commodity import controllers, he rushed over to the Ministry of Economics in desperation and threatened the minister with a gun. After a few days had passed and no action had been taken, he returned with a hand grenade from which he had pulled the pin. Cautiously the officials evicted him — and went back to their ledgers.

On his own authority the mayor then took a detachment of soldiers and went out into the countryside to liberate a herd of hogs from Viet Cong control. "It's crazy," says the mayor's deputy (also a paratrooper), and the mayor adds, "I do not have to fight the people, I have to fight the government. Look, I am a military man." He holds up an imaginary rifle. "I'd like to be out shooting the Communists. Bang, bang!" He laughs uproariously.

Even if the national government were interested in its civilian city problems, it would have to deal with its own incapacity for decision-making. A thousand real and imagined obstacles block the first step toward city planning. How can the municipality enforce what few zoning laws it possesses when Mme. Nguyen Van X shares her real estate profits with M. Tran Van Z? Since few civil servants can trust their staff or colleagues, suspicions run through the government like con-

certinas of barbed wire; on them factions set up their checkpoints to stop unfriendly appointments and unprofitable programs. For the year that the ministries of Public Works and Transport administered the Saigon bus system, 1100 to 1600 employees ran a total of seventy buses, thirty of which were almost permanently out of commission. The exact number of employees remains a matter of doubt, for such facts are, like the national budget, classified or unofficially interred.

The life of a civil servant is terribly hard. In a city that is growing as expensive as any Western city, a middle-level bureaucrat with a college degree and an army discharge makes \$70 to \$100 a month; a minister earns less than a prostitute. "Even if a man is honest," said one high official, sadly, "he still has to provide a house for his family and an education for his children." In effect, if a civil servant cannot or will not make a living from graft, he must have a second occupation. Along about midnight one functionary can be seen on his Vespa on Tu Do, the street of bars, picking up American soldiers to taxi them back to their barracks.

WHILE American bureaucrats do not have the same money problems (on the contrary), they have practically insured themselves against being any more efficient than the Vietnamese. By adopting the advisory system, USAID functionaries have accepted their "counterparts" lock, stock, red tape, family connections, and box on the organizational chart. Advisers to the ministers, advisers to the mayor, advisers for urban design and public administration — all of them work on the urban jigsaw puzzle, and none of them has all of the pieces. "Why don't you go ask Jim . . . Bob . . . Bill," they say to journalists. "He's sure to have the data."

For the past six months at least three people have been trying to discover how much money is spent on what in Saigon. "If you find out anything, just let us know," says one of the "coordinators" cheerily. After all these years and at least four book-length academic studies on Saigon, the U.S. Mission has not the faintest outline of urban development priorities. It loses itself in Alice-in-Wonderland details. Since large numbers of Americans first moved into Saigon, the garbage has been piling up in the streets in great rich heaps like a bachelor's laundry. Because of its inefficient, preinflation wage policies, the government could not hire drivers for the few trucks that existed. For months USAID and the U.S. Embassy, spurred on by the cries of journalists and official visitors, struggled over the Great Garbage

question. After long sessions at ambassadorial levels, they produced, first, a shipment of garbage trucks which hooligans stripped to their frames in the port before the relevant ministry could collect them, and second, an extraordinary payment system violating all U.S.-Vietnam ground rules. Now two thirds more garbage is collected in the city of Saigon. But there is also two thirds more garbage to collect. And the U.S. Mission cares about garbage extraordinarily. As for the other city problems, the brutal answer seems to be that what does not bother Americans in their day-to-day lives slips unnoticed into the future indefinite.

Americans do not normally walk through the slums. Not the real slums, like those in the outlying areas (or four out of the eight districts of Saigon), beside which Bui Phat looks like paradise. Hidden within a tangle of canals, between main streets fronted with respectable houses, these slums are difficult to find, but are more revealing specimens for their isolation. Gigantic sewers, lakes full of stagnant filth, above which thatched huts rise on stilts, crammed together but connected by only a thin strip of rotting board. When Westerners walk the tightrope, women smile shyly from behind the windows and the children rush out — a hundred of them gather in an instant. They are not like the village children, these fierce, bored urchins who scream with hysterical laughter when a small boy falls in and flounders in the filth. Within a few moments they are a mob, shoving each other, clawing at strangers as if they were animals to be teased and tortured until . . . The anger comes up quickly behind the curiosity. A pebble sails out and falls gently on the stranger's back. It is followed by a hail of stones.

Slums like these cover Saigon; slowly they curl out from the back alleyways to push across the main streets and the public land. If the city's primary problem is squatters, the squatters' problem is that they have nowhere to go. Since the high ground is already crowded, they can build only one on top of the other or in the marshes of the western districts, one of which the Viet Cong penetrate regularly in force. (The Viet Cong add somewhat to the overcrowding by moving into the city each night to avoid the bombing on the perimeter.)

On the northeast side of the city, from the airport to the American-built highway to Bienhoa, the land is either heavily settled, insecure, reserved for future military use, or restricted by a combination of these limitations. The three-volume plan for land reclamation and low-cost housing construction drawn up three years ago by Doxiades and Associates has been abandoned *in toto*. Today the mayor cannot even find the land on which to build a bus repair station or to move the squatters who block the major road to the port. Though



the government possesses a law of eminent domain, it does not use it because no one has enough confidence in the future of the piaster — or indeed, in the future of the government — to begin proceedings that are certain to last for eighteen months. An enforcement of the zoning laws, ancient as they are, is equally out of the question. Except for a small area of the Eighth District, administered by a group of dedicated young volunteers, not one square inch of land is being reclaimed for settlement. The District 8 project controls the only dredge. In the Fourth District, a marshy island behind the port, yearly fires sweep through the congeries of tin-roofed houses and thatched huts. Even after these disasters — “natural” urban renewal projects — the government does not move in; the rich corner a few square feet of mud for new concrete houses, and the poor take what is left to rebuild their thatched huts.

Public housing is something of a joke, even for the Minister of Public Works. By official count, 65 percent of all structures in Saigon are substandard — substandard for Saigon. With a population growth of 5 percent a year, the city must build 10,000 to 15,000 houses a year just to stay even, according to official calculations. Because of the high cost of land and building materials, only 2000 dwellings can be constructed if the most favorable circumstances prevail, which they never do. In past practice, low-cost housing, financed by revenue from the national lottery, has turned into middle-income housing for civil servants and their families — that is, until the civil servants moved in to find themselves without electricity, sewage disposal, or piped water, and moved out again, leaving the housing to really low-income groups. Even the District 8 project, the only self-help housing and welfare project in the city, and the government’s showcase for American visitors, suffers from the lack of the basic city services.

In urban Giadinh Province the government

*Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.*



has, through the Revolutionary Development Ministry, managed to construct an entire hamlet with water, a school, and so forth. For lack of urban experience — the name of the Ministry is “Rural Construction” in Vietnamese — it has built a true hamlet with no agricultural land, miles away from the nearest center of employment, a patch of sad, regulated country in the midst of a city.

If an American should ask what his country has done for Saigon in the way of public service projects, the two principal answers are water and electricity. Since Americans care about electricity almost more than they care about cleanliness, the Viet Cong picked the optimum target when they blew out the transmission line from the hydroelectric plant in the north in May, 1965. For several months the city browned and blacked out day after day until the U.S. Mission brought in enough power by frantic borrowings of generators and gas turbines to handle the new demand, which in a year of the U.S. troop build-up had risen 16,000 kilowatts.

“You know,” said the Public Works Minister with a mocking smile, “last month we lifted the restriction on the use of air conditioners. You did not notice? Neither did I. Always the air conditioners have used up 25 to 30 percent of the city’s electricity.” Yet in large areas of the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth districts, the only electricity to be seen at night is the light from the television set that Vice President Humphrey donated to the Eighth District project. Its generator alone would produce enough wattage for the whole subdistrict — if the inhabitants had enough money to install the lines and pay for the light.

Until this year, all the water in Saigon came from forty wells within the city limits; the wells were adequate until a million extra people started to drain them so that they threatened to draw in brackish water underground from the sea. The wells were good, but the antediluvian system of pipes so fouled the water that a U.S. handbook

advises government employees to boil it for an hour before using. But then, U.S. government employees live in a part of the city where there are pipes to carry the water; in most areas of the city water runs only through the public street fountains or comes in trucks at two piasters per forty liters.

To prevent imminent disaster, USAID has given the city a development loan to construct a large pump and a set of new pipes to bring water from the Bienhoa River; beginning this year with the installation of three main lines across the city, this clean new system with its increased pressure will burst all of the older pipes in town. In three years time, the new pipes will ramify into people's houses and the existing public fountains; perhaps at some future date they will reach the now waterless areas.

There are very few sewers. There are even fewer sewers that work. There are no plans to build sewers, because to build them to carry the new water supply would cost four times as much as the new water supply system itself.

GIVEN its topography and a climate like that of New York or Washington in a perpetual summer, Saigon will never be a healthy city. Given the overcrowding, the lack of drainage, of sewage and garbage collection, it may rate as one of the least healthy cities in the world. According to the Doxiades study of 1963, not less than 10 percent of persons ten years and older has clinically significant pulmonary tuberculosis. The infant mortality rate at 36.2 percent is significantly higher in Saigon than in any other region of the country. Despite the massive inoculation program initiated by USAID and the World Health Organization, cholera, smallpox, and bubonic plague, as well as leprosy and typhoid, have become endemic to almost every population center of Vietnam, owing to the movement of refugees.

The diseases for which there are no vaccines — malaria, amoebic dysentery, eczema, worms, and an unspecific sort of swamp fever — will continue to kill people until living conditions show some improvement.

Though the city of Saigon has more hospital beds and outpatient clinics per person than any other area in the country (the proportion, however, is dropping), its facilities would collapse if its citizens recognized all of their symptoms and the benefits of Western medicine. Instead of taking the day off to wait for an examination in a government clinic, the people buy cheap, gaily colored Chinese medicines to treat what they think might be wrong with them.

A street away from a neighborhood clinic in

the Fourth District a baby lolls in the arms of its ten-year-old sister, nodding and dull, half dead from the common dirt sores that cover its head. No, says the girl, my mother is not here, she is never here during the day. She works, she has worked since my father went away. The procession continues — the district chief and subdistrict leader ahead with the two Americans, the two district social workers mincing along behind, lifting the long white skirts of their *ao dais* out of the mud and looking neither right nor left. Near the market, vendors of soup, rice dishes, and green gelatin block the already crowded alleyways, serving their customers through a screen of flies.

A few feet further into the maze the procession stops before a small classroom packed with five- and six-year-olds. The inside is black during the middle of the day, and the children, elbow to elbow, are learning to read from comic books. When they see the visitors, they swarm out, falling all over each other, shrieking and howling. It is like breaking into the middle of an ant heap. The young teacher pushes through the melee. "It's a private school," he says. "I have six classes a day from the first grade on up."

The district chief smiles blandly at the Americans. "It's a school," he explains. "We have many schools in the district. Almost all of the children go to school. As I was saying, I lived in Paris for two years — Rue M — Do you know it?"

Saigon has a total of forty-four government primary schools which can contain 144,000 children on shifts of two to three hours a day. "Public opinion," writes the Ministry of Education, "has been most concerned about noon classes [11:00 to 2:00] because they are considered harmful to the children's health." To resolve "the acute problem of crowding in Saigon schools," the Ministry is in the process of building 478 more classrooms, none of which will accommodate new primary students. Although no one is counting, the number of children educated in public and private schools (of which latter the ant heap is generally representative) equals no more than half of the school-age population in Saigon.

Yet the Vietnamese government and USAID are proud of their primary school program. Over the next five years they plan to add to the 4000 public schools throughout the countryside to educate 85 percent of all children, including those of the Viet Cong. The accomplishment will be the more extraordinary for the fact that most of the new schools will, like their predecessors, go into the hamlets, where the war will demolish a good percentage of them within the year. Since not so much as a design exists for an urban two-story school, the 15 percent of illiterates may be concen-

trated in the cities, in pure, unadulterated patches of radio and television culture.

**I**N VIETNAM the war has replaced the industrial revolution as the source of social welfare problems. With the great suddenness of urbanization, villages have disintegrated, families have splintered, and women with their children have been left to face the cities alone. In Saigon itself, educated guesses put the number of prostitutes at 29,000 and the number of juvenile delinquents at 200,000; as for the number of orphans, widows, cripples, beggars, psychotics, abandoned children, fire, traffic, and labor accident victims — the educated imagination boggles.

Confronted by this chaos, the Ministry of Social Welfare declares, "With respect to the nation, this Ministry intends to stir up by all ways and means people's patriotic and traditional virtues with a view to shoring up our national ethics, being on the verge of ruin. . . . In respect of national philanthropy this Ministry will exhort everyone to try to solve all social problems on the basis of mercy." With due respect to the Ministry, whose views represent the intellectual consensus in this part of the country, it has lined itself up on the wrong side of history, a mistake of which the Viet Cong cannot be accused. Rather than introduce a coherent frame of reference, the United States is busily putting patches in a social fabric which its own presence in this country is helping to tear warp from woof.

After months of haggling, the Mission has finally recommended that an advisory team be sent to the Ministry of Social Welfare. Just what the team is supposed to do with the Ministry's budget of \$2 million — 5 percent of which goes to Saigon — plus an untrained, ill-paid, and unconvinced staff, is questionable. If the team is energetic, the VIP's that trot through the Dickensian orphanages and welfare camps may succeed in raising an outcry to form a new study group to pressure the U.S. Mission to pressure Washington to finance and pressure the Ky government into doing something about it. In the meantime, the number of juvenile delinquents in Vietnam may continue to stay level with the number of American troops.

The statistics are but signals of urban metamorphosis. Though the Vietnamese can hear them, few know how to interpret them correctly. Throughout history the cities have belonged to the foreigners — to the Chinese governors, the overseas Chinese, and the French — the people of the metropolis. From Hué, the imperial city with its scale model of the Peking Summer Palace, to

Cholon, the visual extension of commercial districts in Canton, to Saigon, with its planned avenues, its French provincial architecture, the cities reflect their past. Their foreignness clings to them; the Viet Cong speak of them as "out there" as opposed to "in here in the village." The urban intellectuals — a professor, a general, a sophisticated newspaper columnist — return to their villages each year (the war permitting) to take their place in the family hierarchy and, as it were, renew the terms of their foreign engagement.

For the four million Vietnamese who live in urban complexes, the city only half exists; it is merely a place, a transparency, through which they look back to the village. For the village *was* Vietnam. Within the village, the extended clan and traditional unit of government, a dense web of custom, religion, and family relation protected the individual and bound him to a system of mutual rights and duties. Under the mandarin and the nineteenth-century French administration, the central government rested as a light superstructure over the villages. Only after World War II did the Viet Minh, and afterward, the Diem regime, begin to break into the village organism, asserting governmental authority directly over the individual. Today, having accepted the modern concept of nationhood, the national government has not yet fully accepted its concomitants, the rights of a citizen and its own responsibility. In the countryside the powerful but essentially negative bureaucracy turns the villagers back upon themselves, upon what remains of the ancient web of the community. In the cities, where the web has disintegrated, the inhabitants, but particularly the new refugees, have nowhere to turn for justice, for material help, or for a promise of security.

**I**N A sense, the foreigners still control the cities. By its intervention in the Vietnamese war and by its military tactics, the United States has created the urban situation. Whether or not the refugees came to find jobs, they came because of the war — not the Viet Cong activity in particular, but the war itself, the air strikes, the artillery fire, the gun battles, and the blockades between field and market. Although some cities, including Saigon, have taken measures to discourage further crowding, their populations continue to rise in almost direct proportion to the escalation of American military activity.

Quite apart from the aggressiveness of the new U.S. troops, the big American machinery, the artillery and bombs, the terror of war for the rural population increases not just in degree but in kind. While the U.S. forces have managed to kill im-



pressive numbers of Viet Cong, neither they nor the ARVN have secured much of the territory they have "swept and cleared." In Binh Dinh Province, where American troops killed more than 1500 Viet Cong in a multibrigade operation last February, the Viet Cong recaptured everything but the environs of a garrisoned district headquarters. Those inhabitants of the Anlao valley who did not leave their homes have stayed only to be shot at again. Unless either of the armies can lend more men to garrison duties, the demographic shift will continue to accelerate; large areas of land will be depopulated, and the cities will be overwhelmed.

One solution proposed by officials is that the armies should continue to herd villagers in from the countryside and isolate the Viet Cong. Because Vietnam is still an agricultural country, the economics of this draconian formula is worth considering. Until now, American units have operated mainly in the thinly populated regions of Central Vietnam; if the Command should send a force (up to three divisions have been mentioned) into the Fourth Corps area of the Delta, the rice bowl of Vietnam, where over a third of the population lives, it will have to deal with excruciating pressures on Saigon and the southern towns.

As the American troops have formed urban centers about themselves, so they have altered the cities and the lives of their inhabitants. In a country with no industrial base, one group of U.S. companies, RMK-BRJ — Raymond International of New York; Morrison-Knudsen of Boise, Idaho; Brown & Root of Houston, Texas; and J. A. Jones of Charlotte, North Carolina — is under contract to the U.S. Defense Department for construction projects costing more than the total Vietnamese GNP.

The combine employs 38,000 Vietnamese, more than any other organization except the Vietnamese Army. Not only in Saigon, but in all the port cities and inland bases like Bienhoa, Ankhe, and Pleiku, the American presence has transformed the economic and social structure. With the flood of new demands for the short supplies of labor, services, and goods, the inflation mounts and the economy pulls away from its old moorings on the uneven tide of new money. For the elites on the army and civil service fixed wage scales, inflation has turned corruption from a luxury into a staple. Consumer goods imported by USAID to moderate the inflation effectively check industrial development; the new rich invest in services for the Americans. The Americans bid against one another for new quarters with water and electricity, and drive the Vietnamese from the best quarters of their own cities. Although in the long run the introduction of new ideas, new techniques, a new social mo-

bility may benefit Vietnam, the immediate influence of the U.S. Army is hallucinatory. Take one single block in Saigon with its traveling carnival of bar girls, carousing soldiers, madames, pimps, drunken merchant sailors, beggars, pickpockets, black marketeers, shoeshine boys, gun-toting MP's, and surly cyclo drivers, then multiply by the force levels announced by the Pentagon. While embassy officials stew over "social frictions" and "incipient manifestations of anti-Americanism," they view with suspicion Vietnamese proposals for an American University in Saigon. "Too much American influence here already. The Vietnamese ought to develop their own national institutions." Truly, the United States has no talent for colonialism.

Reluctant to take too overt a role in the management of Vietnamese affairs, the U.S. civilian agencies have played and continue to play Hamlet in the U.S. military's production of *Macbeth*. Until 1962, USAID designed its policy in Vietnam according to its general principles: (a) loaning the government capital for long-range economic and "institutional" development and (b) extending credit to restore the country's balance of payments. Called in by the Diem regime to work on the planning and execution of the Strategic Hamlet program, USAID began for the first time to operate within the governmental structure. While it hung back from assuming responsibility for the entire civil administration, USAID sent representatives to the provinces and began to initiate policies. Faced with a rural insurgency situation, planners decided that their first efforts should be given to winning over the peasants for the national government. Because at that time the urban populations were smaller, relatively isolated from the country people and from the ravages of war, they concluded that the cities could be left alone for the moment; in the countryside, they reasoned, their limited resources, unencumbered by major development projects, would stretch through a wide variety of small, inexpensive programs: school construction, pig rearing, agricultural extension, and so forth.

The planners put their faith in pacification. To support President Diem's Strategic Hamlets, General Khanh's New Life Hamlets, the Political Action Teams, and the Revolutionary Development cadre, they built bridges, pigpens, and schools, whether or not the army (or armies) could provide them with adequate security. In most cases they were, in effect, asking the peasants to risk their lives every day for the government out of sheer gratitude. Four years later and four years heavier in experience, staff, and investment, USAID still clings to its original brief for rural development as it teeters between its horror of overinvolvement and its fear of ineffectuality. Mean-

while everything else has changed. The country under government control, following the sharp decline in security after the fall of the Diem regime, dwindled away to almost nothing by the spring of 1965; then the Americans entered the war.

At the Honolulu Conference last February, President Johnson and Premier Ky pledged their governments "to the attack on hunger, ignorance and disease" and "to the work of social revolution." Although the pledges referred to all of the Vietnamese people, they naturally applied only to those people living under government control. As the cities and provincial capitals contain 60 to 70 percent of them as well as the central redoubts of "hunger, ignorance and disease," it might have been assumed that the Honolulu Conference promised vast new urban and town development programs. From "the work of social revolution" it might have been inferred that the partner-governments planned reforms in the cities, where the progressive young leadership waits, now biding its time outside the civil service.

At his press conference of October 6, President Johnson spoke once again of last February's Honolulu Conference, "which I considered very successful. At that meeting the government of South Vietnam re-enforced its determination to . . . multiply efforts in health, education, and agriculture *particularly in the countryside.*" (Italics added.)

In rural Vietnam the village gates which traditionally kept out the law of the emperor still remain to bar the way of modernization and nationhood. Only in the cities, where old habits and old loyalties are giving way under the pressures of the war, can General Ky put meaning into those tired words "social revolution." Of course, if the United States and South Vietnam designed their Honolulu pledges with a mind to winning the rural population away from the Viet Cong, they might, for the sake of credibility, think to fulfill them in the areas they control. Today the cities are no longer isolated from the countryside; between the refugees and their relatives still living in the contested areas the communication is complete — and more persuasive than the radio. In the struggle against the forces of a real revolution, official unconcern for the cities can only stem from a belief that in this country where a citizen has so little to be thankful for, the twin benefits of security and safety, plus a large military force, suffice to ensure the cooperation of the urban populations.

Although the last few years have taken their toll in all of Vietnam, the refugees, more than anyone

else, have understood the consequences for their country of a twentieth-century war. Driven from their lands and villages, they have dragged the full weight of their lives onto a new territory where they cannot take root. In the debris of villages around the shattered cities, they cling to the habits of a society that no longer exists; to their children, the first generation of city people in Vietnam, they can point out no alternative. Without education, without skills, without a structure for their lives, these children, if the war continues on its present course, will be the major source of internal trouble for the Republic of Vietnam.

The condition of the cities is critical, yet the Ky government and its American advisers have not looked past the old assumptions, the old incomplete programs into the whole process of urbanization. Though few Vietnamese will recognize it, the new generation of city children may look familiar to Americans who have spent time in their own city slums.

## A STORY

BY WILLIAM STAFFORD

After they passed I climbed  
out of my hole and sat  
in the sun again. Loose rocks  
all around make it safe — I can  
hear anyone moving. It often  
troubles me to think how others  
dare live where stealth is possible,  
and how they can feel safe, considering  
all the narrow places,  
without whiskers.

Anyway, those climbers were a puzzle —  
above where I live nothing lives.  
And they never came down. There is no  
other way. The way it is,  
they crawl far before they die.  
I make my hole the deepest one  
this high on the mountainside.

BOOKS and MEN    *A scandalous case of espionage inspired THE BIRDS FALL DOWN, the first crossbreeding between Dame West's interest in crime and talent for fiction. The consequences are examined here in detail by Mrs. Ellmann, a teacher, writer, and critic.*

## The Russians of REBECCA WEST

by MARY ELLMANN



THE first pleasure of reading Rebecca West is the illusion of security which she creates. Each of her books renews confidence in the possibility of understanding human behavior. Murky effects of caprice and malice, of contradiction and even madness are welcome, not only because they are the perennial gratifications of interest but because they are moral complications. But these effects always move gracefully toward clarity. No one, in the course of this genuine entertainment, has to be afraid that he will witness living motions as a dog watches television, without reaching conclusions. What is seen appears to yield to evaluation, and therefore does not alarm. The certainty of comprehension is felt as a benefit not only to the reader but to the subject itself, which can only have been distressed before by its limitless ambiguity.

Now Miss West's new novel, *The Birds Fall Down*, easily assumes the formidable matter of those Russian political attitudes which grew up into the 1917 revolution, the intricate debate between the endurance and defiance of absolutism, between Czarist and terrorist. These contraries are seen in the book as pathetic modes of idealism: when both have been made obsolete by the realism of Lenin, both can seem inoffensive, like old cannon on a common. The lugubrious title is taken from a

*Photograph of Rebecca West by Baron. Courtesy of Viking Press.*

poem, "Guide to a Disturbed Planet," which decides that all behavior, like the behavior of both Czarist and terrorist, is infected by violence. It only says for human beings that after killing, they are capable of regret and sorrow — rather as, after eating, they are capable of indigestion and vomiting.

But the novel doesn't concentrate upon any such abstract ethical reflections. It is not in the least severe or remote: all its assertions are personal, witty, even practical. Miss West, confronting wildness, always succeeds in taming it. When one says, "There is no use denying the horrible nature of our human destiny," the destiny seems commensurate, possible to bear if it is calmly acknowledged. So, in *The Birds Fall Down*, a cultivated intelligence reassures us: we feel very soon on terms with the new violence — those of, at any rate, an equable distaste. Miss West's interest in crime, which issued in *The New Meaning of Treason*, is now crossed with fiction for the first time, but the two have always brushed against each other. The essays on crime, so admirable in their arrangement of fact and subtlety of analysis, were an application, in a defensible sense, of imagination to actual event. At the same time, Miss West's fiction has always appreciated a little hold on historicity. Its chief



risk has been a polished and yet static loquacity, which she has often skillfully propelled by reference to actual times.

The scandalous case of espionage which is re-created in *The Birds Fall Down* might have attracted John Le Carré, having previously attracted the Russian novelist (and revolutionary) Boris Savinkov as well. This is the classic instance of the double agent Ievno Aseff, here called Kamensky, who for several years divided his talents impartially between Czarists and terrorists, making certain that each knew the other's business. It was as though he himself secretly endorsed the sheer abolition of secrets. But being two Russians on these demanding terms, Aseff had an understandably small interest in England, so that Miss West must first of all create an Anglo-Russian ambience for his affairs. An Englishman named Edward Rowan has married Tania Nikolaievna Diakonov, daughter of Count Diakonov, then Minister of Justice (and employer of Aseff) in the Czarist government. The first issue of this improbable union is Laura Rowan, who at the time of the novel, 1909, is eighteen years old. But quite recently, and quite disagreeably, Edward Rowan has grown irresponsible: in fact, a submystery of the novel consists of allusions to one Susie Staunton, who seems to have played a game of double agent too, between Mr. and Mrs. Rowan. Disconcerted by Susie, Tania and Laura Rowan leave London to involve themselves in the still more turbulent homelife of the exiled Count and Countess Diakonov in Paris.

It is some time now since Count Diakonov lost the Czar's favor through admittedly curious circumstances. Four high officials held the secret of three alternative routes, one of which a carriage containing two Grand Dukes was to take. The one route was picked only at the last minute, and yet in the course of their brief airing, both dukes and three of the officials — that is, all but Diakonov — were blown up by a terrorist bomb. A birch tree, let alone a Czar, would question that sequence of events, and the answer is the bewildered Diakonov's removal to Paris. No one ever liked Paris less. He is wretched there, bereft of all but his household goods, his fortune, his six servants, his wife, and *his secretary Kamensky*.

And worse is to come. Domestic problems oblige Diakonov and his granddaughter Laura to take together what must be the most voluble train trip in the literature of mechanized times. They have scarcely chugged out of the suburbs when their compartment is invaded by another Russian, the terrorist Chubinov, who rudely wakes the Count to engage him in a conversation of one hundred pages in length. This conversation is the center of achievement in the novel: while it has tinges of

fatigue, as very long conversations must have even in paradise, it has considerable eloquence as well. Moreover, the great swaying balloons of Anglo-Slavic speech can be relished at the same time that they are most neatly pricked by circumstantial evidence. It is possible for everyone to take part, seizing on little facts planted in subordinate clauses and solving in silence the same case, *Russia vs. Kamensky*, which Diakonov and Chubinov are solving at the top of their voices. Good show, almost too good. The difficulty is that having been, in a leisurely way, persuaded to feel alert and suspicious, one wants (perhaps childishly) to keep it up. But then, in the rest of the novel, criminal data are infrequent. Of the two deaths that occur, one is in bed and unnatural only in its verbosity; the other, though indisputably violent, is indisputably good (and not in the least puzzling) for all concerned survivors. There's just no place to put Sherlock down. As in that other new Russian story, Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer*, incident gives place to prolonged ordeal, which must always discourage curiosity.

MISS WEST is of course quite free to examine crime for purposes alien to police departments: she has the best of precedents, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, for doing so. The double agent Kamensky's guilt is established on the train by his two victims, Diakonov and Chubinov. His deceptions are merely the point at which their moral natures, less delinquent but also less intricate, converge. As criminology, then, the novel chooses to be oblique: it does not care why this double agent wanted to be double. Nor does it retain, though it is based upon a historical case, the few external characteristics of the agent which are still remembered. In fact, the alterations of Aseff, the real person, in the course of making him over into Kamensky, the character in fiction, are of more interest in the novel than his crimes. Kamensky emerges all black and white and dapper as a penguin, in a crowd of penguins. He is "neat" and "undistinguished" in figure, his face "unlined," his features bland and commonplace — Laura Rowan thinks that she would never notice him on the street. Aseff was, instead, distinguished by an unparalleled ugliness. That kind of bold bad looks which intimidate the viewer: people seeing him for the first time grew faint and stammered. And his figure. A seaside snapshot of the sort that always survives has survived: Aseff in a snug, short-sleeved swimsuit. It is a figure most people *would* notice, anywhere.

But why should he die? It is not simply that Kamensky must look more Peter Lorre, more slickly spylike than Aseff did. Miss West has another

character's interests in mind. Diakonov's eccentric good looks must not be obscured, in his own apartment, by Kamensky's eccentric ugliness. Nor could such a Caliban as the real agent be plausibly shown, like Kamensky, opening doors for the Countess and running for the Count's pills and in general exemplifying the "subordinate beyond one's dreams." Aseff's was, in fact, an *insubordinate* nature, always defying or subverting control. Or he wielded control himself, doubly, while his supposed employers wielded it singly. If in the novel such a person is shown honoring and obeying Diakonov, even as he deceives him, it can only suggest that skill is never a match for breeding.

But Kamensky is brushed up for another purpose as well, to suggest that skill is not a match for beauty either. Kamensky is made into Laura Rowan's at least *conceivable* suitor; he is groomed for the humiliation of thinking she will marry him. Again, the actual agent's weakness in these matters seems, at least in the "Madame N." of his later years, to have been different from that of the English popular novel. Madame N. looked like Anna Magnani in period costume, continental, effulgent, initiated. But we are moving now in an imaginative translation of the world, one whose irony is partly composed of that retributive pleasure, prosaic justice. Then, irresistibly, we enjoy seeing the man who took in the grandfather so cleverly being taken in himself by the guileless charms of the granddaughter. We perhaps *have* to be told, from time to time, that some forms of honesty can be as efficacious as others of dishonesty.

KAMENSKY'S significance must be deflected into insignificance for the quite proper reason that he will not or cannot adjust himself to the sanguine, and wholly credible, themes of the novel: the sense of (1) the not unattractive mixture of good and bad in all people and (2) the attractive mixture of the two in Russian people. Kamensky's point of view is himself, his being Kamensky, a phenomenon as complex and as opaque as the deprived multitude out of which he came. We have come to understand that poverty is not so much a vacancy as a malignant creativity. Its genius is black, like Kamensky's. But Miss West is an orderly and yet enthusiastic Manichaean: what exhilarates her in the study of personality is the possibility of discerning light and dark, of admitting and even enjoying the jumble of the two, without losing the hope of disentangling them. It is therefore in the debate between Count Diakonov and Chubinov, whose steady incomes have helped to render their purposes articulate, that she focuses her moral analysis.

Diakonov is a Russian for whom Miss West's own

historical study, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, is the best preparation. Now, in a quite amusing way, the fictional character is everything that she has taught us the Slav must be: irrational, ingenuous, prejudiced, prodigal, lovable and intolerable, bellicose and lachrymose. In the past, Diakonov has governed his towering selfishness by unselfish conformity to God (Who appears to be the Czar of Heaven) and to the Czar of Russia (Nicholas II, the dimmest and the last). Diakonov expended almost all of his superhuman energy on what seemed to him the just administration of the police state — when he might, if he had chosen, have squandered this energy on the shooting of woodcocks. At mating time, the corpses of woodcocks used to fall down like "plump feathered rain" on his estate. In the course of the novel, however, the Count is immobilized by that superb Russian literary malady, brain fever, into which the patient collapses after a severe shock to his philosophical and moral system. Diakonov's shock is received on the train, in the course of Chubinov's appalling disclosures of Kamensky's slyness. But by then an accomplished performance, of both extravagant folly and extravagant intelligence, is already complete.

And yet there is no intention of suggesting that a Czarist official might be politically blameless. Miss West is willing to admit the moral lapses of both Czarists and terrorists, among whom there were so many lapses to choose, and she wishes to maintain detachment. She mocks Diakonov's inane forebodings: will the Czar be obliged to take India away from England? then will Edward Rowan be annoyed with Russia? A somber emphasis is put, too, upon the government's regrettable taste for "perlustration," which sounds so very late Roman and depraved, and proves to be opening other people's letters. If that were the lower depths of Czarist brutality, no one could have felt the need to throw bombs. Impartiality proves to be difficult. A traditional novel like *The Birds Fall Down* imposes the necessity of some moral preference, but when the novel is based upon events, history intrudes, and through its complex details, impedes preference. Then, as soon as the Czarist seems rather too admirable, the terrorist seems rather too contemptible.

Certainly, a terrorist like "poor, dear, silly, futile, forever insignificant Chubinov" cannot compete with Diakonov's inspired aberrations. He is allowed to be a member of the *lesser* nobility, but it is hard (perhaps only for Americans) to think in terms of bumbling and ineffectual baronets: they fade into *schlemiels*. Especially if one of them, like Chubinov, is constantly climbing in and out of a dreadful overcoat, made for him by a woman dentist, a hideous cavity of striped wool. It is allowed

that Chubinov, like Diakonov, is loyal to some political ideal, and that he is himself a gentle and nervous little creature. But it is also indicated that the program he has supported was not only murderous but clumsy. The impression enters that men like Diakonov might eventually have made both the peasants and the Czars the happiest and most compatible of social beings, whereas the terrorists directed a slapstick comedy in the course of which several serious cabinet members were blown to pieces.

The argument, while it wants to hold dispassionately to the actual faults of both sides, is moved by the tragic grandeur of the one and the comic imbecility of the other. This diversion by feeling can be illustrated. At the end of the novel, the Count's daughter Tania speaks with ironic optimism about the future of Russia. She recognizes present injustices but anticipates their removal:

Oh, we still have pogroms, but we know whose fault that is. Everybody who isn't old or mad is against the persecution of the Jews, the next Tsar will put an end to it.

This is, of course, double-edged: there wasn't any next Czar and there wasn't "an end to it," anywhere in Europe. What is more apposite from the point of view of revision is Tania's severance of her own acquaintance from any contact with such regressive aspects of society as the pogrom. But the historical counterpart of Diakonov was a man named Lopuhin, whose career seems to have been somewhat compromised by pliancy: by his tacit acceptance of the Kishinev pogrom in 1903, and by his cooperation with the Minister of the Interior, von Plehve, who was held most responsible for that pogrom and whose assassination by the terrorists in 1904 was received with almost as much satisfaction by other Czarist officials as by the revolutionaries. The prototype Lopuhin seems, in Boris Nikolaievsky's *Aseff the Spy*, to have held progressive opinions in private, but to have advanced his public career on slightly different terms.

But perhaps all possibility of heroic posture in fiction is denied if historical detail cannot be altered or elided at will. And, in fact, it is not minutiae of biography that bring about the novel's ultimate partiality. Both of these men, Diakonov

and Chubinov, presumably wanted to do good, one on behalf of the established government, the other on behalf of the governed. Both, in their opposite services, became implicated in violence. They must both then be frustrated, and so pitiable, persons. Their only difference must be, as Miss West indicates, in *styles* of frustration, and of the two styles Diakonov's can be considered the better. Why not? But the degree of personal grace with which one holds a position in politics is not an absolute as it is in ballet. What one misses is the correlative of political principles, the people whose lives they may change. Without them, the debate is formal and disembodied. The question is set: How are the Russian masses to be best directed? But one has a sense of only the directors sealed in a train compartment, a boardroom in motion, a quite brilliant encounter of egos.

The political dialogue is further disparaged by submitting it to the judgment of Laura Rowan. While the Count and Chubinov argue, the reader listens with Laura, through whose crystalline mind all these clouded and tendentious Russian thoughts are filtered. Her judgment is youthful and modest: "Mentally," she mentions, "I am an albino." But her naïveté is, if anything, her guarantee. It allows her to see quite freshly that "the male world," the world of political thought, is "deep, deep in the dust of tedium." For one so young, Laura is also surprisingly practical. She hates things to get squalid or sordid or horrid, but when they do, she manages them with a brisk and immediate competence.

Managing along with her, one realizes that if anyone can keep these exuberant Slavs from running out into the traffic, it is Laura. Devoid of experience, she is by nature capable of sharing Lenin's contempt for the opposing whimsies endorsed by Chubinov and Count Diakonov. There is no use denying, she persuades us, that speculation is inferior to decision. Laura would not, of course, support a dictatorship of the proletariat, being rightly committed to the better system of a constitutional monarchy (her father is an M.P.), but she represents the familiar principle of common sense, which *The Birds Fall Down*, for all its condescension to passion, never wholly relinquishes. It is Dostoevsky admonished.



# WORKING WITH TOSCANINI

*Edited by B. H. Haggin*

*"Several years ago," says Mr. Haggin, "a musician who had played in the NBC Symphony with Toscanini observed that all the books about Toscanini had been written by outsiders [this was a year before the appearance of the superb book THIS WAS TOSCANINI, with text by Samuel Anlek of the NBC Symphony and photographs by Robert Hupka], and that there was need of a book by the insiders — the musicians who actually rehearsed and played with Toscanini — that would provide future generations with an authoritative statement of what his greatness was." Mr. Haggin has interviewed a number of those musicians, and has converted their statements, recorded on tape, into monologues, to be published as a book next spring. He writes on music for the HUDSON REVIEW and his most recent book is MUSIC OBSERVED (Oxford). William Carboni, whose monologue follows, now plays in the New York Philharmonic.*

## *William Carboni*

I FIRST knew about Toscanini from my father, who used to go to all the operas in Philadelphia and New York and took me as a kid to hear Titta Ruffo and Caruso. He talked about Toscanini and music, and that's how I got to play the fiddle. I remember the last concert Toscanini gave with the Philharmonic in 1936: I hitchhiked to New York and stood all day to hear it in the gallery; and I never thought I would play with him. I came to New York, and in 1940 I played in the substitute orchestra at NBC while the NBC Symphony was in South America with Toscanini; and when they came back I had an audition with the Old Man — the best audition I ever had. I played in Studio 3B — with my wife — a Brahms sonata for viola, and that was all. Spitalny, who was sitting next to Toscanini, asked him if he wanted to hear me play any Strauss or Wagner; and Toscanini said no, if a man could play a Brahms sonata alone, he certainly could play in an orchestra. Then he came over to me and patted me on the shoulder and said, "*Bene, bene,*" and put his arm around my wife; and she said it was the most exciting thing — she just found herself in his arms, you know? An old man! Seventy-something! And so I was in the orchestra.

Then I remember the rehearsals with the Old Man: two and a half hours, and they seemed like nothing. You know what the two and a half hours

can be with some conductors: you go crazy; it never ends! But with Toscanini it was as though you had just sat down and played a few notes and it was time to go home! It was as though he had a built-in time clock that told him when the two and a half hours were at an end. He would pull out his watch, but he didn't have to. He rarely was off; and if he did keep us five minutes overtime, he was apologetic about it. It was because he knew how to apportion time in a rehearsal — knew what he could do in the time, and never began something he wouldn't be able to finish within the time available.

You got a beat — you watched him — and you followed him. When he looked in your direction you just *had* to play, you couldn't just sit there. Did we feel the force of his presence? Always, always! As soon as he walked in, it was just like a magnet.

Others may have had finer stick techniques — meticulous stuff, dividing everything; but I don't think the Old Man was interested in that. He was interested in the line of the music, and it would come out by singing: he was singing all the time, and he made you sing on your instrument. Of course, his beat was always clear in its placing of everything in the measure: within the meter it was delineative. Sometimes in big climaxes it would go round in circles, but you still knew where you were. And he could make a beat last forever when he was prolonging something; you'd think his arm was a mile long. He didn't have to stop and talk when he came to a change of tempo or change of meter: he was prepared; he knew *before* what he wanted to do; he didn't have to talk about it, he *did* it; and you watched him and followed him. There are conductors — Cantelli was another — who don't have to speak, but very few like the Old Man in that respect. You watched his arms and made the crescendos where *they* made them. He was excited; so you would get excited: in the Verdi *Requiem* your hair stood up.

I remember that many times we went through a slow movement, and he wasn't satisfied with it, and said, "*Da capo*"; and we did the whole thing through again; and this time we began to get a feeling of line, of continuity — instead of stopping every two bars, with some conductors, and never getting to play the thing through. And I remember once, during a Brahms cycle, we went straight

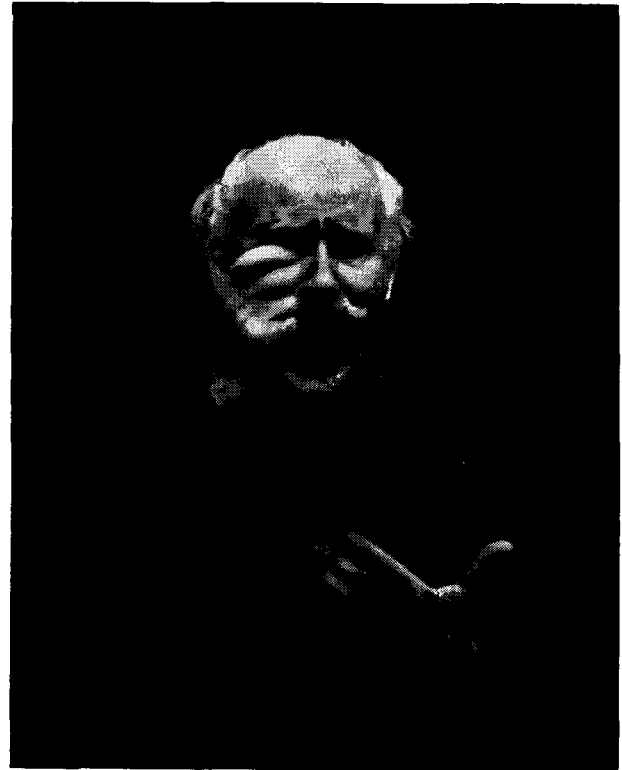
through a symphony from beginning to end at the first rehearsal. The Old Man stood there like a child: we had done what he wanted; he had nothing to say; and we still had two more rehearsals. So he said, “*You* know it, *I* know it; go home, I’ll see you at the concert.”

What he stopped for was little things — to get them exactly the way he wanted them. And it was when things didn’t go that the tantrums came. If he knew something was difficult, he was patient, *very* patient. But something wrong that was stupid or careless infuriated him. He couldn’t stand any sloppiness or casualness, because *he* wasn’t that way. I remember his saying *he* was sweating and wet, and *we* had to be too: *he* was giving everything he had, and *we* had to give it.

I loved him even when he yelled, because he never yelled at *me*, after all: he yelled at the whole viola section; and when you’re taking only one twelfth of it, that’s all right. But when you’re a solo clarinet or English horn taking all of it, then it’s hard; and it was very hard on some of the men.

As for what the Old Man had that made you give everything — and what Cantelli had — a lot of conductors don’t have the personality or the magnetism to hold your attention; so you play with your head buried in the music, you see only by peripheral vision the beat going up and down, and as a result you fall in where you shouldn’t, or you don’t make the retards where they are wanted. But the Old Man and Cantelli got what they wanted because you had to look at them; and when you looked, you saw what they wanted and you had to do it.

In an orchestra there are always some men who don’t care, who give the bare minimum, just enough to get by. The Old Man got more out of most men than they would ordinarily give to a conductor; and they gave it because they looked at what was up there and they *had* to. Some of them didn’t like it: they complained that he was a tyrant, that he worked us too hard; but if they had given at the beginning, he wouldn’t have had to. He told Cantelli, “Never say *bene*, *bravo* — never, never! Always say it’s not good enough, and maybe you’ll get something.” Once in a while he might say “*Non c’è male* — not too bad.” But after the rehearsal, or when you’d go out to his home, he was sweet, like a child. I loved the Old Man; and I think everybody did.



What he felt was right was right; and you could kill him, but it would still be right. He was a man; and I think he had the feeling that Beethoven was the same kind of man. I remember his saying once, “Beethoven was real man,” meaning no fooling around there, solid; and that’s the way *he* was. You knew he couldn’t be pulled or swayed by management — that if NBC didn’t do what he liked he’d stay home; for \$6000 a concert he’d tell them to go to hell.<sup>1</sup> Someone else would be influenced by the money, but it didn’t influence him; and so you had great respect for the Old Man. At rehearsal breaks he would talk to everybody, and get carried away and talk about programs he did long ago — always friendly, sweet, and kind; but you knew flattery would get you nowhere. And I think he was hardest on himself. Were you there when he slapped himself in the face? We had played something, and he said, “I

<sup>1</sup> Carboni is referring to Toscanini’s absenting himself from NBC during the season of 1941–1942 as a result of his discovery that the orchestra allegedly created especially for him had to play commercial programs under other conductors. This angered him because it affected the orchestra’s work with him; and his anger boiled over at a rehearsal of Beethoven’s *Missa Solemnis* in December, 1940, when he discovered that a number of musicians had had to sneak out because they had to play a commercial program. He stormed out of the rehearsal in a fury; and though he conducted the concert and completed his series of broadcasts that season, he didn’t return the next season.

Photograph by Robert Hupka from THIS WAS TOSCANINI. Courtesy of Vanguard Press.

listen to this performance; and I was *stupido!*”, and boom!, he knocked himself in the face.

You knew when he came in to do a work that he had studied it, that he knew it, and knew what he wanted. He never came to rehearsal unprepared — never. Everything was prepared thoroughly, including new works he didn’t know. He got the score of the Shostakovich Seventh on a Wednesday, and by Friday he had the whole thing memorized. (By the way, did you hear the story about that symphony? Just before the Old Man died, his son was playing records for him; and one of the things he played was the Shostakovich Seventh. The Old Man asked what it was; and when Walter told him, he said, “Did I play that?” Walter said yes; and the Old Man said: “I must have been crazy.” He was a little intolerant of modern stuff; but he was old. He always said, let a young man like Cantelli do new music: *he* did enough of it when *he* was young.)

No matter what happened at a performance, he would never show anything to the public on his face. But when he played the piece the next time, two or three years later, he’d say, “You remember when you played —?” (That was when he was in good humor.) And he had no favorites: he would bawl out anybody; because the only thing he cared about was the music. One of the men came from the same town as the Old Man, Parma, and they were friends; but once when he played badly, the Old Man said, “If I see you on the street in Parma I go on other side!”

What I remember about his performances? The way he looked when he walked out on the stage — his meticulous appearance, with his shoes and pants and everything just perfect. Even before he came out, everybody’s eyes were watching that corner for his entrance; and when he walked out he was ready, and all extraneous things had to be forgotten. You could tell what the music was doing by his face. I often think of the start of the Brahms Second or the Brahms Fourth: how quietly and peacefully the Old Man would begin it, letting the music play itself; and here his skin was white. Then, when the music became excited, his blood went up, his face got red, and he was singing away, yelling at the top of his lungs, his whole being “gone.” That’s when, if anything went wrong, everything was at the top, and his top blew off. What happened in quiet music was all right, nothing to get excited about.

And there was also the clarity. I remember a thing like Strauss’s *Heldenleben*, where there are passages of sixteenth notes that go on for bar after bar after bar; and with some conductors you get time to play only fifteen and a half sixteenths, and you lose the rhythm and begin to fish for the notes and can’t find them. With the Old Man the tempo was exactly right, and there always seemed to

be room for the last sixteenth. It was always possible to play more notes with him than with anybody else. Other conductors, when they come to the concert, get excited and play the music faster, thinking that way it is more brilliant. But when the Old Man took a tempo at a rehearsal, you knew that when you played the piece at the concert it would be that tempo.

I don’t think the concerts were as good as the rehearsals in many cases. I remember I’d feel sorry for the Old Man: I knew the way he worked at things at rehearsals, and many times they didn’t go that way at the broadcast. One reason for the difference was the strain and tension on everybody’s part at the broadcast, because at NBC we played a program only once, whereas other orchestras would have played it two or three times. Also I think he was basically a shy man and may have been bothered by the audience, even though he didn’t have much respect for it, judging by the remark he’d make once in a while: “Anything you do is good enough for them.”

The performances I remember? The *Otello*: it was immense! Also the *Aida* — and the *Requiem*. And I’ll tell you a performance that stands out in my memory — the Skaters Waltz: beautiful! And other things like that: the Boccherini Minuet, the *Zampa* Overture — the so-called junk stuff. When we went through the *Zampa* Overture the first time in 1943, he said he hadn’t done it in years and it was fun — let’s do it again; so we repeated it! Could he play the Blue Danube Waltz? And how! He knew all that stuff.

Yes, the Old Man’s performances did change: toward the end he knew he was getting old, and he was afraid of their getting draggy and heavy like Bruno Walter’s. As for the greater energy you speak of in the performances of the first NBC years, *he* was younger, and everybody in the orchestra was trying and working like crazy. Also it was a better orchestra in those years, with some of the woodwinds and those strings. Some of the old boys in the Philharmonic still talk about the Old Man and are convinced he was much better when he was there than when he was at NBC; but I suspect these things grow in people’s imaginations.

He hated recording. He would hate it even more the way it’s done today; but in the 78-rpm days he hated it because of the business of stopping at the end of a side. He felt that he should conduct the performance and the engineers should worry about getting it on the record. When tape came in, the difficulty was that once he started what was intended as a short test passage, he might keep going to the end of a movement and find out then that it hadn’t been recorded.

He gave no interviews, accepted no honors: he felt he was merely doing his job of serving the com-



poser, and everything was owed the composer. That was why he could conduct a Strauss waltz. He did nothing for himself, and that was why we worked. *He* was working like crazy for the composer; so *we* worked like crazy with him.

I remember when we did the *Grand Canyon Suite*, he kept asking Grofé if the tempo was right and so on: after all, Grofé was the composer, and the Old Man always felt the composer was much more important than the conductor. Every time he asked Grofé anything he called him “Maestro”;

and Grofé was just in heaven. When it was all over the Old Man called him to the podium and asked him if everything was all right; and Grofé said yes and was so overcome as he backed away that he backed into the chairs and fell over them.

The Old Man just seemed more sincere than anyone else — trying to find what a man like Beethoven had put into his music. I remember what Hindemith said once, “Music has a face: leave it alone. If you don’t like it, don’t play it, but don’t change it.” The Old Man felt like that.

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*Reviewers of the Toscanini broadcasts of operas issued on records accused him of using only the inferior or inexperienced singers, who would submit to his tyrannical imposition of fast and rigid tempos that “thwarted” singers’ attempts to sing expressively. Jan Peerce, who sang in several of these performances, was hardly an inferior or inexperienced singer; and Mr. Haggin asked him to tell what it was like to sing with Toscanini, and specifically, whether it involved submitting to a tyranny that prevented a singer from singing expressively.*

### Jan Peerce

Toscanini had heard me on the radio, and seemed to like my voice; and when he was going to do Beethoven’s Ninth in 1938 he asked Chotzinoff if he knew me, and Chotzinoff said yes. So Toscanini said, “I’d like to hear this boy personally,” and Chotzinoff called me and asked if I’d like to audition for Toscanini. After I’d almost fainted, I said, “Of course!” Chotzinoff was supposed to play for me at the audition, and I waited in the lobby of the Hotel Astor, where Toscanini was living, but there was no Chotzinoff. Finally, I called the Toscanini apartment and was told to come up. Toscanini himself opened the door, greeted me very cordially, and shook hands. He asked me if I had brought my music with me. I replied, “Only the tenor part of the Ninth Symphony.” He laughed and said, “Ah, I wanted to hear you sing something more” — more singable, shall we say. And he said, “Do you know anything else?” I said I knew some arias; and the first one that came to my mind was “*Una furtiva lagrima*,” from *L’Elisir d’amore*. “Oh,” he said, “you know ‘*Una furtiva lagrima*.’ Come: I play for you.” And he sat down at the piano — without music, of course — and began to play; and believe it or not, he made a mistake — one of the very rare

mistakes that Toscanini made! As you know, the two stanzas of “*Una furtiva*” begin the same but continue differently; and in the first stanza Toscanini played the continuation of the second. He stopped, but I went on with the first stanza; and after cussing himself out, he resumed playing, and we finished together. At the end, exclamations of “*bella voce!*” — he liked it very much — and he said, “Would you like to sing in the Ninth Symphony with me?” I said, “It would be the greatest moment of my life!” And he said: “All right, you sing with me,” and told me the date. And that was how my association with him started.

Oh, yes, I was at ease at the audition. The challenge was a challenge; but there’s the animal instinct of self-preservation: you fight back. The first moment was what I had expected, but when we shook hands, I found he was a human being who smiled and was very cordial and very sweet and very fatherly. I remember it began to snow as we were talking; and when I sang I concentrated on what I had to sing and on the snowflakes I could see through the window. Toscanini didn’t matter at the moment, until he made the mistake; and I guess he was impressed by the fact that I could keep going no matter what happened.

Leinsdorf prepared the singers; and by the time I came to the first piano rehearsal with Toscanini, I knew the tenor part pretty well. What struck me was Toscanini’s self-discipline, and the fact that when he sat at the piano the most important thing in the world for him was what was happening at that moment. If you pleased him by doing the music — no matter what it was — *as written*, if you gave the notes the right values and the words their right pronunciation and flavor, he was the happiest man in the world; and every time you sang a phrase that he liked you’d think he was finding a thousand dollars. And yet, in one performance of the Ninth Symphony — I don’t remember which one and who the soprano was — he changed the music for the soprano. This man who kept saying,

## TOSCANINI RECORDINGS

Recommended by B. H. Haggin

The performances Carboni remembers are, in their various ways, among Toscanini's greatest achievements. As against the usual performance of a Verdi opera, in which the conductor fits the orchestral part around the singers' exhibitionistic distortions of the vocal parts, Toscanini offers the singers' correctly shaped phrases fitted into the plastically coherent shape he gives to the orchestral part. The result — whether it is the *Otello* (RCA Victor LM-6107) or the *Aida* (LM-6132) remembered by Carboni, the *La Traviata* (LM-6003) described by Pearce, the *Falstaff* (LM-6111) they should have mentioned — is a realization of the work unequaled by any other on records in beauty and expressive effect. Nor is there a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* equal in these respects to the one Carboni mentions (LM-6018).

On the other hand, the *Skaters Waltz* and *Zampa* Overture he remembers are only two of the examples of the amazing results of Toscanini's application to such "pop" numbers of the same feeling for modeling of melodic phrase, clarity of outline and texture, coherence of structure that he applied to the great works of Verdi and Beethoven — another outstanding example being the *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*. (The *Zampa* and *Dance of the Hours* are included on RCA Victor LM-1834; the *Skaters Waltz* is on LM-1896, with a wonderfully fresh and alive Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker Suite*.)

As with Verdi, so with Beethoven: there is no performance of the *Missa Solemnis* (LM-6025) comparable with Toscanini's; none of *Fidelio* (LM-6013) that paces and shapes it as effectively as his (others have better singers); none that equal his of the symphonies (LM-6901) (if acquired singly, the *Eroica* on LM-2387 is to be preferred to the one on LM-1042).

And so with the Schubert Symphony No. 9 (the one recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra on LD-2663), the complete Berlioz *Romeo and Juliet* (LM-7034), the Brahms Variations on a Theme of Haydn (LM-1725), the Brahms Symphony No. 2 (LM-1731), the Brahms Symphony No. 4 (LM-1713), the Wagner excerpts (LM-6020), the Dvořák *New World* Symphony (LM-1778). Only Cantelli produced performances of Rossini's overtures comparable with Toscanini's (LM-2040), a Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* Symphony comparable with his (poorly reproduced on LM-1036), a Debussy *La Mer* as beautiful as his (damaged by electronic "enhancement" on LM-1833). And his Debussy *Ibéria* (LM-1833) is still without equal.

Several other great performances, withdrawn in recent years, may be among those RCA Victor is planning to reissue in 1967 in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Toscanini's birth: Mozart's *Divertimento K.287*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (poorly recorded), Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, Tchaikovsky's *Manfred*, Strauss's *Don Quixote*.

"*Canta come è scritto*" and "Is written this way; sing it the way is written" — this man changed the B-naturals in the last quarter for the soprano! I said to myself, "What's this?" And that was one time when I realized, "Look, he's a human being."

With him it wasn't just a piano rehearsal and then "Let's do the performance." You saw him for weeks — three, four times a week, as often as he felt; and the day you had a rehearsal with him, you made no other appointments. If he called for a three o'clock rehearsal, he might keep you until four, six, seven — there was no telling. We used to love it when he was happy after a good rehearsal and would offer us a cup of tea or coffee and a piece of cake and we'd sit around. Moscona, who sang with him many times, or Nan Merriman would know how to get him to talk: it was fabulous, the way he would give his opinions on everybody and everything. I'll never forget: once the subject of coloratura sopranos came up, and he said: "Coloratura sopranos! If I had a daughter who wanted to be a coloratura soprano, I would cut her throat!" Or someone mentioned a fellow who said he had been Toscanini's assistant at La Scala. "That pig! I wouldn't let him into my room!" He remembered everything. With me he remembered tenors. Once he mentioned Paul Althouse: "Was very good — ve-e-e-ry good — good musician — good, good. Knew how to sing." Then he mentioned a tenor who wound up badly — the poor fellow died on the stage — Aroldo Lindi, who toured with the San Carlo Company for years: Toscanini spoke in glowing terms of this boy in his early days. And that Italian, Pertile: he was musical — he knew what to do with a phrase.

At the rehearsals he was so dynamic, so forceful, so fiery that I couldn't take my eyes off him — and this was true even after fifteen years: I had to watch the expression on his face as he conducted. And because he had this drive, this power, you just responded as if you had known exactly what he wanted. He had it not only over singers but over the men in the orchestra. It was a great orchestra, and these boys had played with everybody and knew everything backwards and forwards; but the way they responded to Toscanini was something! They *wanted* to please him: they knew he was so sincere in what he asked for that they were anxious to do the right thing. It's been said that musicians played or sang over their heads for him: what I would say is that he got as much out of you as he could, and as much as you *should have given*, though he didn't ask for anything but what was there in the score; in fact, I'm sure that if you had tried to *overdo* something, he would have said it was overdone. He wanted passion, but passion from within; he wanted warmth, but not manufactured warmth. And he wanted you to know what

you were singing. He always said, "Say the words correctly, the tone will come." And it's true — if you know what you're saying, the meaning of the words will bring out the quality of the tone, provided you have the tone in your voice.

People ask, was he acting or was he sincere? and my answer is, he was *he*. Once he got on that stage he was a different person; he was the musician, and he was an actor who acted what he felt. When we did *Bohème*, tears were coming down his face; and it wasn't put on, nobody saw it, just us. We singers were more fortunate than the public; because all they could see was his back and his arms waving, but we could see the man, and what the music meant to him, whether it was the Ninth Symphony or an opera.

That performance of the Ninth went off very well, and Toscanini was very happy. Of course, between you and me, what is there in the Ninth Symphony for the tenor? It's no aria: you sing sixteen bars, then the tenor chorus joins you, and you're inundated — you're a thwarted man. Also, it's a trying experience to sit there for those three movements, knowing you're going to have to open your mouth and sing. I'll never forget Pinza that first time: he kept clearing his throat, and finally he said to me, "I always promise myself I will never sing with that man the Ninth Symphony; but when he calls me I can't resist him." I said, "What's the matter?" and Pinza said, "You have to sit for forty-five minutes, and then you have to start with 'O, Freunde.'" He was afraid of that frog in the throat — which never happened, incidentally.

I sang Verdi with Toscanini the first time in a Verdi program in January, 1943: the Trio from *I Lombardi* and *Hymn of the Nations*. No, there was no special problem with the musical style. You see, when you came to Toscanini it wasn't to learn something from the start: you were prepared by Trucco, and had a pretty good idea of what you were doing; so Toscanini didn't have to tell you much. He'd sit at the piano; and if there was something to tell you, he'd say, "This is the meaning of this phrase." Or he'd ask, "You know the meaning of this?" and if you were right, he'd say, "Yes. Now do it a little darker," or "Do it warmer," or "Do it with more heart." He had ideas for everything, and everything he wanted seemed right. They say he didn't let you hold high notes; but if you listen to the records, you find you *held* high notes — you didn't *overhold* them and make the thing ridiculous. When I did *Bohème* with him I reveled in the sound, and he let me; and in *Rigoletto* — just the other day I listened to the quartet, and I held those B-flats, just enough, but I held them.

The *Hymn of the Nations* was something Toscanini

felt very close to, because he was a warmly patriotic Italian, very proud of his background, and the piece was by Verdi, and it was written for a Garibaldi Day celebration. These things made Toscanini feel this was his piece of music, especially when he changed the words from "my beautiful country" to "my betrayed country" — "*mia patria tradita*." He made sure that when "*tradita*" came along, you said it and meant it.

In another Verdi program in July, 1943, we did the fourth act of *Rigoletto*, which we did again at the Red Cross concert in Madison Square Garden in 1944. I had already sung *Rigoletto* — I started singing it about 1940, before I was at the Met — but Toscanini's tempi and interpretation were different. I like the people who tell you he played something faster because he knew it had to fit on a record! He played it faster because he felt it should be faster. I'll never forget when we did *Traviata* — the fast tempi in some places, the "*Libiamo*," for instance. He said, "This is a drinking song on a festive occasion; you can't go to sleep." Or the gambling scene. He explained what's going on, what's happening with the girl and the boy — he doesn't really want to gamble, but is jealous. Toscanini said, "Verdi meant it to be exciting; and [here Peerce imitated Toscanini's burlesquing of the usual tempo] *that's* not exciting." He sang it as it should go, making it live.

In the *Fidelio* of 1944 he worked us very hard. Mind you, he didn't speak German well, but he knew every word and corrected our German and made us enunciate it clearly. His tempi were fast; but he could explain every one of them. Some of the singers had done *Fidelio* at the Met, and everybody had ideas and feelings in the matter; and they could talk to him. "Maestro, is there any reason special for this? Don't you think we could do it a little slower?" And he would tell you why you couldn't — what would happen if you did. He said, "How should this man act? If you sing it slowly, you will lose the intensity!" But he listened to you; he wasn't the ogre he was painted. The only time he was a tough guy was when he got angry; and when would he get angry? When he thought you were betraying the composer, weren't doing what the composer wanted. If you made a mistake once, he'd give you a look; but if you made it again, or made more mistakes, then there was hell to pay. In *Fidelio* one day he lost his temper with a singer who made a mistake he had made the day before, and it was terrible: the man stood there crying because of the things Toscanini called him.

I learned *Fidelio* for Toscanini. He made me learn it, because I didn't want to: why should I learn a part I might never do again? He said, "You learn the part. You please me." There were other things he wanted me to do which I



wouldn't do. He wanted me to sing a Wagner program with him once, and I'm sorry to this day that I didn't. He wanted me to do the second half of the first act of *Die Walküre*. That was the first thing he heard me sing on the air when I was in Radio City, and what appealed to him, he told me later, was the fact that he was hearing a Siegmund who was not yelling, who was singing. I have a letter in which he wrote me when I told him I was sorry but I couldn't do it, "Who told you that in order to sing Wagner you must not know how to sing?" That was his argument; but I refused, and even afterward he said to me, "You should have done it." The other thing I refused to do was *Aïda*. I was careful about my choice of repertoire, because I wanted to be able to sing for a long time, and if you give too much, especially in your early years, when you don't know as much about vocal technique as you do later, you can't last; by the time the technique is part of you, you say, "Where's the voice?" This is where the critics can be of service to a young singer: they can tell him he's on the wrong track. Instead of only saying "Great performance," they should question whether he should have done the part at all. I remember listening to a Toscanini broadcast of an opera while I was getting dressed for a concert in Cleveland, and saying to my accompanist about two of the singers, "They never sang like this before, and I predict they'll never sing like this again." They were fantastic, but they gave too much and got into vocal trouble afterward. Singing is like charity: you give, but you don't give everything, so that you have nothing left for yourself; you have to be a little selfish. So I refused to do *Aïda*.

In *La Bohème*, in order to satisfy Toscanini we had to undo a lot of things we'd learned from others. And I remember how he spent hours with the baritone who tells Marcello at the end that Mimi has died -- "*Marcello, è spirata*" -- how Toscanini spent hours to get this baritone, who was a great artist, a great actor, to speak the words the particular way he wanted -- with a breathless quality that Cehanovsky just didn't dig at the beginning. "No, no, Cehanovsky; no, *caro*; 'Marcello [Peerce imitated Toscanini's croaking whisper], Marcello' -- until he got Cehanovsky to do exactly what he wanted. The same with everybody: he had something to say to everybody, to give him the feeling for the interpretation of his part.

In the broadcast of *La Bohème* he sang along with me -- in the aria especially; and in the third act, my God, he helped me cry. You can hear it on the record, and there are some people who say, "It spoils the record." And I tell them, "Isn't that funny; for me it makes the record."

I suppose you know what happened at the end of

the broadcast? No? Well, after Mimi's death there is one beat of rest, and it's a tradition that the conductor doesn't beat that rest. Toscanini had explained to the orchestra that he wouldn't beat the rest; but at the broadcast he was affected by the drama of the moment and was crying, and his hand made some sort of movement. Some of the brass thought he was giving them their first beat, and came in; but others didn't, and there was bedlam. Of course it didn't take Toscanini more than three beats to straighten them out, but for him the heavens fell, the world went black: he wouldn't take a bow, he cried, he carried on, he sent for the brass section: "What did you do? What did you do? You're sorry! What, sorry. *You* go home with your wife and have dinner: what do *I* do?"

You asked whether it was true that the next time I sang *Bohème* at the Met I was told to forget some of the things I had done with Toscanini. Sure. You know -- those petty jealousies. I antagonized some people at the Met once when I was interviewed on the air -- I think by Tex McCrary -- and he said, "Your association with Toscanini was marvelous, of course. But who do you think, at this time, is rising to take his place?" And I said, "No one!" He said, "You mean to say that of all the people --" And I said, "No! No one!" And there were five different conductors at the Met who thought, "Why no one?" There was only one conductor -- only one, and the poor fellow died -- Cantelli, who showed signs of that kind of greatness. Who else? Do *you* know anyone else? In another interview I said, "A lot of his imitators think that if they speak with a hoarse voice and cuss out musicians, that will make them Toscaninis. No, *that's* not Toscanini: you have to be a genius." So some of the conductors *don't* like me so much!

I've already told you a few things about the *Traviata*. I remember another example there of Toscanini's insistence that the notes must mean something. Merrill has a great voice, the greatest baritone around; but Toscanini wanted him to get a certain softness, a certain mellowness, and finally he said, "Merrill, Merrill; please, please, Merrill -- be a father, don't be a baritone." He never yelled at me; but once I came near it in a *Traviata* rehearsal. I mispronounced a word. He looked at me, and his hands dropped from the piano: "*Un'altra volta*. Again." So I did the phrase again, and again I made the mistake. And he dropped his hands: "Peerce! You too?" I said to myself, "There has to be a first time"; and I tell you my heart sank: it would have killed me, to be the butt of his anger.

At one *Traviata* rehearsal he gave the orchestra a *Geschichte*. My wife, Alice, had never come to a

rehearsal, and I told her, “You’re missing a lot if you don’t come to the rehearsals. They’re better than the performances. So she said she’d come, but it could be only on Friday. “Oh, come on!” I said. “Friday is the dress rehearsal — just a final run-through. Can’t you —” No, it had to be Friday. At the rehearsal on Friday Albanese said to me, “Oh, I see Alice.” All week there had been fireworks, Toscanini had really carried on; and I said to Albanese, “Today she comes, when he’ll just run through it.” So he starts the orchestra in the Prelude to Act Three; and he stops them: “*Piano!*” He starts them again, and stops them: “*Piano!!!!*” And the third time: “*Io voglio PIANO!!! PIANO!!!!*” And he broke his stick; he threw the score; he knocked over the stand; he stamped his feet. I saw my wife looking at me; and afterward she said, “I shouldn’t come Friday?” But the beautiful thing was that finally he cooled off and began to play with his mustache and said, “Next season, anybody who wants to play in this orchestra with me must have an audition.” At that point he saw Mischakoff, the concertmaster, looking up at him with that smile on his face like a little cherub’s; and he looked down at Mischakoff and said, “You too!”

There was one broadcast that he wanted me for, but I was booked for two concerts at some college that just wouldn’t release me; and I think that time he wanted to do *Lucia*. He loved *Lucia*. Most people, you mention *Lucia*, and they say, “Aah, *Lucia! Kukuraku, kukuraku!*” [a term of ridicule for coloratura singing]; but when you mentioned *Lucia* to Toscanini, he’d say, “*Lucia! Che bell’opera!*”; and if he was near a piano he sat down and played it for you. I said to him once: “You know, Maestro, I’d love to do *Lucia* with you — at least the Tomb Scene”; and he said, “Yes, yes, someday.” And I think he wanted to do it at that broadcast.

About *Un Ballo in Maschera* I had a whole thing with him, which I didn’t publicize at the time. I had been promised that *Ballo* originally — oh, yes, I had been promised it! — but there was some management political business, and all of a sudden I heard that my friend Bjoerling was to do it. When I inquired: “Oh, yes, there was a change.” “What do you mean, there was a change? I was *promised* this thing.” “Well, he had a change of mind.” “*Who* had a change of mind?” And right away the people around him began to guard him; before that I could get to him any minute of the day, now I couldn’t. I was heartbroken, because I worshiped this man: for me he was someone who could do no wrong; and when this happened, I said, “I don’t ever want to see this man or talk to him, great as he is.” And if it weren’t for my wife, I would never have done it — which would have been terrible, because *Un Ballo* is one of the best things I ever did with Toscanini,

and one of the greatest things that ever happened to me. Walter Toscanini called my wife to ask her if I would talk to his father; and I refused at first, but she said to me, “What are you, crazy? Are you going to cut off your nose to spite your face?” So finally I said, “All right, I’ll talk to him.” So he got on the phone: “Peerce, Peerce — believe me, is not my fault.” And I felt miserable, because I knew he had been victimized; and to have him, a man like that, whom I loved so, apologizing — I felt so miserable, I cried. I said to him, “But Maestro, I haven’t done *Un Ballo in Maschera* in six or seven years, and I don’t remember it.” “Peerce, you will know it — you will know it.” This was just a week before the broadcast; I had a concert on Sunday and a performance at the Met on Tuesday; and he wanted me Wednesday for rehearsal with the orchestra. No piano rehearsal: I couldn’t give him a piano rehearsal. He said, “You don’t have to memorize it; you can hold the book.”

Well, I got to work with my accompanist and coach, and got the thing back in my system. When I came into Carnegie Hall for the rehearsal there was electricity in the air, with people who knew about all this wondering what was going to happen. I’d seen Toscanini upstairs for a minute, and he’d said to me, “Just sing. I follow.” “I’ll follow *you*, Maestro.” “No, no, you just sing.” We went through the first act without a mistake, and he called an intermission; but before he did, he jumped off the podium and threw his arms around me and kissed me. This was the side of Toscanini that seldom came out; and I felt just like a kid. And upstairs he said to me, “You afraid? You afraid? I told you, you just sing.” I said, “But Maestro, I was worried about not satisfying you.” He said, “Don’t worry. Just sing.” And it was a fabulous success. The fire he gave to it!

About a year ago a friend called me and said, “They’ve just announced they’re going to do the Toscanini *Bohème* on WOR.” So I turned it on and sat listening to it; and what it made me think was that at this late date — with the new sound, and stereo, and shmereo — this was still the greatest recording and made the greatest sound, greater than what you have on all the new ones. You get the quality of that extemporaneous performance. You know you’re listening to a real show. You didn’t walk into a studio where someone said, “We’ll start at letter D and make twelve bars, then we’ll cut and make fourteen bars after letter K.” No, you went in and did a show; it was a living thing; and that’s the greatness of the performance. And I can feel proud of my singing in it; because it isn’t a patching together of one note here and another note there in the recording studio; it’s the real singing I did that day.

# Whistlin' Dixie

## *The Southern Governors in Caucus*

by JESSE HILL FORD

*This small album of word pictures tells much about the look, the sound, and the works of seventeen Southern governors in conference assembled. The notes were collected by Mr. Ford, the novelist and short-story writer, during September's Southern Governors' Conference at Kentucky Dam Village, Gilbertsville, in western Kentucky. Mr. Ford is at work on a collection of short stories and a new novel.*

A LOT of people in this country say *President*. Of course, not many of those who say it *President* would vote for me. But there are more people in this country who say it *President* than the other way around. The working people say it *President*, and they are gonna vote for me."

George C. Wallace stands five feet six. He wears his black hair oiled — slick. From behind, his figure is a replica of thousands seen in drugstores and groceries in small-town Alabama — places like Clio and Jasper and Carbon Hill, where the hair is worn straight back. The boys learn to wink and talk a certain way. The veiled threat of their clay-hill manhood underlies the explosive tenor and composition of their speech. Indeed, they may not be quite sure of it — that manhood — but they are bred up to brag and to fight. There is something undefined about them, a cool and cocky gum-chewing sort of proficiency. The chip is always on the shoulder. They are always walking around looking for someone to knock it off. On their way through this life they are rarely disappointed. They spit at the world and the world kicks back at them.

### ORVAL FAUBUS

The secret of his success is his personal charm and his sense of humor. He glows with good health

and high spirits. Reporters like him because he is entertaining, and when he speaks, he makes good copy.

Inaugurated governor of Arkansas in January, 1955, he was re-elected in November, 1956, 1958, 1960, 1962, 1964. His term expires in January. Succeeding him as governor will be Jim Johnson, a segregationist.

So many Johnsons — President Lyndon Johnson, Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi, and now a Jim Johnson in Arkansas.

At his press conference Faubus nominates George Wallace for President on an independent third-party ticket for 1968. He complains about HEW's telling Arkansans how they must run their schools and hospitals. He says many Arkansas parents returned home in tears after the opening of schools this fall. Their children — white — were going to school to Negro teachers.

Faubus on Wallace: "Governor Wallace — why he's friends with labor, he's friends with business. The common people like him. He's an excellent administrator. Take in 1968, take just for example, say, we get two candidates for Republican and Democrat that are about alike. Say we get two that stand about toe to toe on *the* issue. Then George Wallace comes in as a third-party candidate. The other two split their vote, and George



gets 44 percent? Remember it don't take a majority. All you need is a plurality!"

The dream of empire edges into his eyes as he continues. "He'd take Maryland; he'd take Illinois. He'd take Georgia, Mississippi — and, why man, in Arkansas you wouldn't have to count the votes. You could weigh 'em!"

#### KEN-BAR INN

Lesser fish, including the ladies and gentlemen of the press, will stay back up the road, far back, at the Ken-Bar Inn, a monument to clever private enterprise. A goodly number of high-ranking Kentucky colonels own stock in the Ken-Bar Inn — anywhere from 5000 to 10,000 shares each. Many mysteries enshroud the inn, including amazing plans for Kentucky's Interstate 24. This highway will come perilously close to Ken-Bar Inn. Yet another mystery: how was the Ken-Bar property saved from state or federal acquisition when about it, all the rest was taken? Will the Ken-Bar enjoy a brisk trade from now on, evermore, world without end, as the saying is? The answer is a ringing affirmative: "Hell, yes!" Why are stories such as this one frowned on in Kentucky?

The acoustics at the Ken-Bar are so excellent that when one door is knocked on anywhere in the building everyone gets out of bed and answers his door. If a phone rings anywhere, all phones are answered. If a guest snores, all guests awake. All hands immediately arise and shake their bed partners. If a king-sized cigarette ash hits the carpet forty paces and four walls away it sounds like the wreck of the old '97.

#### GRENADA

Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi, a gentleman of dry wit and considerable erudition, a master of Southern rhetoric and simile, grants a press conference.

The ugly pictures of the bloody beatings of black children by white mobs in Grenada, Mississippi, a week earlier still stand in every mind.

On the opening day of the conference in Kentucky, while the governors and their first ladies flew from Gilbertsville to Lexington to have dinner and see Kentucky beat North Carolina 10 to 0 in football, FBI agents were arresting thirteen whites accused in the Grenada beatings.

Three months earlier at Grenada one of Martin Luther King's SCLC lieutenants, Bob Green, climbed the twenty-foot-high statue of Jefferson Davis to put an American flag in the stony Southern hand. King had declared that Grenada would be his Mississippi beachhead.

Against this background Governor Johnson faces

the press in Kentucky. Only the pallor of his face reflects the ordeal of nerves to which he is being subjected. His striking blue eyes set off his gray worsted business suit to good advantage. Confederate gray is his color — gray cuff links, neat gray matching tie. He retains the mien of a field grade infantry officer throughout the conference. About the violence in Grenada he says:

"We have not only made statements but we have tried to show that anything settled by violence or physical harm are matters that are never settled. They continue to arise, and what strife we have had in the state of Mississippi is restricted to the Grenada situation. That strife is about the same as a big fistfight that you would find in a big city. That was the strife that we had."

United Press International correspondent Robert Gordon talking about Grenada:

"They knocked me down. Some guy hit me on the head with a steel helmet. Somebody else was hitting me with a cane, and some guy kept jabbing me with an umbrella." (He breaks loose and starts running up the street.) "— a truck drove by and stopped and two men got out and chased me — I had several bad cuts and bruises, and some teeth were knocked loose — I was hurting all over."

Fifty Negro children were prevented from entering the Grenada school. Four Negro children were hospitalized after the beatings. Better than forty Negro children were treated for injuries after being thrown to the ground and pummeled. Twelve-year-old Richard Sigh suffered a broken leg, according to the *New York Times* report.

"*That strife is about the same as a big fistfight that you would find in a big city.*"

#### DRY COUNTY

Marshall County, which is located in western Kentucky and encompasses Kentucky Dam Village, Gilbertsville, the Governors' Cottages, and Ken-Bar Inn, is a dry county. Possession or sale of whiskey in Marshall County is a violation of the law — but this is the South. So relax. The sheriff knows all about the conference, and not for nothing is the Ken-Bar known as the *Ken-Bar*.

Anyone running out of solace for the inner man need only approach anyone wearing a Dark Blue Ribbon — Host. Say to Host: "I seem to be out of liquor." Name your preference — Scotch, Canadian, or bourbon. Fifth will be forthcoming before you can whistle "Dixie." No charge.

#### GOVERNOR McKEITHEN

He states flatly that Louisiana has assumed a position of leadership in race relations.

McKeithen is a big broad-shouldered man with

soft-looking sandy hair. He goes attractively dressed, after the fashion of an Ivy League aristocrat. His face is an impassive, catlike mask in public. His proud carriage, as he enters or leaves the conference room, is easy and at the same time majestic, an echo of bygone Confederate glory. His Viking proportions and his warlike appearance make him by far the most striking of the seventeen.

During his press conference he noted that New Orleans was once America's second largest financial center. He spoke proudly of the Louisiana soldiers who fought their way to glory under Stonewall Jackson. He spoke proudly of Louisiana State University's Fighting Tigers football team and reminded his auditors that he has two more years in office. The polls tell him that the second-term amendment will pass decisively. He is confident that he will be kingfish in the pelican state for six more years, at least.

"We've kept the McKissicks and the Carmichaels out of Louisiana," he said. "Knock on wood!" He smiled. "In north Louisiana the knee-grow people by five to one approve what we uh doin' for them."

He shrugged away questions about Judge Leander Perez and plunged on. "Our colored citizens have told Carmichael to stay out of Louisiana. They don't want him down there."

Like most of the governors interviewed, McKeithen was for a strong stand in Vietnam and for a strong stand "against insurrection and anarchy in our country — anarchy in the streets."

As for Louisiana, he said Leander Perez was not given to violence. "We have no fire bumming there," he said. (He gives the word *bomb* the Deep South pronunciation *bum*.)

On the Ku Klux Klan: "The FBI says we got twenty-five hundred of 'em, which would come to three quarters of one tenth percent of our state population of three and a half million."

"I will say that the Negro people in this country are making a tragic, tragic mistake. Six more months of what we've been having in Watts, Cleveland, and Cicero will destroy their own friends. It will destroy much of what they have gained."

Describing a racial incident in his state: "Some white people shook a car down there one day."

#### STATISTICS

The statistics of a Southern Governors' Conference stagger the mind. Seventeen state governors and their first ladies would seem to make thirty-four persons, the nucleus of the meeting. So it would seem. But throughout the four September days, from morning till night, it will be found that Governor X and his wife arrived this morning from Biloxi just as Governor Y and his wife departed for

Podunk, where *they* are cutting the ribbon tomorrow at the Seventy-first Annual Turnip and Okra Festival. Governor Z may be here tomorrow if they get the pumps fixed down at his chicken farm. Poor Governor Z's been having trouble. His chief stud rooster seems like it may be trying to come down with the pip. That tragedy developed Sunday morning just as Z was about to board the plane for the conference. So there's some doubt about Governor Z's getting here at all.

About now, Governor Z walks in the door with his golf clubs and explains that it was all a mistake. He was *here* all day yesterday. Everybody ignored him all day long, yesterday. His main immediate concern is he's looking for his glasses case. It was a green leather case with bifocals in it; he says the worst problem he knows anything about is when a man loses his only pair of glasses.

Approximately ninety representatives of the press are at the conference. Add the governors and ladies to the reporters and their wives (only a few of the press bring wives), and at most you have 150 people at the conference, but when you go to the Kentucky Dam Village Inn that night for the country dinner, you find 600 people eating 300 chickens, 240 pounds of lamb, 200 pounds of roast pork, 120 pounds of country fried steak, eight bushels of corn, ninety pounds of field peas, seventy-five chess pies, fifty jam cakes — that's the first course. Ninety pounds of hog jowl have been used just to *season* the pole beans and turnip greens.

Governor John B. Connally became a statistic of another sort. He did not come to the conference. The Texas Democrats were meeting back in the Lone Star State. Several kind things were said about Connally's wisdom, in that he chose to stay home on the range to keep an eye on the smoke-filled rooms. Every governor present vowed he would have done the same.

Tennessee's Governor Frank Goad Clement came to the conference after beating incumbent U.S. Senator Ross Bass in the Democratic primary. Clement acted like a man with a six-year term in the Senate sewn into his hip pocket.

By far the least popular governor present, Clement stayed aloof, surrounded by his twenty-seven-member delegation, in size second only to the group from Georgia. He was openly hostile to reporters. When interviewed, he exuded one surly half-soleed platitude after another.

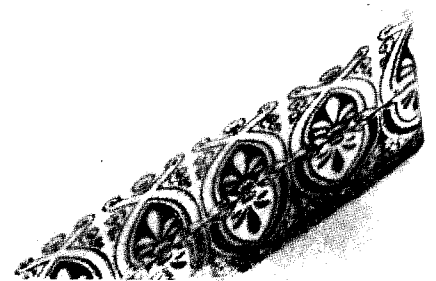
#### WALLACE ON WALLACE

"Governor Wallace, do you really feel that you could be a serious presidential candidate?"

The Alabama governor tosses his head jauntily. "Yessir — I do!"



"Black & White."  
Scotch for people  
who know  
the difference.







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# This engineer is developing a way to send talk down a pipeline of light.

## What's he doing at IBM?

The usual channels of long-distance communication, namely, wires, radio and microwave, aren't looking so roomy these days.

At the rate we are transmitting talk, pictures, and information between our cities and into space we may one day need new means of communicating.

One new means appears to be the laser.

A laser beam, in theory, can transmit more information than all the radio channels currently in use.

The engineer in our picture is one of IBM's team which is inventing ways to get information on the beam at one end and off at the other.

IBM's interest in the laser grows out of its interest in anything that makes information more useful for people.

IBM has already demonstrated a laser device that can shoot check-out signals directly into a launch vehicle standing on the pad. Another IBM team is developing a laser for communicating with the astronauts, earth to spacecraft, planet to planet.

It all comes under the heading of making information easier to get, which is step one in making it more useful.

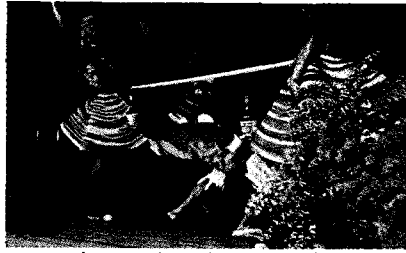


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How to convince your friends you've been to

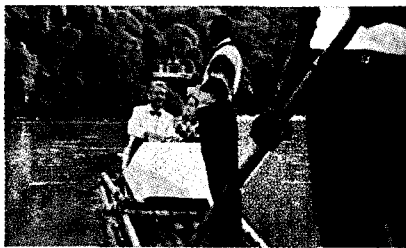
# JAMAICA



do an abandoned limbo



show them your slides (all 500)



organize a rafting party

**or...bring Jamaica to them, by serving TIA MARIA**

Photographed at the Half-Moon Beach, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W. I.



*Tia Maria*

JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(Maybe they haven't heard it's sold all over America)



W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY,  
NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF



"What makes you think you'd qualify?"

"Well, sir, in the first place, I've been around governors and senators from every state in the Union, and uh, of course you ask that question maybe in the context that being a Southern governor doesn't quite qualify ya, but I've been around governors all the way from Nelson Rockefeller of New York to Pat Brown of California, and I don't have any inferiority complex about — uh — ability, uh — integrity, uh — intelligence, of Southern governors compared with governors from other regions of the country. A Southern governor and a governor from Alabama is just as qualified as a governor from any other state. In fact, I think one of the finest things that could happen to the country is to have an Alabamian run it. And there are many people in the nation feel the same way. Uh — I'm just as qualified as any other governor who is being considered or any other prospective candidate."

#### NEGROES (niggers, coons, darkies, nigras, etc.)

While the governors of the seventeen states represented are heads of state for several million Americans of African descent, there are no Negroes present at the Southern Governors' Conference save for the single instance of a "Jug Band," which will be playing old Southern and ragtime melodies on board the *Belle of Louisville* when she cruises to Kenlake State Park Sunday evening, September 18, for the Old Western Kentucky Barbecue.

Visitors from outside the South who wish to see a real live Southern nigger should walk aft on the promenade deck Sunday between 3:30 and 6:00 P.M. and take a look at the jug band.

Several of the seventeen governors have Negroes on their official staffs, but none will be brought to the conference because it is felt their presence would be a source of embarrassment to some of the governors who do *not* have blacks on *their* staffs.

All bellboys, waitresses, and other employees at the Ken-Bar, the Governors' Cottages, and Kentucky Dam Village are Anglo-Saxon white Christians.

The Negro press will not be represented.

Such ironies should not really amaze anyone. The United States of America is a biracial society. It persists as the largest segregated population on earth, and such inroads as have been made since 1954 on this American condition of separateness have been indeed small when compared with the overall condition of things. Before Northern visitors to the conference become too smug about this, we would remind them that the United States is becoming more segregated every day that passes and white resistance to integration is only, just now, in the beginning stages. This is at the heart of

Governor George Wallace's presidential hopes for 1968. It will be the leitmotiv for this conference and many more to come.

#### CREATIVE FEDERALISM

Demonstrations of "creative Federalism" will be held at the press conferences granted by Governors Faubus of Arkansas, Wallace of Alabama, McKeithen of Louisiana, and others.

"Creative Federalism" is a process by which a Southern governor kicks hell out of the Washington Administration with both feet while holding out both hands for federal aid. It is a neat trick calling for acute balance and considerable verbal dexterity. The press will want to attend these demonstrations.

#### WALLACE DEMONSTRATES

"Well, course if they rule against us they rule against us, and we just lost the case in the federal court. I'll say this — uh — that they have picked a panel to try the case in the Fifth Circuit. It's a stacked panel — and the ruling — and the judge who — federal judge — who picks the panels to decide cases involved in *our* state, he picks a panel that he knows will be at least two-to-one against us.

"So I wouldn't doubt but what the decision hasn't already been written because the federal court system [*pounding the desk*] in most instances has its mind made up in advance [*pounding desk*], and I tell you what — people are gettin' tired of federal courts and HEW *trifling* with their children. And in this destroying of the neighborhood school system they're trifling with your chillun and mine. And I'll say that the federal courts and HEW had better watch out! Because the ultimate law in this country is the people themselves, and not me as a governor, nor the President, nor HEW, nor federal courts!"

A few questions later he struck out again from the springboard of "local control."

"If you don't think local control will improve the quality — what you're saying is that some fellow a thousand miles away with a beard in Washington, and that's what most of 'em got in that department up in HEW. You sayin' that they have more ability to determine what is in the interest of the schoolchildren than do the people who live here in this, uh — uh — section of Kentucky. And I b'lieve the people in this section of Kentucky know better what is in the interest of their children than somebody a thousand miles away — and if they *don't* know, and they're not able to do it, they just oughtta abolish the state of Kentucky, and they just oughtta abolish the local governing body, and they just oughtta abolish the

city governing bodies: because in effect you're saying that those in Washington are the only ones that have intelligence enough and integrity enough to do right about schools — and now we got the federal government a thousand miles away, *two* thousand miles away, telling every school board what water fountain they can have over here, where the school can be located, who can ride on what bus, and who can teach — !”

Governor Wallace's tirade continued with references to editorials in the *Chicago Tribune* and then: “The *New York Times* wrote an editorial in their *New York Times* magazine about six months ago about the quality of education deteriorating in New York because of this very thing I'm talking about.”

#### THE PRESS

Many of the press covering the conference are young men who have already seen too much. They've been to too many funerals, as they say.

They keep describing the funerals of the children killed in the Birmingham church bombing. They describe the funeral of a little Negro boy who was riding his bicycle when a shot from a passing automobile ended his life.

“We are always the only whites at these funerals. You'd think the mayor or someone would at least show up and pay his respects — or someone from the local police force. Just any of the local whites. But none of them ever come, and it's always just us, the two or three of us who have to be there and hear the mother screaming, ‘*My baby! Oh, Lawd, my baby!*’”

“It's kind of unfair in a way that we are the only ones who have to be there. We get to feeling somebody else ought to have to see it too. It's just too sickening, and after so many months of it you become very cynical. You come here and listen to these governors talk about everything but *the* subject. You wish all of them had been forced to go to the funerals the way you were. Then maybe they'd at least have civil rights on the agenda.”

#### SPEECHES

The 1966 Governors' Conference at Kentucky Dam Village, Gilbertville, in western Kentucky, September 17 to 21, was six months in the planning. Many of the speeches were written six months before the conference and mimeographed at that time.

All speeches, including “Introductions,” “Remarks,” “Comments,” “Reports,” “Discussions,” “Keynote Addresses,” “Guest Speeches,” “After Dinner Speeches,” “Panel Discussions,” and “In-

vocations,” are mimeographed ahead of time and handed out to members of the press.

The Conference Staff (Gold Ribbon) guarantees no extemporaneous speeches or comments by any governor, guest, or official personage at any scheduled meeting in the Convention Center. Everything is canned, rigged, planned, and provided for, so help us.

#### IRONY

Even as the Southern governors conferred in Kentucky the 1966 Civil Rights Act was being talked to death in the U.S. Senate. Hardly a Southern governor interviewed failed to call for a strong law to prevent riots and violence and “fire bumblings.” A section of the 1966 Act that would have made the use of interstate travel or interstate facilities to foment riot or other violent civil disobedience a federal crime punishable by fine and imprisonment was destined to be shelved along with the rest of the bill. The House had adopted the anti-street-riots amendment by a vote of 389 to 25 on August 8.

#### McNAIR'S MANIFESTO

South Carolina Governor McNair's original resolution against HEW's guidelines has teeth, tone, claws, guts, and fortitude. It is everything George Wallace could ask. It reads like a cross between a war whoop and a rebel yell — about 500 words full of pith and vinegar. For example:

WHEREAS the U.S. Office of Education has, in a number of cases, followed a practice of “deferring” applications for assistance under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act in lieu of issuing approvals or rejections of the compliance status of school districts . . .

WHEREAS many members of investigating teams sent into states and school districts to determine school compliance have shown little comprehension of local educational needs and problems, have demonstrated an obvious lack of experience in dealing with school district officials, and have harassed many of these officials . . .

“. . . that the members of the Southern Governors' Conference do . . . express our disapproval to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and the Commissioner of the U.S. Office of Education of a policy which seeks to determine compliance with the Law by assuming guilt until proof of innocence in direct contradiction to the system of jurisprudence embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Conference, by copy of this Resolution, call upon the President of the United States . . . to cease and desist from this kind of harassment and intimidation . . . in the absence of substantiated evidence . . . and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the . . . Conference . . . call upon the Judiciary Committee of the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives to conduct a full investigation of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the U.S. Office of Education. . . ."

What was passed by the governors as Resolution 7 on Wednesday, September 21, at the last session of the 1966 Conference was a 174-word shadow of McNair's raw head and bloody bones complaint. What was finally passed has the ring of a damp soda cracker.

In the place of McNair's 500-word manifesto the governors resolve, in four paragraphs, that the guidelines policies statement "goes beyond certain provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964; and . . . administrative practices implementing these policies are inconsistent with the best interests of quality education. . . ." Be it resolved that "those in authority are urged to take immediate steps to require that the Statement of Policies for School Desegregation not exceed the intent of Congress . . . and . . . that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the President of the United States, Attorney General of the United States . . ." et cetera, et cetera.

No sign of McNair's specific charges and no call for an investigation of any sort. The final resolution was worded so as not to embarrass the border state governors, especially Kentucky's Edward T. Breathitt and Missouri's Warren E. Hearnes.

The strange rules under which the Southern governors operate require a unanimous vote for the passage of a resolution. Hearnes, a terse, lean forty-two-year-old lawyer who is also a West Point graduate, and Breathitt, a blond youth of forty-one who looks like a twenty-six-year-old law student, both abstained.

Hearnes rendered a complicated explanation of his reasons for not voting, the main one being that unanimity of those voting was a requirement. Although Missouri had no guidelines problem, he would not stand in the way of the wish of the majority. Breathitt sat still and said nothing.

The resolution passed.

#### FANTASIES

One may well ask whether or not the border state governors share the fantasies of the Deep Southerners. Do the border states also dream of empire? Do they see George Wallace as President, General Walker as Secretary of Defense, Lester Maddox as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Orval Faubus as Secretary of State?

Probably not, but they are not men given to raising their voices in protest. The Southern Gov-

ernors' Conference is built on mutual respect and admiration for the other fellow's dream, and it matters not how wild and nightmarish that dream might be.

Again, the Southerner, like all governors, has political savvy enough to know that the winds of change blow nowhere else so strong and so freakish as in politics.

The border states have only to look at Maryland to witness the power of *the* issue. Only Oklahoma's Governor Henry Bellmon was willing to say he didn't believe Wallace could be a serious presidential candidate. And he may have been speaking as a Republican — the lone Republican in the ranks of Seventeen Southern Samurai.

#### SANDERS OF GEORGIA

Sharp-nosed, lantern-jawed, soft-spoken, and popular with his fellow governors, Carl Sanders serves as chairman of the Southern Regional Education Board and the Committee on Freight Rates.

He was host to the Southern Governors' Conference last year when it met at Sea Island, Georgia. Last year, however, moderation and acceptance of civil rights seemingly held the upper hand in the South. So much so that the tidings that rang forth from Sea Island tolled a message of glad optimism. "Dixie has the problem licked! The South will cure her racial ills long before other sections of the United States." The press even fell for it.

Governor Carl Sanders had been privileged to bask in that peaceful sunshine. He must have expected even better news this year, for besides himself he brought an entourage of thirty-two persons from Georgia, the largest delegation at the Kentucky conference. When I saw him, his hopes for the victory of racial moderation in Georgia were already muted. A few days after the Kentucky conference closed, Lester G. Maddox would win the Democratic nomination for governor of Georgia over his moderate opponent, Ellis Arnall.

Two years ago, Lester G. Maddox was the shrill white supremacist Atlanta restaurateur who armed Klansmen with ax handles to keep Negroes out of his café. Back then Maddox flashed a pistol and mumbled disjointed threats. Rather than serve black customers he closed his place of business. Two years ago the South wrote him off for another racial kook, a Johnny One-Note destined to sing hate songs for the most violent of the radical right-wing segs — two years ago. This year Lester G. Maddox clobbered Ellis Arnall by a margin of 70,000 votes in the primary and tore Georgia's Democratic organization to pieces — over *the* issue.

The issue Carl E. Sanders and his fellow governors didn't even bother to put on the conference



program. The issue that nominated Mahoney in Maryland and Jim Johnson in Arkansas. The issue that made Lurleen Wallace the governess-elect of Alabama.

They said it couldn't happen in Georgia.

#### LURLEEN WALLACE

An edge of soft reverence crept into the little man's voice when he said:

"Well, if my wife is elected governor of the state of Alabama, which she will be in November — in my best judgment she will be — then we're going to look forward to and consider 1968."

Perhaps justifiably, Mrs. Lurleen Wallace is shy about talking to the press. Entering the State Dinner Tuesday night, she wore a gown with a low back revealing smooth suntanned skin. She has attractive shadows under her eyes. Her voice is low and well modulated. Like her husband, she has a plainclothesman for a bodyguard.

The Wallace "appeal" was most noticeable among the many Kentucky national guardsmen and highway patrolmen. A goodly number of these wore Wallace buttons on their uniforms. A guardsman first lieutenant was overheard telling his men, "If you don't take off those goddamned buttons, you gonna get us all killed."

The lieutenant referred to the electrical aura of danger which accompanies the Alabama governor and his wife wherever they go. George Wallace seems like a man with enemies. Opposition to him in the East is especially militant. Wallace enjoys talking about it. Discussing his plans:

"I expect to travel some. I been invited numerous places in the country. I haven't been able to get out lately. Course every time I get out, it takes a lotta police, you know, to get me in and out of where free speech is — uh — [*laughter*]. You know people are always talking about freedom of speech, and all these citadels of liberalism that I attend and visit where everybody's supposed to be able to speak they piece? It takes about a thousand policemen to get me in to speak *my* piece. But when some of these folks who have the opposite viewpoint of Alabamians come down to Alabama, they are treated with respect, at least.

"I can remember when Senator Kennedy came to Alabama, it didn't take a single policeman in or out the buildin'.

"When I went to Massachusetts, took five hundred policemen to get me in Harvard and I had to go out underground, and it took twenty-two hundred policemen to get me in the buildin' in New York. So if it's enough police force over the country I may go speak some. May carry my own

— m-m-may carry my own police force w'me — and I gotta big un too!"

Reporter: "Do you think the federal government ought to withdraw some of the money it's spending in Huntsville, Alabama?"

Visibly affronted and angered, Wallace seemed to swell. He puffed out his chest and angled his dark chin line in the reporter's direction as he replied:

"Well, of course what you're trying to say is that if you don't — er — if you take any federal money which is *taxpayers' money*! And the members of the press ought to emphasize that. IT'S TAXPAYERS' MONEY! It's not federal money. It's not state money. It's not county money. It comes from the pockets of the taxpayers. And just because some area of government puts some money into a location gives them no right then to tell ya who you kin sell-ya house to, or tell ya who you kin employ.

"So, ah, when you are sayin' that if you accept money, uh, in Alabama, which is yore money too — uh — that then you should subject yourself to every whim and caprice and regimentation, then that's — ah, poor government!"

#### HYPOCRISY

The young newspaper reporters are right. It is unthinkable that a seventeen-state region with so many responsibilities and problems relating to race would not have anything pertaining to civil rights on the conference agenda formulated by its state governors. Yet such is the case, and it may always be thus, for this is as good a definition of the Southern mind as I know.

"The issue" certainly isn't hidden. No more than the whiskey being drunk in this dry county, against this dry county's law, is hidden. The racial issue as a subject dominates every private conversation. It takes over every press conference.

As a result, news coverage of the positive values of the conference is scanty. Little notice is given the South's substantial progress in many programs — industry, agriculture, highways, communications, plans for using nuclear energy. The governors complain about the situation, but they are unable to face "the issue" out in the open.

They leave "the issue" in the hands of a Faubus or a Wallace. They resort to the most bland and open hypocrisy. They deny that there is any such problem in the South.

"So long as we are careful not to recognize its existence or its reality, this problem will go away and return to bother us no more." This is what the Southern governors seem to be saying.

# THE SEVERAL BLESSINGS OF TA-NIEN WANG

*A Story by Hua-ling Nieh*

*Hua-ling Nieh was ten years old when her father was killed by the Chinese Communists. She disguised herself and fled from Peking to Canton and then to Taiwan, where she lived for fifteen years before coming to the United States. She has published several books in Chinese and English, but this is her first published work in the United States.*

HAVING served three “emperors” — his own name for his principals — the teacher Ta-nien became privileged to occupy, with his wife and children, one of three small rows of houses behind the school. They had lived in a single room as cramped as a chicken coop. Now they had both a kitchen, and a bedroom containing two double beds made of bamboo, a table and two rattan chairs with legs bound with wire, a desk long unpainted, and a bookshelf, built by Ta-nien himself, out of wooden crates.

Taped to the wall mirror a schedule dangled loosely: one of the tapes had come unstuck. Every morning Ta-nien stood with his head cocked, studying his directions to himself for the day’s work, his teeth clenched with determination. Yet the tape stayed unstuck and every day hung more loosely.

## SCHEDULE OF TA-NIEN

### *Morning*

6:30 A.M. I do fifty push-ups. I do deep breathing.  
7:00 A.M. I listen to English lessons on the radio with English-Chinese dictionary.  
7:30 A.M. I read *Speeches of Chiang Kai-shek*.

### *Evening*

8:00 P.M. I read *Speeches of Richard Nixon*.  
10:00 P.M. I listen to English lessons on the radio with Chinese-English dictionary.  
11:00 P.M. I do fifty push-ups before going to bed.

To the unexpected fortune of these rooms Ta-nien’s emperor quickly added two blessings — a bonus and a certificate of merit “for outstanding service”:

*This is to certify to the outstanding service rendered the First High School, Taipei, Taiwan, during the period from September, 1964 to August, 1965 . . .*

“Wen-chin!” Ta-nien cried triumphantly, bearing in his hand the certificate he’d already read aloud to his wife a dozen times, “Wen-chin! Our luck has turned at last! Who knows what fresh fortune awaits tomorrow? Let’s invite the Literary Man to a feed!”

His four-year-old son, Little Oak, wearing a G.I. cap, began goosestepping proudly for no reason except his contentment in seeing his father victorious.

In the house below the palms the windows were steaming. Odors of urine, mild and strong soap that babies give off, mixed with the scent of frying pork, the smoke from Ta-nien’s pipe, and of tea brewing.

These odors swirled between ceiling and floor, trying to find some means of escape, while beyond the window the rain, furious then fitful, tried to find some way of getting inside.

“Hao!” said Ta-nien, attempting to cheer up his

old friend, "Why so forlorn? Good times are with us once more! Why, the way things are booming here and the way they're going to hell in a handcar over *there*, we'll be back on the mainland by this time next year!"

The Literary Man shook his head almost imperceptibly: all his movements were nearly imperceptible. The meaninglessness of years in the routine of a small provincial school had left his face meaningless: a face of no particular shape, a voice that had lost its inflection, and a smile that apologized to everyone all day long.

"We can never get those good years back," the Literary Man murmured, half to himself, yet casting a dulled look at Wen-chin. One of his hopes had long been to invite Ta-nien and Wen-chin to his own home for Peking Duck. Every week while dining here, this hope had returned. Yet even now as he was about to say the words, he saw, in raising his wine cup, how frayed his sleeves had become. So all he said was, "To *you*, Wen-chin."

And as he drank, his eyes still upon her, he saw how time had marred this woman: he remembered her face flawless as the moon on a night when the sky is clear. Now crow's-feet had frayed her eyes as time had frayed his sleeves; and her belly was swollen again.

HE REMEMBERED her walking a bridge between two clusters of willows. One cluster was bright in the morning; the other bright by evening. She had worn a vermilion sweater and a white silk scarf, walking toward him and twirling a twig. They had walked together down Lovebird Road.

"Stop staring at my wife, Hao," Ta-nien teased his friend good-naturedly, "You had your chance and missed it."

"I never deserved her," the Literary Man acknowledged; "the better man won."

Although Wen-chin was perpetually angry at her husband, she never felt irritated by him; and although the Literary Man never angered her, everything he did irritated her.

"I can't say that between you two, I had a wide choice," she said.

"I'm eating you out of house and home," Hao apologized as he apologized every Sunday.

"There is always a place for you here, Hao," Ta-nien reassured him as he reassured him every Sunday. "Now — I wish to speak seriously: I have a plan which will make us both independent!"

The Literary Man wiped his chin and stopped eating out of respect for his host.

"But it is strictly *confidential*," Ta-nien warned his friend.

"What else?" Wen-chin put in quickly. "Wasn't the prep school *confidential*? Wasn't the chain of

correspondence courses *confidential*? Wasn't the plan for a farm *confidential*? Perhaps this time you'd better advertise."

Ta-nien ignored his wife with practiced deliberation. His belly resting upon his crossed legs, he sat in the rattan chair confidently.

"This time we have to be resolute," he declared.

"*Very* resolute," the Literary Man agreed immediately without the faintest notion of his part in the newest plan. "I'm ready for The Plan," he assured Ta-nien.

"*Breed fish!*" Ta-nien gave his idea to the waiting world.

"*Breed fish?*" the literary Man echoed, as though it had just now occurred to him that fish reproduced.

"Fish?" Wen-chin cut in. "Are all fish the same? *What* fish? Eels? Salmon? Mackerel? Carp? *What* fish?"

"Why?" — Ta-nien grinned sheepishly; it had apparently not occurred to him that there was more than one kind — "why, *carp*, of course," he added quickly.

"The ducks will finish off the eggs," Wen-chin decided; "hoodlums will electrify the pond to kill off what the ducks won't get. The rest will die for lack of fresh water. Your fish will starve. So will your family."

"Now for the second step," Ta-nien went on, as if his wife hadn't said a word.

"What was the first?" she demanded.

"*First*, we *clean* out the pond. *Second*, we fertilize it. *Third*, we *put* in the eggs. And, finally — Hao here guards our investment day and night protecting us from ducks, vandals, and all disasters."

The Literary Man gave a start, paled, and recovered.

"I would have to leave the school," he reminded Ta-nien; "if it didn't work, I'd be jobless. You're asking me to take a great risk, Ta-nien."

"What? Are you going to go about with frayed sleeves *all* your life?"

"But, Ta-nien, I don't know *how* to breed fish," the Literary Man pleaded weakly.

"It's an age of specialization, old friend," Ta-nien assured him firmly. "Breeding of the fish will be *my* responsibility. Guarding them will be yours. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. OK?"

Behind her husband's back Wen-chin shook her head, slowly, sadly, yet warningly, at the Literary Man.

"I'll have to have a week to think it over," the Literary Man told Ta-nien.

"One week — but no more. We're now operating on a tight schedule, Hao," Ta-nien said. "A week is all we can let you have."

The Literary Man wondered who the "we"



could be, but did not press the question for fear of embarrassing Ta-nien.

"Carp costs about seven cents each," Ta-nien went on. "Twenty thousand carp sell for about nineteen each in the market. But we'll sell wholesale at about ten each. Now, tell me, Hao, how many cents shall we take in by selling twenty thousand carp?"

The Literary Man blinked his eyes with the effort of calculation. "*Two hundred thousand?*"

"*Two hundred thousand* exactly!" Ta-nien slapped him on the shoulder in their common triumph.

"How will you get the fish to the market?" Wen-chin asked.

Ta-nien poured wine into his own cup and then held the bottle. "*One problem at a time, Madame.*"

"I would do it," the Literary Man volunteered. "But if we failed, I'd be jobless!"

"When Daddy gets money I want a whole sack of chewing gum," Little Oak said.

"And a dancing monkey as well," Wen-chin said. "You can count on your daddy. 'I do fifty push-ups,' " she mimicked him, " 'I read *Speeches of Richard Nixon.*' "

"Shut the window, woman!" Ta-nien demanded.

"It is not open!" Wen-chin told him.

"Ta-nien." The Literary Man made him sit down in the creaking rattan chair and patted him on the shoulder. "Don't shout at her. You're a lucky dog. A pretty wife, two lovely kids."

A whimpering came from the bed. Wen-chin dropped her chopsticks and rushed to the baby. "The little devil! Wet your diaper on such an occasion!"

"She has no appreciation of me," Ta-nien complained to the Literary Man.

"He means he cares for nobody but himself," Wen-chin said.

"If only the world could be more like you," the Literary Man said as if he really meant it.

"Little Oak!" Ta-nien was encouraged to shout, "One! Two! Three! Four! One! Two! Three! Four!"

The child slipped off the chair. Twisting his head to the right, straightening his shoulders and holding his neck stiff, he began goosestepping past Ta-nien.

"He's reviewing his troops," Wen-chin told the Literary Man, sitting on the bed as she fed the baby.

The Literary Man could not refrain from laughing and coughed out the piece of pork rump he had just put in his mouth. Ta-nien, however, said abruptly: "Hao, I was thinking of our school days back on the mainland. You were really quite active."

"He *was* a poet," Wen-chin remembered.

"I knew a little about everything, but now can't claim to be expert in anything," the Literary Man admitted.

"I didn't like your dandified ways," Ta-nien recalled.

"I felt you were arrogant," the Literary Man remembered.

"Mama," Little Oak said, "I'm going outside. If Daddy and Uncle come to blows, call me."

"I had a right to be arrogant," Ta-nien said certainly. "Three girls chased me at one time. One was the daughter of a high-ranking official. She used to wait for me at the corner of Lovebird Road."

"How could you know she was waiting for you if you didn't cast a glance at her?" Wen-chin asked. "Turn off the gas!"

"Ho! Look at her. She's jealous. Back then, I tell you, if I'd only given a hint, huh!" Ta-nien stopped and nodded his head vigorously.

"Little Oak, here's a piece of pig ribs for you!" Wen-chin called to the child.

He rushed in, grabbed it, took a bite, and put it down again. "Mama — too cold."

Wen-chin flung it into Ta-nien's bowl.

Ta-nien shook his head, putting on the look of an injured husband. "You see, in my wife's eye, I've become a bear in the zoo and she's the trainer."

Little Oak clapped his hands with delight and shouted: "Daddy's a bear in the zoo! Daddy's a bear in the zoo!"

Ta-nien bellowed with laughter at his own joke. Then he leaned back, and the chair collapsed with a snap. His wife, his son, and his guest rushed to the rescue. Aroused from sleep, the baby began to cry. Ta-nien struggled strenuously to stand up, but to no avail. Finally the Literary Man got his arms under his shoulders and raised him to his feet.

"Thank you, thank you," Ta-nien said, debating between anger and smile. Then he kicked at the ruins of the chair. "Damn it! Throw it out — I don't want to have another look at it!"

"I'd like to treat you to Peking Duck next weekend," the Literary Man announced suddenly.

"No, Hao," Wen-chin said, holding her crying baby and patting it on the back. "Save your money and buy yourself a new suit."

"You think so little of me! I, Chen Hao . . ." He approached Wen-chin with his forefinger pointing at his own nose. "I'm not a colt, am I? All these years, and nothing to show for it! But I've learned how to get an advance of a month's salary!"

"Ai-yah," Ta-nien complained, "I'm getting old. Just falling off a chair has given me an ache in the back." Ta-nien sat on the edge of the bed, tapping himself above the hips with his fist.

"What difference does it make!" The Literary Man waved his hand gallantly. "Here's wine, let's sing; for life's short, like the morning dew."

The rain had almost but not quite stopped when the Literary Man took his leave. Ta-nien and his wife saw him to the door. Under the dim streetlights

the couple watched him walk to the turn in the lane.  
"Hao!" Wen-chin called after him.

The Literary Man turned and stood waiting with his hand cocked to his ear.

"Don't let the ducks eat the fish's food!" Wen-chin shouted into the wind — and she hurried back into the house and slammed the door hard behind her.

For a long moment the two men stood looking at one another, too far apart to explain life to one another any longer. The wind in the coco palms

above them whispered a warning, but neither seemed to catch its meaning. Finally the Literary Man turned off down the narrowing road. Ta-nien watched him out of sight.

The wind that once had blown through the bright willows now rose in the coco palms, chilling and cold. Between them Ta-nien saw the first lamps of evening coming on.

And turning into his own house, Ta-nien pretended to feel afraid of nothing in the whole wide windy world.

## PARTITION

by W. H. AUDEN

Unbiased at least he was when he arrived on his mission,  
Having never set eyes on this land he was called to partition.

"Time," he was briefed in London, "is short. It's too late  
For compromises, concessions, rational debate;  
There isn't a chance of peace through negotiation:  
The only hope now lies in regional segregation.  
We cannot help. What with one thing and another,  
The Viceroy feels you shouldn't see much of each other.  
Four judges, representing the parties interested,  
Will advise, but in you alone is authority invested."

Shut up in an ugly mansion, with police night and day  
Patrolling the garden to keep assassins away,  
He got down to his job, to settling the political fate  
Of millions. The available maps were all out of date,  
The census returns almost certainly incorrect,  
But there was no time to revise them, no time to inspect  
Contested areas himself. It was frightfully hot,  
And a bout of dysentery kept him constantly on the trot,  
But in seven weeks he had carried out his orders,  
Defined, for better or worse, their future borders.

The next day he sailed for England, where he quickly forgot  
The case as a lawyer must: return he would not,  
Afraid, as he told his club, that he might be shot.

# THE LOS ANGELES POLICE



## *A Critique by Paul Jacobs*

*Despite its wide and justified reputation for controlling conventional crime, the Los Angeles Police Department has been slow in drawing lessons from the 1965 disturbances. The department's narrow definition of effective police work must be broadened considerably if future racial outbreaks are to be avoided. Paul Jacobs is the author of numerous books and articles on social issues and is on the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara.*

Few other police departments in the country are as well known as the LAPD. Jack Webb made it famous for TV viewers in *Dragnet*, and the popular image of the L.A. policeman as Webb portrayed him was continued by all the imitators of *Dragnet*. Indeed, no greater contrast in TV images of police departments could be found than in the short-lived comedy about police work *Car 54, Where Are You?*, which portrayed the New York City police officers as bumbling good-natured fools who survive only through luck, while the slender, athletic, clean-cut, and intelligent men of the efficient LAPD fight crime with all the tools of modern science.

The familiar figure of the policeman selling tickets to the policeman's ball is unknown in Los Angeles, where the police are prohibited from soliciting financial assistance for any cause, and where the department's monthly magazine accepts no ads. The structure of the LAPD as it is now, with its emphasis on impersonality and efficiency, grew, partially, from a reaction against the kind of department which had existed before the late William Parker became chief.

In the pre-Parker period, the way in which the police exercised their discretionary power was either haphazard or susceptible to a variety of influences. Then a citizen didn't know why he was being

arrested, or whether or not his arrest could be prevented by either the use of a bribe or of influence. The relationships between some of the police and some of the criminals in Los Angeles were so close that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. Today, most Los Angelenos know that they cannot bribe one of the "vigilantes," as the motorcycle policemen are known inside the department, out of giving them a ticket for speeding on the freeway; and they know, too, that graft in its other usual forms is virtually nonexistent inside the LAPD. In his fifteen-year tenure as Chief of the LAPD, Parker converted it into an efficient, technologically advanced, and incorruptible operation, a model emulated by other police departments and police chiefs across the nation.

But despite the LAPD's incorruptibility, despite its efficiency, despite all the latest advances in technology it uses, despite its own powerful internal loyalty, despite the bravery of its officers, despite its tradition of service, it has been incapable of dealing with the major problems of police work growing from racial and economic tensions: the "fundamental" approach to police work, articulated by the LAPD's former chief, is useless in these explosive areas. Indeed, it is clear that while Parker was alive, the LAPD was itself a major cause for the racial unrest that finally erupted in August,



1965. His death and the naming of an acting chief who does not seem to share Parker's views have already resulted in some easing of the tension between the police and the minority groups.

Yet, the philosophy of Chief Parker in running the department was shared enthusiastically by the majority of people in Los Angeles. Both regarded the basic role of the police to be the protection of life and property and the preservation of order through the active repression of crime, the apprehension of criminals, and their speedy conviction. Parker's main contention, shared by many other police officers, was that crime would be reduced if all offenders were rapidly brought to justice, and made an example of, so that other would-be criminals would think twice because they would be certain to be caught. His was essentially a Calvinistic view of human behavior: "If you want to think the human being will respond to kindness, you are just living in a fool's paradise," he said on one occasion. Only tough, ruthless police work would stem the tides of evil. If a policeman had to resort to violence in apprehending a petty thief, that was part of his legitimate function. In Parker's view America was becoming too softhearted about criminals: "As long as the populace fails to realize the necessity of order through self-discipline . . . the police can only function in a stop-gap capacity as the depredations of the criminal element act to disintegrate the social order."

Along with the majority of Los Angelenos, Parker had small regard for concepts of crime prevention through positive social action, or for the preservation of human rights that sometimes interfere with the efficient apprehension of criminals. These notions were frills, expensive luxuries, which society could not afford if anarchy were to be avoided. Policemen were policemen, and social workers social workers; the two performed different and totally unrelated functions. Parker's only concern with minority groups was with the high crime rates in ghetto areas: "The main source of crime in Los Angeles just happens to be in the areas populated heavily by Negroes, and Negroes just happen to be figuring in most of the city's crime," he pointed out. "This comes from the record." His job, and his only job, was to crack down on that crime with repressive police work.

**P**ARKER's definition of the duty of the department is still reflected in the behavior of the officers on the force. The L.A. police drive into Negro or Mexican neighborhoods as if they were in occupied territory, in which almost everybody in the population is likely to be either a criminal or willing to protect criminals from arrest. This strained view

is reinforced by the technical conditions under which the patrol force operates. The city is so huge and sprawling that almost all patrol work is done by officers in cars rather than by men walking beats. In smaller cities, or even in a large city like New York, where the physical community is a vertical one, the walking patrol officers have some opportunity to learn about the community. They see the decent people in it as well as the criminal elements, and they develop connections with the neighborhood which allow them to act as preventers of crime as well as apprehenders of criminals.

But this can't be done very easily from inside a patrol car. Sitting in their cars, surrounded by their shotguns and riot equipment, the Los Angeles police officers learn about the community primarily through the radio calls that come from the dispatcher, and these calls are always related to the occurrence of crime. The dispatcher never tells them to stop by and congratulate Mrs. Johnson because her son has just won a scholarship to college; the police don't even know Mrs. Johnson exists, and the only time they see her is when her next-door neighbor gets drunk and beats up his wife. Then, Mrs. Johnson is just another black face peering at them from the outskirts of a crowd. When, for example, the tense Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto of New York was saturated with police in the summer of 1966, the officers were out in the neighborhoods, always on foot, not in cars. And when they had to use cars, the sirens were silent so that the whole area was not brought into turmoil by the screaming noise.

A veteran officer who served for many years in the LAPD juvenile division believes he was able to do his work better before "efficiency" became the most important value in the department. Then, he could establish some kind of relationship with a juvenile, spend some time getting to know the family background and the problems the juvenile was facing. Today, he says bitterly, juvenile officers do little more than process arrests, and have no time for the slow effort required to develop the kind of personal relationships with young people that will keep them from becoming adult criminals.

To this view, a Negro lady in Watts adds,

The police is brainwashed that every colored person is a criminal. In the old days, the police were better. They were on the beat, and the parents cooperated with the police. The police would come to the house and talk to the kids if they did something bad. Now they just talk to you on the phone, and the kids hate them and they got no respect for them. The police used to have band groups and boy and girl clubs, but they stopped all that. Now they just give out tickets and arrest you. That's one of the reasons we had the trouble here.

Another example of the LAPD's misguided emphasis on "fundamental" police work during the Parker period could be seen in the training program the department administered to new recruits. Learning "how to do it" took 529 hours of instruction given to the recruits in twelve weeks. The curriculum reflected accurately what was considered important in the LAPD. Only two of the 529 hours of instruction were given to race and human relations, whereas 75 hours were spent on criminal investigation procedure, 57 on the care and use of firearms, 66 on physical conditioning and control tactics, and 99 on patrol procedures. Currently, the training program is being revised, with more stress placed on human relations.

Despite the changes that are occurring, the real education of a Los Angeles police officer begins after he leaves the Academy and is assigned to a division. There, separated from the other recruits with whom he went through training, he learns a different set of standards and discovers what it's like to be a working cop. The few hours of formal instruction the new officer receives after graduation from the Academy are likely to be perfunctory. Typically, one watch commander in a division located in a ghetto began one such instruction period by reading three pages from a new manual and then saying to his men, "Those bookworms uptown are bending over backwards to coddle these people. You men know how to do police work. Go out and do your job the way you have to."

The underlying values of the LAPD are learned in the locker rooms, over cups of coffee, at gatherings of the department's social clubs, at the parties where very few outsiders are invited, and inside the police cars. Although sixty-seven hours are devoted to "Citation Issuance" at the Academy, and two to the department's traffic-enforcement policies, once on the job and assigned to traffic enforcement, the rookie discovers that "a greenie a day keeps the sergeant away." (A "greenie" is a policeman's duplicate copy of a traffic ticket.) So, he begins to exercise the discretionary powers he possesses; that is, to give or not to give traffic tickets, not only when a clear offense has been committed, but also in marginal situations — a broken taillight, for example — when he responds to his own need to produce citations, the product by which the LAPD judges the officers assigned to traffic-enforcement work.

Ordinarily, the motorist thinks of the occasional "fast ticket" he gets as one of the hazards of driving. At most, the ticket is a minor nuisance, and the money he must pay is likely to put only a temporary dent in his purse. But under precisely the same circumstances, a poor person, particularly a poor

Negro, suffers considerably more. Indeed, if he cannot easily pay the fine, he may ignore the ticket and eventually end up with a warrant out for his arrest. In addition, if the poor person is a Negro already resentful of the police, he may attribute getting the ticket to police prejudice against Negroes. And if his resentment about getting a ticket instead of a warning for a marginal offense like a flickering taillight spills out in his response to a "badge-heavy" officer, he may get arrested for failing to pass the "attitude test," the police euphemism for showing disrespect for them.

At an even more potentially dangerous level, the new police officer assigned to patrol duty discovers that similar pressures for arrests are exerted upon him. In addition, although patrol work, according to the LAPD, "is the traditional and basic police task," the officer soon discovers that being on patrol duty does not have high status inside the department. Even while he's on the job, the patrolman has second-class status. If a patrol officer is called to the scene of a crime, he makes the preliminary investigation, interviews the victims and witnesses, and if it is possible to do so, arrests the criminals. But if any of these actions presents difficulties, detectives in plainclothes are dispatched to the scene to take over from the uniformed officers. And if patrolmen need any further reminder of their inferior status, they get it when they see that the punishment meted out to a detective who has performed badly is relegation back to uniformed patrol duty.

One way of raising his status in the department is for the patrolman to demonstrate to his superiors how zealous he is as an officer. "How many shakes did you get tonight?" is a question the patrol officer very quickly learns to anticipate hearing on his return to his divisional headquarters, and to ward off having to give an unsatisfactory answer, he makes certain that he always makes the recognized informal quota for the area, based on the anticipated amount of crime in that area.

The pressure that the patrol officer is under to make field interrogations or misdemeanor arrests acts as another one of the elements to build up the self-fulfilling prophecy that the Negro community produces more crime than other areas of the city. Tragically, too, neither the police nor the Los Angeles community at large seems to understand the real consequences of misdemeanor arrests for members of minority groups. For Negroes and Mexicans in Los Angeles, a single misdemeanor arrest, even though no conviction follows it, may be a bar to civil service employment, a terrible handicap to private employment, and a franchise for future arrests: the single most important determinant for the Los Angeles police officer who is uncertain about making a misdemeanor arrest is

whether or not the person involved has been arrested before. And the fact that the prior arrest may have been made, as it often is, only because the person failed to be respectful enough to satisfy the arresting police officer is of little consequence.

Too often also, the doubtful misdemeanor arrest is made on the incorrect assumption that the adversary system will give the prisoner an adequate opportunity to defend his innocence in court. But in fact, the poor Negro or the poor Mexican has very little real opportunity to defend himself; he cannot afford proper representation, and the public defender system does not provide it either. If he cannot afford to make bail, he loses time from his job and must explain to his employer that the reason he didn't show up for work was that he was arrested. If he loses his job because he was arrested, the only alternative open to him may be to become a criminal.

**B**ECAUSE of the high crime rate in the Negro ghettos, field interrogations there create the feeling that the police are brutal to the minority groups. Only a thin line separates an interrogation from an arrest, and the sight of a man being searched while he is stretched across the hood of a car or standing face to the wall with his arms overhead is enough to convince any passerby that the police are mistreating a prisoner. In fact, the man may be released later by the police without having suffered any physical harm, but the damage has been done in the community: the people believe they have witnessed police brutality.

The extraordinarily high number of drunk arrests, not to be confused with drunken driving offenses, made by the Los Angeles police — more than 72,000 in 1964 and nearly 69,000 in 1965 — also acts to reinforce the impression that the police are brutal: in the past, 60 percent of the arrests outside skid row have been made in the ghetto areas, and since it is often difficult to get the intoxicated persons into custody without using a certain amount of physical force, these arrests always represent potential triggers for racial outbreaks and reinforce the community's view of police brutality.

The tensions generated in the ghettos by over-zealous police work are aggravated by occasional instances of brutality, especially since the police have been exempted from either moral sanctions or legal punishment when they do use unnecessary violence, including killing in situations where it is not required. Although it is true that there is much less physical brutality today than in the pre-Parker period, when, according to one inspector, the walls of the interrogation room were often splattered with blood, in its place, patterns of

psychological brutality have emerged which the police don't understand very well themselves.

Every member of the LAPD may be instructed to say "Sir" to a man being stopped for a traffic violation, but the way in which the "Sir" is pronounced can be either an insult or a courteous greeting. And a police officer's real attitudes are formed not only by what he brings with him, as a white man, but by what happens to him in the department. It was possible, until recently, for an officer to stand inspection in a room where the bulletin board had a picture of Eleanor Roosevelt with the phrase "nigger lover" scrawled on it. A Los Angeles policeman can, today, still hear his superiors refer to the white inspector who heads the community relations division as "our nigger inspector"; his wife still can attend a meeting of an all-white police wives' social club — a holdover from the pre-1961 segregation of the force. So, even though it is unlikely any longer that an officer will call a little boy over to his car by shouting, "Hey nigger baby, come over here," he still thinks of the kid as a "nigger baby," speaks of him that way to his fellow officers, and treats the kid that way.

When the occasional instance of actual physical brutality is added to such verbal brutality, a body of support begins to grow for the charge of "police brutality" leveled against the men of the force, and the frustration over such incidents is aggravated by the absence of any avenue of complaint, other than the LAPD itself, through which citizens can air their grievances. The LAPD has long resisted the notion of a civilian review board, insisting that it alone has the right to set the standards by which its members will be judged. It is the lawyers who judge other lawyers, the doctors who set the standards for excellence in the practice of medicine; therefore, according to the LAPD, only the police should have the right to judge the behavior of the police. But what this argument fails to take into account is that the discretionary authority of the police extends far beyond that of any other group; and the ability of the police to manipulate situations to justify their correctness extends into levels not open to any other group in society.

Quite apart from the attitude often expressed by the minority groups that complaining about an officer does no good and invites harassment, the record of the LAPD in the disposition of complaints is revealing. Of 121 complaints over the excessive use of force in 1964 only 21 were sustained. And equally significant is the fact that of the officers who were removed from the force or resigned to escape disciplinary action, not one was charged with the excessive use of force. Any officer found guilty of that charge received a lesser penalty.



The resignation in lieu of disciplinary action is a characteristic device by which an institution seeks to protect itself from internal corrosion of its standards while still preserving an outward appearance of purity. The department's rationale for allowing officers to resign, without prosecution, even though they may have broken the law, is that the department doesn't necessarily have enough evidence on the man to warrant criminal prosecution, or that the evidence it does have is gathered by hearsay, a polygraph test, or wiretaps, which cannot be used in court. But the effect of the department's attempt to keep quiet its own internal problems is that it provides a sanctuary for those of its officers who are guilty of serious enough offenses to warrant the most severe penalty the department can mete out—removal from the force. Such officers, who would be subject to harsh sentences in a civilian court, go relatively unpunished.

In August, 1964, for example, a white police officer, Richard Price, who was chasing a suspect prostitute, shot a Negro man, Earl Adams, in the back. Price and his partner, Officer Daniel M. Samaniego, then arrested the injured man on a charge of assault with intent to murder, a charge based on their claim that they found a knife on Adams. But, as it was discovered later, the knife was Samaniego's and had been planted beneath Adams after he was shot.

What happened to the two police officers? They were convicted only of falsifying an official report, for which they received suspended sentences. Price, who had shot Adams, was pressured into resigning from the department, but Samaniego, whose knife was used to justify the false arrest, refused to give in to the pressure put on him to resign. So, instead, he was given a 180-day suspension from the force and is still on active duty with the LAPD.

SINCE the brunt of the police misconduct has fallen on the minority groups, they have been quickest to call for measures such as civilian review boards which would give them at least a small amount of leverage in curbing the injustices that occur under the present system. These efforts have brought down the wrath of the department on civil rights groups. In 1964 the department's annual report stated that

the detractors of law enforcement stepped up their pervading accusations of police misconduct and pleas for an independent review of police practices in an attempt to create an atmosphere of apprehension, predicting that the streets of this city would also become an arena in which the issues of the civil rights movement would be settled.

This statement accurately reflected the views of Chief Parker, whose contempt for lawbreaking of any kind led him to a very negative view of the civil rights movement. The tactics of civil disobedience to Parker were "a revolutionary tool to overthrow existing governments," and the demands for civilian review boards were devices "to break the will of the police and get them out of the way of the social revolution they, 'the civil rights leaders,' choose to call civil disobedience."

The development of the civil rights movement put the handful of Negro police officers who were in the department before the early 1960s in a very ambiguous position. They were clearly and overtly discriminated against, in both their assignments and their promotions; most of them were aware of the antiminority sentiments of the old-time department leadership, and at the same time, they knew a great many Negroes held them in contempt. Some of them responded to this situation with even more brutality than white officers exhibited toward Negro offenders, some withdrew into bitterness, and others resigned to make public attacks upon the department as soon as they completed their twenty years of service and could draw their pensions. (In the Los Angeles Police Department, an officer who quits before completing his minimum of twenty years of service loses not only the money the city has contributed to his pension fund but his own contribution as well.)

Today, the department still has only a very small percentage of officers from minority groups. Although the Negro population of Los Angeles is more than 8 percent and growing rapidly, fewer than 4 percent of the department are Negroes, while the Mexican population, which represents 9 percent, is even less represented within the department. Obviously, considering its past history of discrimination against minorities, both inside and outside the department, it is not going to be easy to recruit Negroes and Mexicans. Those members of the minority groups who can meet the physical and educational standards demanded by the LAPD can find, fairly easily, other jobs with less opprobrium attached to them than police work has at present within the ethnic groups. But there is a growing consciousness inside the department, among a few high-ranking officers, at least, that the department's previous antiminority image must be changed and that an active recruitment policy must be undertaken.

In May, 1964, more than a year before the riots broke out in Los Angeles, the anti-Negro tone of the LAPD was so clear that Howard Jewell, an assistant attorney general, made a report to the then attorney general of the state, Stanley Mosk, predicting that the outbreak would occur in August, 1965. He listed some of the incidents which

had taken place between the police and the minority groups, and in the course of his reports, made an observation directly relevant to Parker and the LAPD's true feelings.

"Chief Parker does not dislike Negroes because they are Negroes," wrote Jewell, "but because they dislike the police department. This, in Parker's book is the only unforgivable sin."

Along with civil rights demonstrators, the LAPD has seen as its enemies those forces in the city who stress crime prevention as a solution to the crime problem rather than the arrest and conviction of criminals. Specifically, in 1963 the LAPD was successful in bringing to an end the operations of the Group Guidance Section of the Los Angeles County Probation Department.

The Group Guidance project, which had been in operation for eighteen years, worked with gangs of Negro and Mexican youths by attempting to establish contact with the gang members and direct their activities into more constructive channels. But the LAPD believed the program encouraged juvenile delinquency by "coddling" the youthful offenders, and ultimately, the department put enough pressure on the probation department, as well as on other agencies, first to kill it and then begin it again in a form more acceptable to the department.

The supporters of Group Guidance, especially those from the minority groups, charged the LAPD with continual harassment and arrest of the gang members even when they had done no wrong; with exerting pressures on schools to expel known gang members; with visiting employers to fire youths from jobs because of gang membership; with unnecessary surveillance of gang youths' houses; with forcing the Park and Recreation Department to deny facilities to the youths; with pressuring the Probation Department to transfer the probation officers working with the gangs; and with both verbal and physical abuse of gang youth members.

Now, however, put bluntly, the death of Chief Parker may mean the possibility of a new life for the LAPD. A new chief may be selected with a different view of society and the policemen's role in it than the one which Parker imposed on the department by the force of his strong personality. And there is no doubt that a chief more acceptable to the minority groups than was Parker will be sought by the Police Commission, the mayor's office, and especially by the *Los Angeles Times*.

Some signs of improvement can be seen already under its interim chief, Thad Brown, who is due to retire and does not want to be the permanent chief. Despite some resistance from inside the depart-

ment, especially among those officials who are still advocates of the Parker style, the community relations staff has been expanded; the Police Commission has approved a training program designed to increase the officers' sensitivity to minority problems; youth programs of the kind Parker abolished have been reinstituted and new ones started; and Citizens' Advisory Councils have been set up in the minority areas. Among newspapermen it is rumored that Parker's "janissaries," the police officers who reported directly to him, have been dispersed throughout the department. At the August Watts Festival, too, there were signs of change, for with the exception of one motorcycle officer, demonstrating his machine to the kids, the police were conspicuous by their absence from the streets; instead the festival sponsors arranged with the police for the community to police itself.

Community self-policing, at least on such holiday occasions as a festival, is only one of a score of devices and techniques that could be used to ease the tensions between the police and minority groups. In some other large cities, the police are engaged in actively pursuing programs which serve to educate the police force about the special problems of foreign language and minority groups and simultaneously seek to break down the barriers that now make these groups view the police as their enemies.

In New York, for example, a large-scale operation among the Puerto Ricans seems to have provided some easing of the difficulties that have plagued relations between the police and this Spanish-speaking community with its own mores, mores that seem so strange to a New York policeman. The New York police are being taught that what appears to them to be a noisy crowd of Puerto Ricans loitering on a street may, in reality, be a religious celebration; the Puerto Ricans are learning to support the police in their legitimate efforts to capture the criminals, who so often prey on the Puerto Rican community itself.

But a really effective program to ease tensions in the cities requires more than a willingness on the part of some white police officers to learn Spanish or become familiar with the culture of a Negro slum.

It requires more than the hiring of a prominent Negro athlete in a public relations capacity, as has been done by the Los Angeles Police Department, or even the recruitment of more officers from the minority groups. More is needed, too, than visits by the police to the schools, where they present themselves as "Patrolman Bill," who loves to help little children across the street. And as useful as seminars on race relations may be for high-ranking police officers or even training programs for the men in the department, more fundamental changes are required if the police are to function properly.

First, the concept that impersonal bureaucratization, efficiency, and productivity are standards that can be applied to *all* police functions must be rejected. The police, caught up in the mania for systems analysis, have even confused computerization with professionalism. Determining the ownership of a license plate is a legitimate computer operation, but a computer cannot sit in a house, winning the confidence of a juvenile arrestee. For that, a dedicated police officer with enough time available is required.

To have the time necessary for such work, a police officer cannot be judged by computerized productivity standards, and the pressures of meeting informal quotas of arrests, shakedowns, routs, and interrogations must be resisted. Indeed, even fixing quotas for traffic violations on the basis of computerized anticipation of offenses may be the strongest factor leading to the fulfillment of the mathematical prophecy.

But building a police force which emphasizes the importance of the officers' learning about the people in the community demands a basic change in the orientation of the department, and a shift from the present primary emphasis on the apprehension of criminals after a crime has been committed. It would mean increasing the status of a patrol officer over that of a detective; it would mean getting the patrol officers out of their cars onto the streets. The overwhelming majority of the people living in the ghettos of Los Angeles are not seeking to rid their communities of the police, but rather are asking that bad police practices be eliminated. They want the police in their communities, but they want them to act as the lady from Watts remembered they once did, to "come to the house and talk to the kids if they did something bad."

To create a police force which would be willing to experiment with new and even daring forms of social control requires a pronounced shift in the public opinion about police work, too. Perhaps, for example, most of the traffic work should be taken away from the police, thus freeing officers from intersection control and from writing tickets for overtime parking, functions which take up a great deal of the traffic bureau's manpower.

Physical standards for police work could be lowered, too, once the notion is modified that all police work requires combat abilities, based on size. It might even be advantageous to create a corps of community officers in uniform, men and women who could work in the neighborhoods they know best and who would not be automatically barred from such police work by the fact of a previous arrest, especially on misdemeanor charges.

But such experiments and a variety of other techniques will only be gimmicks unless the police and

society realize that the techniques now used for the control of criminal behavior are both useless and dangerous in racial situations. One of the reasons racial violence convulsed Los Angeles in August, 1965, was that a high police official refused to meet with a group of Negro gang leaders who were willing to use their influence to cool down the tense situation. That official sees a gang leader only as a criminal; the only relationship he accepts with a criminal is that of an informer or a suspect, but never as a person capable of using his influence to end racial violence.

Thus, what is required is the very difficult task of making the police and society more conscious of individual rights in general, while simultaneously educating both groups that new or older, less efficient means must be used to help lessen the possibilities of racial tension erupting into racial violence. Rousting the teen-agers who now throng the Sunset Strip may take the political heat off the department, but it aggravates the problems; an inability to understand that a hostile teen-age Negro gang leader may develop into a militant community spokesman, and that such a transformation is good for the whole society, is a roadblock to minority progress.

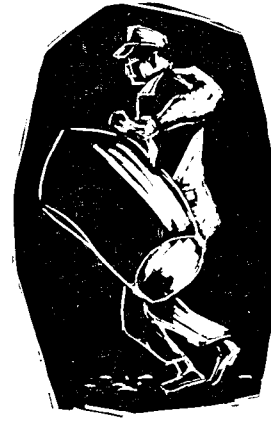
Sir Robert Peel, after whom the British bobby was named, brought about one revolution in police work during the early part of the nineteenth century; another such revolution in police work is needed now. And if that revolution does not take place, Los Angeles and all the many other cities like it will never be free from the apprehension of racial violence.

The LAPD has been only one of many factors in the wide constellation causing racial tension in the city, but it has been an extremely important one. And one mark of the department's past failure to understand its own role in creating racial tension was that in January, 1965, only months before the city's agony began, the department was still expending its energy in denunciations of the "false prophets" and "detractors of law enforcement" who were predicting the violence which the police kept insisting would not and could not occur.

Unfortunately, too, the analysis of the August, 1965, events published during the summer of 1966 in the department's annual report continues to display the same ignorance of the real causes for racial violence. But perhaps someday the Los Angeles Police Department will learn that most of those who believe the LAPD in the past has been a primary source of racial discontent are not "detractors of law enforcement" but instead are positive critics of bad law enforcement. Hopefully, someday will be soon, for otherwise it may be too late.



# JOINING UP



## *An Atlantic "First" by M.F. Beal*

*Charlie Jack needed something, or someone, committed to him, and the Army might be the answer. All he had to do was pass the physical, something he'd tried before and failed. The author, a 1960 graduate of Barnard College, has lived for the past six years with her novelist husband, David Shetzline, and two small children in a forest ranger's tower in the Oregon woods. This is her first published story.*

**Y**ou not going to make it, Charlie," the fat brown woman said, turning the pancakes and meat on the black griddle. "No more'n last time." Her flabby arms shook as she considered the humor of this: "You not half sober right now — look at you." She dished the food onto a plate and pushed it to the young man along with a loaf of lard, on the cover of which was printed:

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
SURPLUS FOOD  
For Distribution Only to the Needy and For Use In  
Federal School Lunch Program  
NOT TO BE SOLD

The young man scraped his knife across the lard and spread his pancakes slowly with the fat. He waited until his aunt had turned, grinning, back to the stove, and cutting the cakes in two, speared up great chunks, just as if he was hungry.

The night before, after butchering out a forked horn, he and the old man had put down a quart of

*Drawing by Russell Carpenter.*

the newest run off the still, and the strong taste of bay rum his uncle's liquor always had was still in his mouth. The cakes did nothing to help, so he put it out of mind and settled into eating mechanically. He had to get some gas. He had to park the car where it would be all right for a while. He had to get some tobacco.

"What time is it, Sally?"

His aunt turned from the stove, still smiling. "Your uncle got the watch." She pried small sizzling chunks of meat from the griddle and stuffed them into her mouth, and he peered past his headache out the window; it was still quite dark. Maybe six, he figured. Early. He might take a couple traps and get some crab. If he could find gas. Otherwise he would have to walk, and it would take an hour at least . . . but the Office didn't open until nine . . .

"Where's the guts off that deer?"

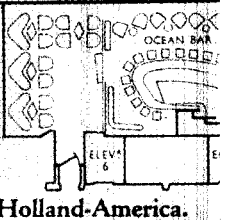
"In the shed." She stared suddenly, with squashed-up dark Indian eyes. "You not going anywheres, Charlie Jack?" she said, kneading together crumbs of pancake into a small ball, her fingers curving like smiling mouths at the still warm griddle, as if it was no longer possible for all of her to be dignified. "Your uncle, me, got a good fire in this place."

The young man did not seem affected by this. "Yes, I'm going." He settled his shoulders into a webby rain jacket. "Tell the old man I took two traps and some of his last run —" He was eager to be off. He lifted his kit, bounced it in his hand once or twice, stuffed it into his game pocket. "Well — I'll send you a card with a pretty picture, Sally." He watched his aunt subside into faint

Who was it who said all heroic deeds  
and all great books were  
conceived in the open air?

Why is it you can see more stars  
from the deck of a good ship than  
you can from anywhere else?

Strike up a conversation  
with the attractive couple  
at the next table.  
They may  
be the ones  
who crossed  
24 different  
times on Holland-America.



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You'll be at home in the  
Cafe de la Paix before you  
arrive at the Cafe de la Paix.

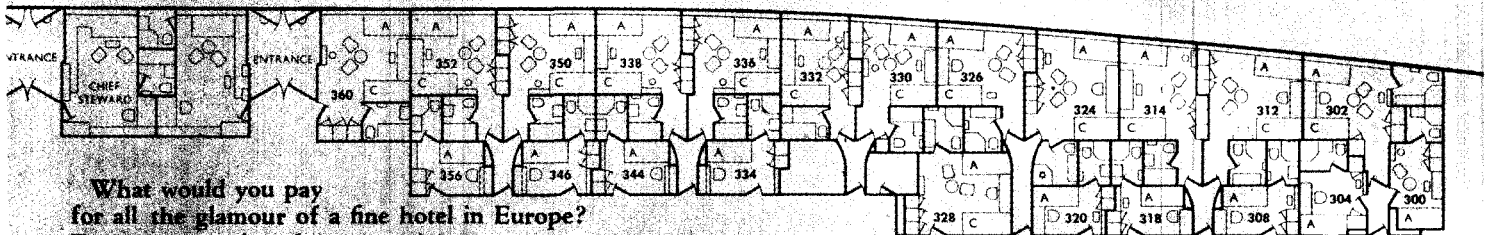
Welcome to our club room.  
By your second night at  
sea, it'll be filled  
with old friends.

How long has it been since you  
danced till dawn or heard  
a Dutch orchestra play Stardust?

s.s. Rotterdam under Netherlands registry.  
A modern Dutch ship run by people who  
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GLASS ENCLOSED PROMENADE

# Why, in this fast-moving world of ours, would anyone want to take the time for an ocean voyage to Europe?

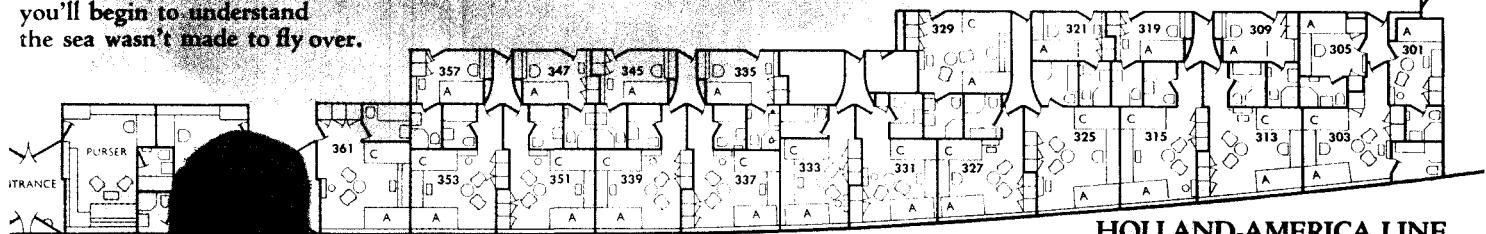


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Four great meals a day, entertainment every  
night included on a Holland-America ticket.

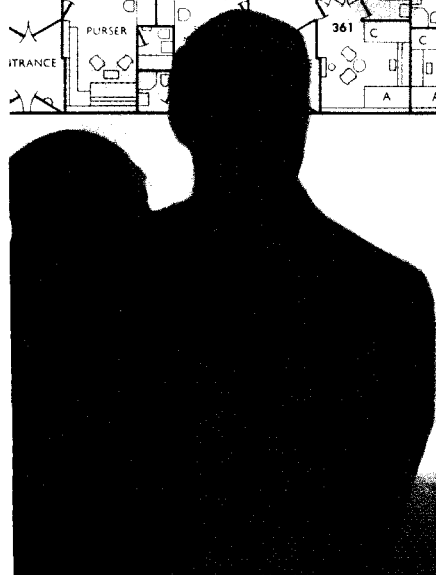
PROMENADE DECK  
s.s. ROTTERDAM

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you'll begin to understand  
the sea wasn't made to fly over.

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murmurous giggles, and her dark eyes squash down until they disappeared, and he slipped out the door. It was as if she had caused him to vanish by closing her eyes. He saw her go back to eating the scraps of his breakfast.

In the shed, though it was too dark to see, he found by touch and memory what he needed; the two crab traps, a smelly rope of deer guts, long much-knotted line, and lead sinkers. He went from one end of the shelf to the other, shaking cans: when one sloshed, he opened it and smelled the contents. Finally he found a little gas.

He towed the traps over his shoulder to the brightening shape of his car. Not much gas. Maybe enough, if he could get her to turn over. Maybe everything would go good. Maybe he would get crab to trade for tobacco, and *maybe*, this time, there wouldn't be too much alcohol in him and he would pass the physical.

He threw down the empty can, loaded the traps, and in the first light, turned the engine over. He let it warm just a minute while he wiped the dew coat from the glass and shoved away his bedroll; then he was off. The roar of the engine startled the dawn.

THE lights at Pikorny's flicked off as he came even with the house; it almost seemed like a signal, and it made him think a little as he eased the old Ford up the grade by the Grange Hall. *He* was still eating breakfast; the pickup was in the drive. *She* must just have turned the lights out because it was bright enough inside. Sally said *she* was going to have another one. That must make two — no, three. *She* was a year older than Charlie Jack, and once, when he was still in school, in the back seat of *her* brother's car one night at the drive-in with *her* brother and Velma Monroe in the front seat —

He twitched on the seat like a speared fish. There had been a blond girl he'd sat behind in English, a girl on the reservation when he visited his grandfather, an afternoon in a pile of drift logs. Last date he'd had was summer before, when he was working the Forest Service Suppression Crew and he'd asked around until somebody's sister agreed to come and they went all the way into Portland and pretended they were over twenty-one. In the bar, as he became more and more aware she was ready to go the limit, he began to feel embarrassed she was so ugly. Not *really* ugly — more or less unconscious. Unconscious of how she walked and held herself. She'd slump and get a roll under her ribs. She didn't think much about how her mouth looked. There was something, too, about her dress. In the latrine his buddy turned to him and said: "They ain't no movie stars."

A few weeks later his job was rained out; they'd plugged in four hundred thirty-seven thousand dollars of automatic machinery at the mill, putting him twenty-fourth in line for a chance on the green-chain. He didn't have any money to take out a girl, and besides, they knew who was making wages and wasn't. So he started drinking his uncle's stuff. Private first's money looked good.

He didn't notice the warden's car until he heard the horn. He swore as the sound stabbed, and pulled over; the engine quit, and he sat for half a second and swore again before he got out and walked warily to the dark-blue Jeep. The game warden greeted him and smiled. "H'lo, Charlie. How many deer you got in the back seat?" The warden always said that and then laughed. Charlie smiled and said, "Oh, four or five." They walked together to the old Ford and peered into the back. "Going crabbing," the warden said, almost to himself. He continued to peer through the glass, as if he expected something to materialize. From the way he stood, Charlie thought he was too lazy to look closer; but the bluish rope of deer guts seemed suddenly very shiny and obvious.

"Nah. I'm going to join up."

The warden looked at him quizzically. "Join up?"

"I'm on my way to the Recruiting Office."

"You don't say. Well." The warden smiled. "Good luck, Charlie Jack." He went back to the Jeep. Charlie stood and watched as he pulled away, splashing mud into the ferns. Then he tried the motor. Sure enough, it wouldn't start.

THE creek wound through Watson's lower meadow where fat Jerseys slogged muddily from the barn and the morning's milking. For a second, Charlie Jack's mind associated the cattle with Watson's white house and painted barns, with the yellow tractor which could be seen just over the top of a new Buick, with the eighteen-foot twin-engined Chris-Craft that could be taken out over the bar. Then the tinkling of bells as the methodical cows limped over the threshold caught him, and a thought like *Haul up every morning and after them damn cows* chased the others away, and he shouldered the crab traps more comfortably. It was not far to town.

He eyed the stream as he walked. It was high, but there had been no rain for a day and the runoff was clear; he could see the old soreback salmon struggling along the sides, where the current was weakest. His feet found the road, and his eyes followed the water, automatically looking for the bright green of a Chinook still fresh enough and firm. The carcasses of fish that had spawned and

died and been pulled out by raccoons gleamed on the grass, and he noted among them the smaller skeletons of the jack salmon, fish which for some unexplained reason stopped growing and became sterile, yet returned with the others to the natal stream to die. The first fish he ever caught was a jack. He gaffed it through the back when he was down playing by the stream, and it pulled him into the icy water up to his thighs before he could grab an alder and yard it out; not that it was a big or fighting fish, but he was only four or so. He landed it and dragged it through the mud up to the house; as he dried in front of the fire, Aunt Sally fried it and gave him long segments of oily backbone to suck.

With the first splash of the crab traps over the dockside, the overturned dinghy began to move, and finally Joe Siltcoos ponderously appeared, dragging the silken khaki cocoon of a U.S. Army officer's down-filled sleeping bag. He squintingly watched the young man pull up an empty trap.

"Hey, you, Charlie Jack," he said then. "Catching big crab today?"

Charlie Jack let the trap fall back and looked sideways as the old brown man pulled the sleeping bag around himself in the lee of the dinghy and settled back with a sigh.

"Joining up," he answered, pulling the other trap, glancing at three undersized crabs and splashing it back.

"Yeah?" Joe Siltcoos chewed his empty mouth a few times and grinned. "Joining up? You make a big mistake, Charlie Jack, no fooling." He began to laugh in small grunts. "How's Sally?"

Charlie Jack nodded and pulled the first trap. Bending over, he noticed the round green bottoms of beer bottles under the dinghy. Joe Siltcoos had his social security. He pulled, considered one crab almost large enough, decided no, and lowered the trap again.

"How you doing, Uncle?"

Joe Siltcoos hissed. "Not good, Charlie, not good. Weather too damn wet, too damn cold; cold winter, getting old." He chewed emptily again. "You joining up, hey? Young feller like you want your guts shot out? Nothing you can think of better to do?"

Charlie Jack shrugged. "No money."

The old man grunted and pulled the down bag closer around his knees. "Make a fire."

Charlie Jack smiled. "That's all done, Uncle. You know. Nowadays they send Forest Service to look into fire, find out who made it. Don't hire Indian to put it out, neither. Roads in — no more packers, no more mules." He was pulling the traps again, and his head came thudding in as his shoulders worked. Damn luck; the crabs all undersized and not many of them. Behind him the old

Indian hummed and spat over the dockside, a brittle blob which struck the water and immediately sent rings outward in eternally increasing shapes.

"More than one kind of fire, Charlie Jack. Paycheck fire, drinking fire, woman fire. You can have any kind you big enough to build. Right now you go down to beach, find you a log drift, build you a drying-out fire. Then pretty soon you ready for more hunting, eh?" Joe Siltcoos closed his eyes and seemed to muse. "I made them all."

"Aah —" It was a sound like a baby's cry, a complaint about the realness of what the old man said. A great loneliness within Charlie Jack longed for something different, and if no better, new, something he could set himself to without a responsibility for shaping the outcome. He longed to be carried into a world he had not made. He was piercingly aware of the whole clear jarful of his uncle's liquor in the sack beside him; it was for later but could as easily be opened now. His fingers sought gently in the canvas, and he took a long drink before holding the jar out. Joe Siltcoos shrugged and accepted.

IT WAS becoming difficult to remember how, in a time of peace, the long low ugly cement-block building had been a roller-skating rink. But last time he tried to join up, Charlie Jack found a multicolored pompon of yarn in the urinal trough with the cigarettes, unsinkable. In the front hallway, posters showing blue-eyed young men asked "Are You Good Enough?"; a fat little woman in a pink sweater explained that if they volunteered for the draft and signed the form she offered, others could be given deferment. There was a hollow hum in the air.

They grouped themselves together, waiting to speak with the woman, Charlie Jack, a blond boy, and two or three others. The blond boy was telling how he had lost three hundred forty-two dollars equity in a black Chevy II Nova hardtop with red upholstery. Charlie rolled himself a cigarette from the can of Velvet he'd bought with the dollar Joe Siltcoos gave him. He watched the woman's face, how she smiled when each young man huddled into the chair, how her lips framed questions and her eyes slid over them. His head was buzzy and loose, and his throat a little acid as the liquor rose almost unpleasantly every few minutes. He explored a recent awareness; once again he would not make it.

It chilled him. In the first moments of knowing it, he had impressed himself with his predicament; the car abandoned, gasless; the traps with their blue rope of deer guts rotting in the warming day; his drunkenness; the seventy-eight cents in his pocket.

But the thought of himself at dusk retracing, rewinding the skein, hefting the traps, finally finding a car from which he could steal a gallon of gas or maybe even buying it, getting back to the shack and finding his uncle up, propped on his unbendable legs ready to start another night's drinking, chilled him. This time he had to join up.

They moved from desk to desk, and the room grew warm. Buses unloaded more young men, who buzzed angrily at the long front of the hall so it seemed a great pressure was building that perhaps not even the authority of the clerks and medical corpsmen could handle. Charlie Jack smelled himself, strong and afraid, and on the reddish-fair forehead of the blond boy a haze of sweat bloomed. They were handed tickets for lunch. If he was destined to fail, he could leave now, he thought. He was not sure; perhaps you had to wait again, until they dismissed you; perhaps it was like school again, a gigantic School for all of them, with room passes, dismissal and starting bells, rules, grades, salute-the-flag, and Thursday night basketball. He heard dimly the blond boy describe a sonofabitch yarder on his last job who had tried to kill him, the blond boy, personally, and then had lied to the boss so he, the blond boy, wasn't even paid when he quit. Their hands slipped on the slick metal of belts and buttons, and they muttered as they clothed and unclothed. The thoroughness of the prodding examinations at once annoyed and reassured them. They swore respectfully about it each time they passed further into the machine.

He could leave, he believed, but he wanted badly not to have to. The pressure at the front continued to increase, and the desire now finally to do this thing possessed them all. One of them expressed a need to make water, and they considered whether it would be better to wait until the urine specimen was required. Where along would the specimen be taken? Charlie Jack, considering the probable content of his own urine, told them it was after the eye test. And that was after the reflexes test. And that was after they got their clothes off this time. Another, joking, said: "Ah, go ahead. I'll lend you some of mine if you need it."

And Charlie Jack saw he did not need to leave.

He had a warm awareness of the other land he was to enter. Before him a bulletin board promised pay, training, travel, a part in a curried, prideful Force. His fingers moved eagerly down the brown cylinder of his handmade cigarette as he painstakingly dissected the paragraphs and their unfamiliar symbols and designations. He wanted to engulf it, absorb it so completely that he became part of it. He wanted to savor the commitment to *him*, Charlie Jack.

Base pay, hazardous-duty pay, overseas allowance — he would learn radio and get a car, he would be set up. Three years; he could see Vietnam and Japan, maybe Europe; there would be fighting and leave time, pretty places and glossy bright-colored postcards to send Sally. And some of them would die, he thought almost righteously; what the hell, they were in it. But all America was behind them. He reviewed his fitness. He had tobacco. He had a stake in penny ante, and a good knife. He had a scrawny, stoop-shouldered body which had been much used, and he thought he understood how far he could take it, as suddenly he had understood on the stream bank staring at the jack salmon that it was unequal to his four-year-old strength.

He looked with penetrating new eyes at his comrades, realizing they did not yet know they had joined up. Really *know* it, as he did. To know as he knew set him apart and made him stronger. He was shocked by the long white sweep of the blond boy's back and realized the boy's mortality. Maybe that guy will get it, he thought. He inspected the others furtively, to see if there was some special mark on them as well. It made him tremendously proud of his own body, of every mauled finger and all the scars from days of splitting alder for a buck an hour, nights of sleeping in dew-soaked blankets on long summer hunts, years of imitating the silence of the owl and the cleverness of the bobcat. I have got it. I have got it in the bag.

AFTER lunch they stood on another line, each wrapped in the cocoon of his own sweat-smell, which was no longer even perceived as a smell but as part of the closeness and rank dimness of the shortening afternoon. They understood they were near the end. As they puzzled directions and asked clerks and translated abbreviations, they heard others curse, with an energy they lacked, the lateness and improbability of getting done this day. But they understood they were nearly done. Through an open door bus engines could be heard. "Maybe that's our bus," someone said in awed tones. "Hey, yeah, we'll be in Portland tonight." "Did you see in the news where they got fifteen of them in an ambush?" "Jesus, I'm hungry."

Charlie had a headache again. He needed a drink or at least coffee, but the solidity of his achievement still sustained him. It had been so easy. When the time came he held back the flow of urine and casually accepted a laughingly offered contribution. When he handed in his bottle the clerk did not so much as look up. His head, shaved



like all the other heads, moved below them at an angle which made it faceless. Now Charlie Jack found himself wondering: What are they like?

They inched along in the last line before the open doors and the buses revving; this time it was their arms which were solicited by a corpsman at a little khaki-colored table with rows of numbered blood samples, jars of needles. The corpsman was tired, too, his lips cursed as he fumbled and had to reach down for another needle; they stood with the awestricken placidity of sheep as he wound the rubber tube around each biceps, jerked it tight, rolled the veins under his thumb and selected one, jabbed, drew off the thick blood.

The blond boy was telling about an uncle or cousin of his mother's who died when a nurse accidentally injected air into his bloodstream. His voice was monotone, dull, weighted by heat and fatigue. They shuffled closer.

Then it was the blond boy's turn, and the corpsman stoically chased the blue veins under the very white skin, jabbed, missed, jabbed again and missed, took up a new needle and jabbed again, missing.

Charlie Jack saw sweat leap out on the blond boy's forehead, and a curious sympathy overcame him. The boy stared into the air, down at his arm, back up. From behind his body's affront he ground out: "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Slowly the corpsman's face swam up, and Charlie Jack was startled to see how suddenly vivid it had become, reawakened. There was a moment when

even breath was suspended as the other corpsmen looked into the slightly freckled, liver-eyed face staring at the blond boy while the vial filled.

"Oh," said the corpsman, as his finger teased the glass. "I'll have to take another sample."

Now they all had faces; young recruits' faces, dulling with fatigue; thicker older faces, comprehending with almost palpable pride. As they watched, the corpsman's fingers parted so slightly that the vial left them almost slitheringly, traveling infinitely slowly to meet the floor, where it made a bright stain and a brittle clatter. With a mirroring shoe the corpsman crunched to a firmer stance, reached for a needle from the jar, and jabbed the blond boy even once more.

"Next." His eyes leveled with Charlie Jack's.

The word released the low buzzing bustle, and facelessness reconstructed itself negligently around them as Charlie Jack moved forward. What had he touched? he asked himself as his scalp slid back into place. There was something here, an animal tension he had not expected. He had to tell himself it was no skin off him because the truth lurked waiting and there was no bottle this time; the needle's jab was real. It was all real; he could touch any part of it, from the yellow mimeographed promises of pay and advancement to the white thin back of his soldier brother to the impassive liverish eyes of the corpsman, who now again muttered "Next!" and sent him a step further into it.

It was all real, and the next time was his time, because he had joined up.

## THE DEAD

BY MARK STRAND

The graves grow deeper.

The dead are more dead each night.

Under the elms and the rain of leaves,

The graves grow deeper.

The dark folds of the wind

Cover the ground. The night is cold.

The leaves are swept against the stones.

The dead are more dead each night.

A starless dark embraces them.

Their faces dim.

We cannot remember them clearly enough.

We never will.

## BOOKS and MEN

Nathaniel Hawthorne died more than a hundred years ago, a despondent and frustrated man. Today, says Mr. Kazin, his work stands as a school classic whose meaning for our time has yet to be established. This essay on Hawthorne and his "profound imaginative world" is drawn from an introduction to Mr. Kazin's *SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE*, to be published in December by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

## HAWTHORNE:

### The Artist of New England

by ALFRED KAZIN



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE died in 1864, in the midst of the Civil War, a social revolution which he profoundly distrusted; he was traveling in New Hampshire for his health with his old college friend Franklin Pierce, whose presidency of the United States (1853 to 1857) had been a failure because of his personal weakness and his attempts to compromise with the South, to head off the coming struggle. Hawthorne had felt that he himself was also a failure. His sudden death in a New Hampshire inn ended his struggle to climb out of the despondency and creative frustration of his last years, when he was unable to complete any of his projects.

He had always thought that to be a "mere storyteller" in New England demanded too much of his imaginative will. Despite a fair success with his first novels, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850) and *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), he had never been able to assure an income by writing fiction; he had never been sure of any public for it, and at the end no longer felt in command of his peculiar, delicate, hard-won gift. By the time the Civil War was over and a new, brazenly materialistic society came into being, Hawthorne had ceased to be an example — if, indeed, he had ever been one — to writers of fiction; he was from now on to be a school classic, one of the New England worthies to people who for patriotic or didactic reasons liked to cele-

brate New England. He had become another name in the New England Temple, like Emerson, who had never been able to read him (or any other novelist), and whose own theories Hawthorne thought charming moonshine.

Twentieth-century American writers do not generally feel much relation to Hawthorne. To those who value past writers because they influence our living and thinking *now*, Hawthorne is unreal. Those who create literature in our own day have never been touched by Hawthorne as they have been by Melville, Thoreau, and even Emerson. In 1916, when James died, T. S. Eliot acutely noted the "Hawthorne aspect" in James's later books *The Golden Bowl* and *The Sense of the Past*. Then casually, as a matter of New England kinship, Eliot paid homage to the depth of moral atmosphere in which Hawthorne's characters are steeped. In his remarkable play *The Old Glory*, the poet Robert Lowell has woven together situations from Hawthorne's "Endicott and the Red Cross," "The Maypole of Merry Mount," and "My Kinsman, Major Molineux." It is significant that both Eliot and Lowell are poets deeply concerned with New England themes and stirred by its religious absolutism. Lowell in *The Old Glory* very freely "modernizes" the rather stiff personages in Hawthorne's stories of the first Puritan settlements, and

his use of "Endicott and the Red Cross" and "The Maypole of Merry Mount" is in striking contrast with the pageantlike formality of Hawthorne's own creation. Taking it all in all, it can be said that if literature embodies the consciousness of a generation, Hawthorne is not part of our generation.

Yet at the same time Hawthorne exists *for* us if not *in* us — he exists as Longfellow, Whittier, or Lowell do not. We may not be as affected by any single passage in Hawthorne as we are by so many in Melville; we do not even get exasperated with Hawthorne as we do with Melville or Poe. There is a subtlety about Hawthorne's mind, an elegance of perception, that tantalizes our intellectual curiosity and perhaps is as ungraspable as those figures and odd details of design in Gothic cathedrals, those knotted images in Elizabethan plays, which are so much the style of *another* period that we cannot assimilate them, however cleverly we explain them. There are writers far more removed from us in time who reach us more directly than Hawthorne does. He is one of those classics whose meaning for our time — above all, his meaning to modern literature — has yet to be established. This is why there are so many theological and psychoanalytical interpretations of Hawthorne; they fill the vacuum created by our modern uncertainty about the use and relevance of Hawthorne's art.

WITH all this, one curious fact stands out. A century after his death, Hawthorne is still the most interesting artist in fiction whom New England has produced — he is the only New England artist in fiction whose works form a profound imaginative world of their own, the only one who represents more than some phase of New England history. After all that "realism" claimed, and achieved, for the American novel, it is striking how little it has done for New England. Hawthorne's works constitute a unique imaginative world when compared with those of New England novelists from Harriet Beecher Stowe to J. P. Marquand; his "tales" of New England have a depth of interest that we do not find in representations of the fixity and eccentricity of the New England character.

New England itself has not produced one true master in fiction except Hawthorne. Even as a subject for fiction by New Yorkers like Henry James and Edith Wharton or foreigners like George Santayana, the "matter of New England" has usually resulted in a self-limiting social comedy. For the New England character is a fixed quantity in everybody's mind, not least in the New England mind itself, which sometimes seems prouder of its consistency through three centuries than of anything else. Realistic fiction sees the New England scene

and the New England character as the same material. What we usually get in fiction laid in New England is a comedy that presupposes *our* detachment — New England as anachronism. If one were to review the character of New England in our fiction generally, it would entail a list of clichés about the rock-ribbed coast, sterling independence, unyieldingness, the flintiness of its merchants, and the unworldliness of its ministers. Fixed types appear in New England fiction as regularly as the cuckold in French farce. They recall the harsh Puritans whose procession opens *The Scarlet Letter*, the eccentric old maid Hepzibah Pyncheon in *The House of the Seven Gables*, the bustling old maid who appears briefly on board the *Pequod* in *Moby Dick*, the hysterical feminist in *The Bostonians*, the hardfisted Yankee farmer in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, the quaint fisher people in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, the cold New Englanders in *Ethan Frome*, the dried-up New Englanders in *The Last Puritan*, the eccentric Yankees in *The Wapshot Chronicle*. There are no celebrated novels named *Chicago* or *The New Yorkers*, but we have *The Bostonians*, *Boston*, *Boston Adventure*, *A Connecticut Yankee*, *The Last Puritan*, and how many others to prove that if a Yankee is in your book, the title will tell the reader more than half of what he expects anyway.

Now Hawthorne certainly used many of these stock touches when, to speak here only of his "tales," he described the upright, stolid Puritans in "Endicott and the Red Cross," New England eccentricity in "Wakefield" — the story of a man who left home forever to live in a neighboring street — or the New England hardness that was leveled against the hero of "The Artist of the Beautiful." His best tales often start from what one must call the New England situation, for only in New England would a minister walk about with a black veil over his face, or young Goodman Brown, newly married, leave his bride, Faith, to consort with the devil in the woods. It is such *symbols* that are always the *mise-en-scène*, the matter in hand, the human fact that asks to be developed, not explained, in the course of the story.

Hawthorne was indeed peculiarly dependent as an artist on his own small corner of the United States; he was never to know any other. He was to go abroad in 1853 and to write a novel laid in Rome, *The Marble Faun*, but in his own country he never went farther west than Detroit or farther south than the Potomac. Perhaps more than any other first-rate imagination in our fiction up to Faulkner, Hawthorne took it for granted that all his imaginative possibilities as a writer were bound up with his own local culture and his history. He studied New England in his notebooks, he looked for its characteristic details and listened for its voice, as if his very life depended on it.



But the great advantage that Hawthorne had over all the realists who took up the New England subject after his death is that while for most of them New England represented only frustration, decay, the absurdity of certain moral pretensions, it was exactly the inner life, the moral life, the dim and often unreal life of the soul, reflected as the perpetual drama of conscience, that seized his imagination. He took for his prime subject precisely that brooding inwardness, that perpetual examination of self, which later, described by realists from elsewhere, came out as eccentricity. All that the local colorists and satirists of the New England scene were to paint as provincial stuffiness, inarticulate hardness, Hawthorne had presented as the self-questioning, the debate of so many claims within the human heart, that goes on all the time.

Hawthorne's great subject was, indeed, the sense of guilt that is perhaps the most enduring theme in the moral history of the West — guilt that is the secret tie that binds us to others and to our own past, guilt that all the characters in these stories accept and live in, because guilt, theologically conceived, is human identity. In guilt is the great rationale of human history, as Hawthorne knew it; in guilt alone is there a task for man to accomplish, a redemption of the past and promise of a future. In the greatest of all Hawthorne's stories, "Young Goodman Brown," the young husband leaves his bride to go into the wilderness just outside Boston for the ceremony presided over by the Arch-Fiend himself. " 'Welcome, my children,' said the dark figure, 'to the communion of your race. You have found thus young your nature and your destiny. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin ye shall scent out all the places. . . . Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness.' "

The inner life is the secret life, yet the only source of action on the external world. What finally most deeply moves us is the grip of the past, the force of the original sin in which we all share. Hawthorne certainly believed this. And even we who are uneasy with the word "sin" now agree with Hawthorne that "human nature," as we call it, is tainted. We are fascinated by this taint, as Hawthorne was, because it makes fiction possible. Without "sin," without sense of the evil that is at work in human affairs to rob this world of its promise, Hawthorne could not have explained to himself the depth of interest involved in the *idea* of personality that dominates his fiction.

Unlike the modern novelist, Hawthorne never thought it necessary to account for his characters individually. He believed that there was a common stamp of human nature from which all its characteristics derived. This common stamp created a spiritual interest, an inner motivation in all things, that had to be represented in external terms. This

resulted in the allegories which readers used to find so quaint and odd. Reviewing Hawthorne's stories, Poe pronounced allegory tediously archaic. The young James, not the later one, was embarrassed by allegory. Our own generation is more sympathetic. As the interest of fiction has shifted from the external world back to the individual psyche, we have come to see that the inner life is a compelling subject for dramatic fiction, and needs "emblems" in the world of commonsense experience in order to be brought home.

As the background and unifying theme of Hawthorne's stories is the human obsession with guilt, so the central character in all these stories is the inward man, the human soul trying to represent itself. The minister's black veil hides his face but proclaims to everyone *his* sense of what things are really about. Wakefield leaves home in order to live nearby, with his eye always on his wife — that is *his* idea of human necessity. In "The Prophetic Pictures," the evil soul that the master painter has seen in the happy young bridegroom finally makes its way through the picture and onto the face itself. In story after story the given element, the central and unifying element, is what moves and stirs within us, the mysterious springs of our every action, our "soul." And the way into the soul is so difficult for a writer of fiction — who must write about anything, no matter how shadowy, in terms of the real world — that in his lesser stories, merely sketches or even essays, Hawthorne stated the grand theme and then embroidered moralistic reflections around it.

As a writer of fiction Hawthorne had a peculiarly hard time of it, and since he was so dependent on his will alone, blamed himself for his difficulties. He began with tales that were often nothing but moralities of the inner life, that could not sustain development at all. And though he achieved extraordinary subtlety of meaning in such great stories as "Young Goodman Brown," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," many of his stories show only too well the truth of Henry James's observation that provincialism limited Hawthorne. Our own generation no longer understands the kind of struggle Hawthorne had to put up in order to become a "storyteller" at all; the historic dimension is now left out of our studies of American literature, and all the great writers are treated as timeless contemporaries. But it is a fact that Hawthorne had New England to overcome as well as New England to represent. And while part of his trouble no doubt lay in the psychic tensions that haunt his fiction, the fact remains that just as he could write only when the weather turned cold, so he could never securely believe that he had an

understanding audience for what he wrote. The odd facts and observations with which he filled his notebooks, and which astonished Henry James by their triviality, were fillings for "themes"; they show how anxious he was in his profession, how unreal the whole practice of fiction could be to someone in New England with his imaginative tendency, how elusive his work became to him. Not long before he died in the New Hampshire inn, he had recorded in the margins of his last, unfinishable novels a veritable nervous breakdown in his attempts to get hold of his own material. His characters became unreal to him, and in his panic he seems to have gone back to the uncertainties of his apprentice period, when he would study sunbeams, his face in the mirror, the rain, the outside of a house, as if to force his way into literature — to cross over from his natural tendency to silence.

In Hawthorne's notebooks, in his slighter stories, in the highly personal prefaces he wrote to his novels and collections of stories, one sees this self-training, this determination to make the fullest use of his material, to find even the conventional sentiments, if necessary, that will ease his way through the labyrinth of appearance to the eloquence of the human heart. In his notebooks he seems to be saying of everything and anything: *What can I make of this?* But James, who understood, as we do not, the limitations of Hawthorne's training, still did not understand how real a spiritual world was to Hawthorne — that it is from his depth of absorption that the extraordinary pages come. Hawthorne is one of the few writers — Franz Kafka is another — able to capture in fiction the reality of a moral tradition that has just lived itself out as religion but has not yet dissolved into mere culture. Hawthorne achieved this by his commitment to an inner world, by his conscious archaism as an allegorist.

The inner life is not eventful, and it can never recount itself; it must always be "handled," projected, commented on, mediated, and illustrated. As a subject for fiction, the inner life, the "sinful personality," requires a lot of pointing up, and so can be made tolerable only by a superb manner or personal "style." Style always comes from so much attention to moral distinctions, which is why so many New Englanders wrote suavely and elegantly even when they were prudish and provincial.

Style in Hawthorne is like color in a painting: it is the surface you see first, and that leads you to see the shape of the whole. It is a fact that in Hawthorne's novels nothing much happens until the catastrophe. His tales are filled up with style in the eighteenth-century sense — the author in his own voice talks the tale, pointing, explaining, describing, resolving. It is this that makes Hawthorne now seem old-fashioned; *he* tells us a great deal, and always in the same grave voice. Yet as he moves

us into the dark wood of "Young Goodman Brown" or the revolutionary Boston of "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," we find that the picture "presented," the harsh setting, explains these people and that they, above all, explain the setting. Hawthorne convinces us that he knows all about Young Goodman Brown, the tragic couple in "The Prophetic Pictures," the heartless wizard in "Rappaccini's Daughter," the tormented Reuben Bourne in "Roger Malvin's Burial," who redeems the guilt of abandoning his father-in-law by accidentally killing his own son. Hawthorne *knows*, he seems to know, because to him the activity of the soul is not complicated, it is just fatally deep. Everything counts, everything tells, every action is fateful in the unraveling of the knot of which we are made.

This reasoning is behind the economy of action in Hawthorne's stories and the close logic of the consequences he draws. Hawthorne saw these distinct qualities of the soul in dramatic relief. Like all those artists of his generation in fiction — Poe, Gogol, Melville — who were fascinated by the inward, the fanciful, the symbolic, he could bring inward traits home to the reader only by making them colorful and picturesque; by dwelling on light and shadow, drapery, costume, reflections in a mirror, or a suit of armor. The torches light up the faces in "Young Goodman Brown" excited by the diabolic ceremony; the flowers in Rappaccini's garden are ominous; the Maypole of Merry Mount is hung with ribbons but surrounded by human beings wearing the skins and antlers of animals. Hawthorne's stories could not have come into being without the flowers, mirrors, poisons, vapors that to romancers of his generation were veritable *dramatis personae*. His stories are rooted in the intellectual melodrama of which his generation was so fond, and which perhaps derived from the very role of the writer himself as spellbinder, "wizard," *moraliste*. Romantic "atmosphere" was made necessary by the foreshortening of effect: Hawthorne had the human microcosm to portray in a few pages.

YET Hawthorne is the uniquely profound artist of New England because in his greatest stories, as in *The Scarlet Letter*, he represents what one can only call the passion behind so much theocratic rigor, fundamentalism, sadism. "The witches! The witches!" the narrator cries out in one story when a couple saunter onto Gallows' Hill in Salem, to which Hawthorne's own ancestor condemned so many helpless old women. Sin is the past, and the past is sin. Human history proceeds from within, where every individual is alone with the mystery of sin. There is a solitude in which the human heart must live. Only love between man and woman

can redeem existence from what Chillingworth in *The Scarlet Letter* called "the dark necessity."

It is odd to recall that alone of all the romancers in his generation, almost alone among later novelists in America, Hawthorne was able to celebrate women of a passionately vivid nature with an emotion unknown to Poe, Melville, James, Howells, Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway. Hawthorne the Puritan celebrates *woman*, and even in the stories — where there is no single woman as splendid as Hester in *The Scarlet Letter*, Zenobia in *The Blithedale Romance*, Miriam in *The Marble Faun* — Rappaccini's helplessly beautiful daughter, Faith, the bride of Goodman Brown, the patiently enduring wife in "The Prophetic Pictures," the victim-wife in "The Birthmark," the tragic wife and mother in "Roger Malvin's Burial" stand out as heroines. If Hawthorne's total career leaves the inescapable impression on us of having in some sense been mysteriously thwarted, we also feel that he had a frustrated instinct for the passionate side of human nature. Perhaps the impression of fierce control that his work gives out also explains why he was able to suggest the sexual tensions in the poison garden of Rappaccini and in the gay, beribboned Maypole of Merry Mount that was cut down by the Puritans.

Hawthorne's imagination was, of course, fascinated by New England as historical material. And no doubt he felt that he might end his long isolation by confronting the New England past. But it is also a fact that Hawthorne became a writer of fiction, in these stories, by retracing old materials, by reusing the past. Hawthorne's own sense of things was very direct and commonsensical; he was not repelled by business and politics, and would have liked, I think, to do justice to them as a novelist. But all literary tradition in New England was really an offshoot of the church; there was no way for the New England novelist to approach his essential subject — the New England conscience — except in terms protective of New England's religious tradition. And New England in Hawthorne's time had already substituted literature for the church; it was already rich in those bookish habits that were to produce throughout the nineteenth century so many Bulfinches and Bartletts, so many retellings and retailings of Greek myths, familiar quotations, legends, and aphorisms.

To be a storyteller in New England — not a prophet or reformer or lecturer or essayist, not a sage or clairvoyant or medium — it was necessary

to domesticate the classics, to bring them down to the New England fireside, to turn history into a cozy moral for here and now. Hawthorne, who projected story collections under such titles as *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, *Provincial Tales*, *The Story Teller*, *Old Time Legends*, was to call his actual collections *Twice-Told Tales*, *Mosses From an Old Manse*, *The Snow-Image*, *Grandfather's Chair*, *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*. He adapted old tales to present purposes; he offered storybooks whose very titles comforted and assured. Hawthorne was writing myths for New England to remember itself by. But "storybook fiction" involves a conscious reduction. There must always be some suggestion of playfulness about the tale told to charm children and to keep old men at the chimney corner. In the end the "storybook" vanished back into the tradition it is meant to uphold.

Every appreciative reader of Hawthorne knows that he was not a type, least of all this type. Yet the traits I have associated with the "storybook" manner may help to explain the archness of Hawthorne's allusions, the idle reverie that clouds up his mere sketches, the sometimes coy playfulness of his prefaces, and above all the faint sermonizing that one finds in some stories, as one finds it at the end of *The Scarlet Letter*.

All too often the allegorical method lent itself to the tranquilizing function of Transcendentalist preaching. Storybook fiction was a way of telling the audience that the values once imparted by the church, and now gently retailed by literature, were safe forever, that literature would serve to testify to a spiritual world as the church had once done. This was not true. Literature failed New England. It had to — New England was no longer unique. Of course Hawthorne's audience, in his time, did not realize as fully as we do now how much subtlety and even profanation he was able to smuggle into his wonder books and storybooks. "The blue-eyed Nathaniel," as D. H. Lawrence called him, was not the prig he tried to be. By the time the full complexity of Hawthorne's mind was made clear to scholars in our time, it was because, as James had suggested in his book of 1879, Hawthorne was as an artist no influence on other artists. He provoked interest among scholars, he stimulated new thinking among psychologists and theologians, because he had become a problem safely established in the past. It was almost as if he had *aimed* at that. He had become "New England" — the country of its imagination.



# EVELYN WAUGH

## FACES **LIFE**

### and vice versa

by John Osborne

*Mr. Osborne worked for the Luce magazines for twenty-three years and now free-lances in Washington.*

THE editors of *Life* magazine decided in January of 1946 to favor the British novelist Evelyn Waugh with their massive and, they assumed, welcome attention. His *Brideshead Revisited* had just been published, and they proposed to derive from it and his earlier novels a series of photographic essays, to be compounded of excerpts from the Waugh prose and pictures representing his scenes and characters. It was the kind of unlikely thing that *Life* did well, in part because its editors and subordinate minions took themselves and their projects with total seriousness and were accustomed to overriding obstacles, occasionally including the qualms of such beneficiaries as Waugh, with imperious certitude. One of the magazine's best photographers, David Scherman, and a researcher on its London staff, Elizabeth Reeve, were assigned to the Waugh project, and, for *Life's* purposes, it was in process when somebody thought of telling Waugh about it.

This chore fell to the London researcher. No doubt aware of Waugh's famous horror of the telephone, she informed him of the project by letter. She set forth *Life's* designs, asked his cooperation, and in what was intended to be a show of humility, referred to the "monumental" endeavor upon which *Life* and presumably Waugh were embarked. The original of Waugh's reply, dated "31st January 1946," is before me now. It is in his wasp-track squiggle, in green ink on dun-gray paper, under his letterhead in blue capitals:

PIERS COURT, STINCHCOMBE  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE  
Dursley 250

Dursley was the village telephone exchange, 250 was the number, and Waugh had drawn a faint and eloquent green dash through that line.

"Dear Madam," Waugh wrote, "I have read your letter of yesterday with curiosity and re-read it with compassion. I am afraid you are unfamiliar with the laws of my country. The situation is not that my cooperation is desirable, but that my permission is necessary, before you publish a series of photographs illustrating my books. I cannot find any phrase in your letter that can be construed as seeking permission.

"You say: 'without consulting you the project will be like blind flying.' I assure you that it will be far more hazardous. I shall send a big blue incorruptible policeman to lock you up and the only 'monumental' work Mr. Scherman is likely to perform is breaking stones at Dartmoor (our Zing Zing).

Yours faithfully,  
Evelyn Waugh."

With the receipt of this letter, the Waugh project became my problem. Although I was the chief correspondent in London for both *Life* and *Time*, I tended to leave the *Life* people to their own devices and worked mostly for "The Weekly News-magazine." Here, however, was a *Life* crisis of the first magnitude, and I either undertook or was ordered to resolve it. I suggested to Waugh by letter that we discuss the difficulty in person, touched upon the vast audience awaiting introduction to his works, and invited him to invite me to visit him in Gloucestershire. He replied:

"I don't know how I have given you & Mrs. Reeve and Mr. Scherman the impression that I seek popularity for my books among those who cannot read. I have tried to give the literate all the information they need about my characters. If I have failed, I don't think you can help me.

"I am sure it is not your fault & that you are being bothered by some boss in the United States. Take heart; he has forgotten about it already. I was once a journalist for seven weeks & I know about bosses. They are volatile creatures.

"But if this preposterous project has become a fixed idea with the man & you would like to see me, by all means come. . . ."

Waugh tempered the invitation with a warning that he could not put me up ("I have no cook or house-maids") and something more than a hint that I should not expect to be met if I came by train ("Have you a bicycle?"). He closed on a slightly warmer note: "I am always here and can give you a glass of port on arrival and plenty of dry bread. Please do not telephone." Subsequently acknowledging the mailed information that I enjoyed the use of a company automobile, and in any event, preferred to return to London the same day, he brought himself to say, "I can very well put you up for a night" and,

"Sunday is a good day for a visit as we eat meat then.

"I hope Mrs. Reeve is well."

A Sunday was agreed, and I found Waugh and his wife and Piers Court behind "the shabby white gates at the crossroads" which he had described. What passed in connection with the essay project, I have forgotten. We evidently did not quarrel about it. What I do remember are the handsome lunch provided and served by Mrs. Waugh, whom I knew to be my host's second wife and the granddaughter of an earl; a pig named Glory; and a productive conversation.

The pig was pink and lived in a small shed, apparently in utter darkness except when the door was opened to feed or show it. When Waugh showed it to me during a walk about the premises of Piers Court after lunch, he spoke of it with pride and a fondness which, so far as I could discern, the pig did not requite. I was to hear more about it, twice.

Waugh remarked in the course of talk about the oddities of English society that the country's aristocracy, and particularly the titled portion of it, was a shrinking asset which ought to be preserved in the national interest. He proposed that its leading ornaments be herded together into a suitable space and there maintained at the public expense, in the fashion and for the reasons that such relics as the Tower of London were maintained long past their practical utility. I knew from experience that my notions of subjects for *Life* articles seldom coincided with those of the New York editors. But this one seemed to be surefire. I recklessly urged Waugh to set it on paper and submit it forthwith to *Life*. He said that he would think about it, and on that happy note we parted.

On "12 March 1946," which could not have been more than a fortnight after our meeting, I received a card with the printed inscription "From Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Piers Court," and so forth, and, in the familiar green squiggle:

"I have written an article on the subject you proposed & sent it to a man who has a typewriter. It will reach you in about a week. I think it will be of interest to Americans. We killed a pig today and are well supplied with meat, should you think of coming to luncheon again."

The card crossed a letter from me, informing Waugh that *Life* had abandoned the essay project. His reply reflected his conviction, which I had failed to shake at our luncheon meeting, that Henry R. Luce and his wife, Clare, were necessarily, personally, and jointly responsible for all *Life* editorial enterprises of any importance, and his fixation upon the innocent Elizabeth Reeve as the embodiment of all that he abhorred in American journalism.

"I am delighted," he wrote, "to hear that Mr. Luce has seen reason about his project of illustrating my books. I am afraid he (or Mrs. Reeve) will have to pay for the article. It will be a good thing to send it to him, as even if he does not print it, it might interest him. It was written specially for *very simple* Americans. The pig (Glory) made a fine death — 'bona mors' to Mrs. Luce."

The article on the preservation of the aristocracy fascinated *Life's* editors, and judging from the resultant flow of letters, *Life's* readers. The latter were variously appreciative and outraged, some by what they took to be undue respect for the aristocracy and others by what they thought to be undue contempt for it. I sent Waugh a copy of the issue containing his article, and later, for his amusement, excerpts from the letters.

"Thank you for 'Life' and the extracts from correspondence," he replied. "It is a sad thing that these simple illiterate immigrants should have been taught to read. They clearly do not understand a word of the language."

Waugh, *Life*, and the Luces got along very well thereafter. He visited Los Angeles in 1947 and wrote for *Life* a gruesome report which anticipated *The Loved One*, his novel about the barbarities attending death in the vicinity of Hollywood. His suggestion, shrewdly aimed, that "the subject of Catholicism in England is one which should interest Mrs. Luce" (he and she were converts to that faith) led to a second visit to the United States and an article entitled "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church."

During the second visit he stayed at a luxury hotel in New York, went his rounds in a chauffeured limousine, and took evident pleasure in living splendidly at *Life's* expense. A dinner for him at the Links Club was the occasion of our last exchange. The assembled *Life* editors, by then including me, were in a winish fog and discussing the state of religion in the United States in our naturally portentous way when Waugh asked whether any man at the table other than himself was a practicing Christian. With that malicious little smile of his, he demanded individual answers.

When my turn came, I stared across the table at him, and with all the intensity I could muster, asked in return, "Do you mean, do I believe in the life, the death, and the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of my soul?" Waugh said that he did mean this, and I said, "I do." It was a reprehensible lie, but I thought it had its intended effect. Waugh was subdued, all but silent, for the rest of the evening, as if he were wondering how he would answer his question, put in that Baptist way.

# STRIKES and PEOPLE

## A Proposal

by Leland Hazard

*Recent strikes, such as those that shut down New York's subways and grounded most of the airlines last summer, have caused men on all sides to feel "there must be a better way!" This proposal for a new way grows out of the author's many years of experience in labor-management affairs. He now teaches graduate students of industrial administration at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.*

It is time for comprehensive legislation, not to abolish the strike, but to make its use more intelligent and intelligible. During last summer's airplane strike, it was popular to criticize both the President and the Congress for hesitating to take decisive action to end the national hardship. And when Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz testified before committees of the Congress that the strike did not constitute a "national emergency," the country wondered how preciously semantic he could be. Sixty percent of our transit facilities — some, parts of global systems — was out of service. If, as the Secretary said, only some "inconvenience" was involved, then why would the air carriers have been certified as essential in the national interest by the Civil Aeronautics Board, or subsidized for mail by the government, as they once were, or otherwise aided, as they are, with taxpayers' money?

The ruin, or partial ruin, of small businessmen — florists who could not get supplies; operators of airport restaurants and bars; cabdrivers and porters without customers or tips; a whole galaxy of satellites, large and small, from adjacent motels to automatic vendors — such economic disaster is more than an inconvenience. Obviously, in this context, the Secretary's word "inconvenience" was nonsense.

But in another context, the President and the Congress and the Secretary made sense, given the dilemma in which they were caught. The dilemma may have been of the President's own making. I am informed that off the record, in advance of the union negotiations, the President told the principal aircraft executives to hold any increase within the now defunct government "guidelines." The executives obeyed; and in the end, the President himself had the onus of piercing the ceiling in a desperate effort to end the strike and save the *form* of collective bargaining, only to find that the union leaders could not speak for their constituents, a clear case of the American workman's determination that his services will be available only on his own terms.

The aircraft workers' revolt was not unique. Walter Reuther in September, 1964, wrested from the Big Three "the best contract the UAW has ever negotiated," yet his constituents at GM called a strike which lasted six weeks. David McDonald went out for Total Job Security, Greater Prosperity, and Greater Justice and Dignity on the Job; and his Human Relations Commission for Continuous Bargaining was hailed as a real leap forward toward industrial peace. But the giant Steelworkers Union voted him out. In January, 1965, Longshoremen's president Thomas Gleason announced "the best contract ever." But the longshoremen struck, nevertheless, at a cost of \$67 million a day in the export and import business alone.

Government hesitates to interfere with collective bargaining and strikes for good reason. It is held to be essential to the private enterprise system that wages be determined by private contract. George W. Taylor, adviser to Franklin Roosevelt and every President of the United States since, and dean of the philosophers of labor-management relations, says that there are four ways in which wages may be fixed: by management, by labor, by government, or by collective bargaining. The strike in our system of industrial democracy is a right. It is the worker's way of asserting that he is not a slave. It is significant that when American labor sought to prevent, and later to repeal or amend, the Taft-Hartley Act, which in some respects curtailed union power, the verbal weapon it most frequently used was the phrase "Slave Labor Law" — poignant proof of labor's recent emancipation; for indeed, most of the world's work in historical time has been done by slaves. The fact that the average American worker has more conveniences, comfort, health, and amenities than any other man in all past history is not the point. The worker must be independent, free to provide his services on terms and conditions to which he agrees and free not to work under compulsion — that is, free to strike.

But no right or principle exists independently



of all else. No worker is an island. There *are* restraints upon the strike. Firemen, policemen, and other governmental workers must press their claims by methods other than the strike. This is the consequence of law or convention. Automation has curtailed the efficacy of the strike in certain industries, such as telephone systems with nationwide dialing and oil refineries with closed-system, computer-managed controls. Federal law authorizes the President to obtain an injunction to suspend a strike in case of a "national emergency" and to require a workers' vote on the employer's last offer, a useless provision, since the injunction and the vote can come only after the fact of the strike, with emotions running high and the prestige of the union leader really the issue rather than the merits of the last offer.

In declared wars, such as World Wars I and II and in Korea, we adopted measures alleged to be with workers' consent, and only partially effective, to limit strikes. But the fact remains that we do make exceptions to the right to strike. Perhaps the most notable are the presidential interventions. Except for some war powers, when a President of the United States introduces himself into a labor-management dispute, he acts without warrant of law. He must gain the acquiescence of both labor and management, as President Truman learned when John L. Lewis told him, "You can't mine coal with bayonets." But using the vast powers of the presidency to get bipartite agreement in a labor dispute is not collective bargaining; and it *is* an interference with the right to strike when collective bargaining has failed to produce agreement. The duress from the White House is no less duress because it is presidential; nor is the agreement, so compelled, the result of free and voluntary collective bargaining. Presidents of the United States have been the worst offenders against collective bargaining and the right to strike.

But in the present state of the law, a President cannot avoid these extralegal and philosophically wrong interventions. The very fact of the intervention proves the existence of public concerns which are not adequately accommodated by existing institutions. The public interest is increasingly a complex of interacting forces in which labor and management are only elements. A bipartite labor settlement *can* be inflationary. An interruption in transportation, in the supply of foods, medicines, or power, or in any of the services by which our society lives and survives almost literally from day to day *can* jeopardize health and safety. Suspension of the continuous flow of materials can and does cost irrecoverable loss of pay and earnings. Bipartite agreements *can* affect adversely the national balance of payments, the soundness of the dollar, our position in world trade, our national strength.

We dare not wait for some "black death," economic collapse, or catastrophic chain reaction to impair permanently the well-being of the American people. Presidents know these national dangers; and they do what they can to avoid them, despite the lack of adequate law and without regard to the sanctity of collective bargaining and the strike.

It is now popular to assert that the public interest sits as a third party at the bargaining table. The public interest *should* sit as a third party at the bargaining table, but it does not. There is no institution by which that seat is provided.

**I** OFFER an institution to save collective bargaining and the right to strike and give effective voice to the public interest in collective bargaining. Our labor laws should be amended to create an Industrial Peace Commission (IPC) as a permanent agency of the federal government. Its members would be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, and have staggered terms so that the tenure of the commission would overlap the term or terms of successive Presidents.

IPC would be an agency comparable with the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, and other agencies in which we now reconcile conflicting interests in our free economy. Its work would be done within severe time limits; but as a full-time, continuing commission, it would be constantly abreast of collective bargaining developments and their possible impact, including the probability of strikes, upon the national interest and all substantial third-party interests.

The law creating the IPC would reaffirm all the aspects of present national policy in the Wagner Act and in the Taft-Hartley Act: the right of workers to have unions of their own choosing, the right and duty of employers and unions to bargain in good faith, the right of workers to strike and of employers to lock out, and all the fundamentals of labor policy as now established by federal law. But there would also be other declarations of national policy, such as stable currency and stable prices; globally balanced balance of payments; need for uninterrupted flow of goods and services, both for civilian well-being and for national defense; and implementation of American foreign policy by whatever constitutional commitments the President or Congress might make.

The added feature of the law would require that in any collective bargaining unit established under the procedures of the Wagner Act, as amended by the Taft-Hartley Act, either party in an ongoing

collective bargaining procedure, or the President of the United States, could invoke the jurisdiction of the IPC to define the issues, find the facts, and recommend a settlement in the dispute within the frame of the complex of national policies. All parties in interest: employer, union, governmental agencies, consumer organizations, taxpayers' associations, financial institutions, to name only some — all those who could properly claim a relevant third-party interest would be heard.

I do not lay out the many important details. Suffice it to say that the IPC would establish its own rules of procedure, just as other such agencies do; set time limits; in its discretion decline to hear parties; indeed, decline to take the case at all if in the judgment of the commission, under the declarations of policy established by the Congress, the case did not sufficiently involve a national or substantial third-party interest. Thus, irresponsible use of the commission would be avoided. But this is not a blueprint.

The findings of issues and facts and the recommended settlement would be submitted to the parties and to the public. Management and labor would then be free to accept or reject. If management rejected, the union would be free to strike. If management accepted and union rejected, then the recommendations of the IPC would be submitted to the members of the collective bargaining unit for a secret ballot election under the auspices of the National Labor Relations Board. If a majority of all the members of a unit rejected the recommendation, the union would be free to call a strike. If a majority accepted, that would be the agreement. During the proceedings of the IPC and during the voting, if voting occurred — of course, Congress would have set strict time limits for these procedures — the right to strike would be suspended.

Some will consider my proposal too little. They will urge that compulsory arbitration *must* replace the strike. Others will say that I plan too much interference with collective bargaining. The answer to both sets of critics is one word — moderation, not voluntary, but induced by adequate institutionalism. The problem is to provide an institution in which the right of some not to be slaves and the right of others not to be victimized can be reconciled pragmatically.

My proposal would put the spotlight on collective bargaining and on the strike. Just as arms may not legally be borne in secret — only in public — so collective bargaining could not fail — and the strike ensue — in secret. If the institution of IPC corrected the failure of collective bargaining (I think it would in many cases), so much the better. If not, then the right to strike could be exercised in public, after full public disclosure. No one who

believes in democracy will object to this pragmatic approach. If it proves to be not enough, then that will be the time for further measures.

I know very well that an industrial peace commission would not prevent all strikes. I know that I have made no distinction between so-called national emergencies and other emergencies. A shambles was made of that distinction in the air strike. I have made no distinction between government employees and other employees. In fact, I have tried to reintegrate jurisdictions by making the proposed IPC jurisdiction coextensive with that of the National Labor Relations Board to certify a collective bargaining unit. I would expect that the federal IPC would serve as a model for the states, as other federal models, such as the Norris-LaGuardia Act, the Wagner Act, and other progressive labor laws, were copied by the states.

I know that in proposing that the President appoint the members of the IPC, I have avoided the usual pattern of a body nominated one third by labor, one third by management, and one third from some so-called neutral source. I think that labor should come up to the mature conception that it is no more entitled to special treatment by government than is any other element in the American society. The railroads, the air carriers, the petroleum industry, the industrial companies are not given the right to nominate or to insert advocates into the offices of the ICC, the CAB, the Federal Power Commission, or the antitrust division of the Attorney General's office. Why should an industrial peace commission be a different kind of governmental commission?

It will be urged by critics of my plan that fact-finding commissions have not worked. It will be said that if workers will not follow their own leaders, why should I expect them to react favorably to the recommendations of the Industrial Peace Commission? My answer is that such a commission with tenure will develop expertise and will gain skill in articulating and defining the issues, finding facts, and reaching conclusions. Such a commission by reason of its injunction to act in the *whole national interest* and because of its high visibility will achieve a sanction for its determinations comparable with that possessed by our most potent institutions.

A. H. Raskin reported in the June *Atlantic* that when the New York subway union struck this year "it still had on the negotiating table as its only formal position a demand for a package pay increase twenty times as large as the largest it had ever got before." An IPC, either federal or state, would avoid such an absurdity. Bluff, threat, and crisis are no longer tolerable; and advocates of collective bargaining *as is* will lose all unless they realize that times change.



## ROLLER DERBY ANYONE?

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

There is something about mass popularity in full flower, especially in the realm of television, which seems almost indestructible. The reigning favorite will last forever, for who could take his place? How could we ever stop guessing who would be fired next from the *Arthur Godfrey Show*? The evening's news would have a synthetic ring unless we saw it read in confident tones by John Cameron Swayze, with cigarette plugs fore and aft and two or three in the middle. Who is or was "Mr. Television"? Surely nothing might ever dim the radiance of the star who could crank out for himself a nickname like that.

If one tries to account for the fame of these people, one finds that reiteration, hammering it all home again for those who missed it the first time — or the third, or the thirtieth — was perhaps the major cause of their success. Sameness may be insufferable to some, but to many, the more familiar the fare the more reassuring it becomes.

At some point in its existence, popularity takes a turn downward. The cosy acceptance, nourished by

familiarity and never in its sameness disappointing, is replaced by fatigue. Julius La Rosa's next singing engagements somehow escaped page one; Swayze turned to something other than news; Mr. Television is active, one gathers, but not without competitors.

At this fall-winter season the apparently deathless and everlasting entertainment is provided by hired athletes, men who make a living by playing for television cameras the same game they formerly played for sport. It is unimaginable, as one of these seasonal "championships" goes into its final stages — as it did last year and the year before — that its hypnotic hold on its audience could ever wane, but the question persists nonetheless: how much of the same old thing shall we insist on having? A few items:

**Football:** If passer and receiver continue to improve, whence will the surprises come? The perfectly thrown pass is perfectly received, and the stylized spectators in the stands break into a stylized form of what the announcer shrewdly describes as "pandemonium." At appropriate intervals near-perfect misses occur, and what the announcer, shrewdly drawing on his lore of what is really an absurdly simple game, correctly infers to be "a punting situation"

develops. The ball changes hands, and the passing is resumed, pandemoniums and all.

**Tennis:** Many beautiful strokes are shown, but we can't quite see where they cause the ball to go. This is especially tiresome for viewers who enjoy playing and watching a tennis game.

**Baseball:** Whether it's gum or tobacco they're chewing, the batter and the pitcher are forever spitting all over the place.

**Golf:** Four players are seen to drive. The camera seeks to follow the ball through the air. Nothing at all happens to the ball while it is in the air. The four players are seen to hit their second shot — more ball-in-the-air camera tracking. The players eventually hole out. Tomorrow: more of the same, right from the bee-yoo-ti-ful course of the Nirvana (Ohio) Country Club, with its lightning-fast greens and treacherous traps, where genial Joe Doakes, the club pro, has been working night and day to accommodate the greatest gallery ever to turn out for a tournament in Nirvana. C'm over here, Joe, and say a few words, will ya?

**Bowling:** Contestant A rolls a strike. Contestant B rolls two strikes. Contestant A rolls two strikes, etc., etc. The only difference between them is that A believes in



much body English and mugging, while B plays the great-stone-face bit. Their match is supposed to be part of a vast tournament, of which more next week, etc., etc.

*Boxing:* Who could possibly believe it or care two whoops?

Those mentioned above are perhaps the major television sports of the present and looking as if they would endure for centuries. The same could have been said a few years ago of professional wrestling and the Roller Derby. . . .

## BETTER ROADS, WORSE DRIVERS

*A collection of opinion on motoring in the United States by RICHARD BENSTED-SMITH of London, editor of MOTOR, and KEN PURDY, a writer on automotive affairs.*



**D**RIVING skill is really a matter of definition. To a European, driving skill starts with the ability to control the machine, having a fair idea of its limitations and operating it accordingly. We know that our British roads have been designed to produce an emergency about every twenty minutes, and on the whole we don't mind. It helps to keep us awake. The American ideal of a skillful driver seems to us a sort of Pavlovian dog, conditioned to respond instantly to a few simple commands and to leave the rest to Providence. The good American citizen stays obediently in his lane, never makes a move without looking in his rear-view mirror, and cruises along in close company with his fellowmen at the legal speed limit. When the first car in the line does something unexpected, the poor chap has only one trick in his repertoire. He stamps on his brakes, and the whole convoy goes bang-bang-bang like an early English freight train.

It might be more pertinent to ask whom we should blame. I have a number of suggestions. The first is the highway engineer, for equipping America with a network of roads generally about two categories better than their European equivalents. That is, your ordinary suburban high street is built to roughly the same

standard as our rural main road, and your second-grade expressway has one or two lanes more than the most modern motorway in Britain. You have to have them, of course, because the cars are so big and so numerous, and it might be a little unfair to indict the engineer for doing what he had to. A far more dangerous accident catalyst is the busybody who comes along, notices that the engineer has had to include a bend now and then, and starts posting "recommended" speeds. Out in wildest Michigan I made a few experimental passes at some of these hazards and established that the posted speeds were all 20 to 25 mph slower than those that a European, *driving normally in an American car*, would expect to use. It wasn't by any means a competitive or tire-squealing exercise; I simply drove as I should with the family on board.

Later I discovered that the American Association of State Highway Officials' policy calls for road design and speed limits to allow a maximum sideways acceleration (or centrifugal force) ranging from about .3g at 15 mph to .11g at 80 mph. Without getting too technical, you can put this in perspective by saying that .1g is roughly the gripping power of a pneumatic tire on ice. By implication the American motorist is judged

incapable, at highway speeds, of deciding for himself whether it is fine or snowing. A further criterion of the AASHO is "the point at which centrifugal force causes the driver to recognize a feeling of discomfort and instinctively act — barring recklessness — to avoid higher speed," and it defines the limiting sideways acceleration for this condition as .21g up to 20 mph, .18g for speeds of 25 and 30 mph, and .15g above 35 mph.

General Motors, to whom I'm indebted for pointing this out in its spirited defense of the Corvair before the highway committee of the Michigan state senate, also claims: "Our experience is that in the emergency situation few motorists have the capacity to control any car on public roads at much in excess of .13g at 30 mph and .2g at 60 mph," which is a sobering thought for us wild ones over here. To make sure I wasn't cheating, I recently put a g-meter on my car and drove home through the usual rural English roads to see what would happen. Making allowance for some complicating factors, I found that up to 60 mph the discomfort limit was about .5g.

All this leads me back to the conclusion that the American motorist has become oversheltered, both by the road system and by the car itself. Because he (and more especially she) has asked for feather-light controls, the industry has provided them, which is a bad thing for two reasons. Extreme lightness not only is dangerous in itself (as when sudden stopping throws the driver's foot more heavily onto the brake pedal and brings a shower of tissue boxes off the rear parcel shelf), but is usually incompatible with sensitive control — and sensitivity is what you need to cope with an emergency.

Of course the engineers are well aware of this, but of course the engineers in Detroit are bossed by the market researchers and the product planners who know what the public wants, and the public doesn't want what it doesn't know about. More important, the people who are making the biggest noise about safety are cotton-wool motorists like anybody else, and the idea of integrating the driver with a part of the *engineering* in his automobile simply hasn't occurred to them. They might do well to read the first report on the New York Safety Car Program, which has a firm grasp of human engineering needs: "The

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# Many people are so happy to get Cherry Heering for the holidays, they never drink it.

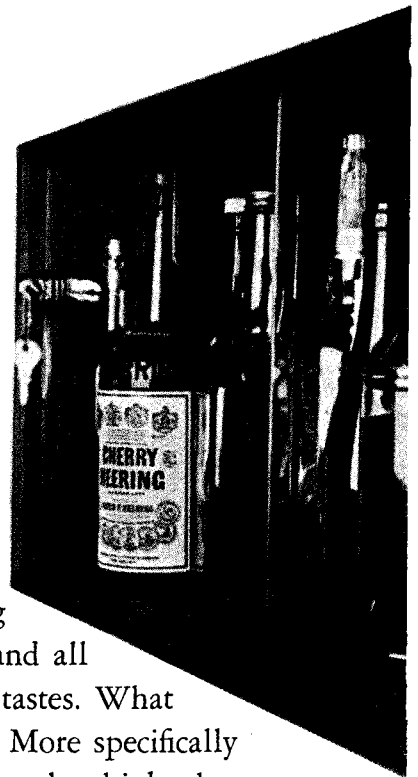


Our bottle looks almost too good to open. So many people don't. They tuck it away for a special occasion or they put it "on display." (That means someplace where guests can read the label, but can't open the bottle.)

They've heard that Cherry Heering is pretty expensive and prestigious and all that, but they haven't heard how it tastes. What adds to their confusion is our name. More specifically our first name. "Cherry." Some people think that means Cherry Heering is a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Another thing: Cherry Heering isn't only for women. Women like it because it's good. Not because they're women.

So please remember. If you receive a bottle of Cherry Heering for the holidays, and it says "Don't open 'til December 25th" — please make it *this* December 25th.



Try a "Redhead". One part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac on-the-rocks.



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The most misunderstood  
drink in the world.

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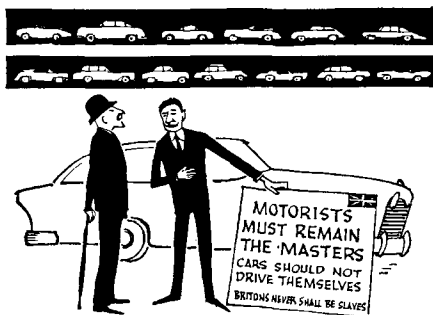
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ability of any given driver to handle his vehicle safely is not only determined by its handling characteristics *per se*, but perhaps to an equal degree by the information feedback to the driver. Drivers, in general, do respond to information feedback."

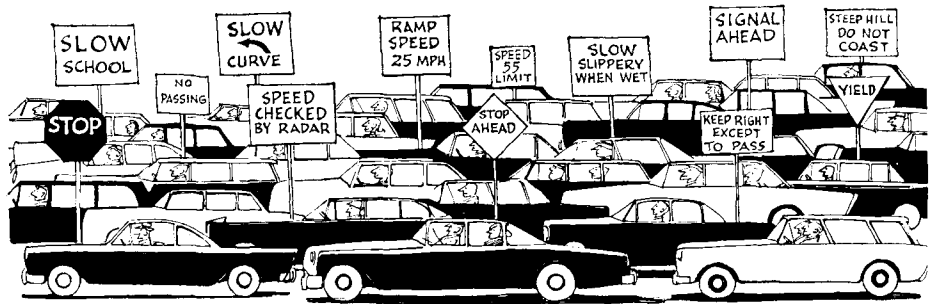
The revolutionary nature of this observation becomes evident if you ask an American driver what information feedback (or, in motoring jargon, "feel") he expects to get out of his car. It is so long since he was allowed steering which would tell him when the road was slippery, or for that matter, even if the wheels were pointing straight ahead, that he doesn't know what you are talking about. The brake pedal is a thing on which he leans gently to slow down, or which he occasionally jabs in a panic to lock up his wheels and produce the freight-train effect. Rubber screeching on macadam is a normal accompaniment to the sounds of an American city because progressive braking has given way to a kind of stop-and-go system which makes no demand on the skill of the driver.

To an outsider it is hardly surprising that the result is an automated man with no built-in provision for emergencies. Indignant automats will reply that the death rate on American roads is a good deal less horrifying than it is in Europe — which is true but irrelevant, because



we lack America's divided, pedestrian-free highways and have a much higher proportion of pedestrian casualties. Britain in particular, with a soaring vehicle and driver population which has already produced congestion greater than that in any other country on earth, is just embarking on the dangerous experiment of rigidly disciplined driving on the American pattern without the advantage of American roads. If our industry, too, should follow suit, I fear the consequences of a triumph of matter over mind.

*Richard Bensted-Smith*



THERE are two kinds of motorists, all the world over. One sort thinks of the automobile as an everyday convenience, on equal footing with the refrigerator, the TV set, the heating plant in his house. The other thinks of it as an instrument of sport, as something designed not primarily for transport but as a source of pleasure. He is a profound reactionary, his face set like flint against the future. Most Americans live in the first category, many Englishmen in the second. A small and vocal band on both sides of the water share the enthusiast's ideal: the beautiful automobile, fast, controllable in the highest degree, and running over the road without let or hindrance. These people feel that they live in tragic times. They see the designers turning out motorcars of incredible speeds, over-the-road cars that will do 150 to 200 miles an hour, automobiles sturdy, sophisticated, comfortable to a degree unimagined even two decades ago, and at the same time they see society imposing ever more stringent conditions on their use. The list of cars which insurance companies arbitrarily decline to cover grows; speed limits are lowered and ferociously enforced. In England traffic density has reached sixty vehicles to the mile and is rising. This can end in only one way, in society's insistence on cancellation of the individual's control of the vehicle, which is to say, in automated transportation.

Automation is probably closer than we think. Already a working commuter system has been demonstrated. It uses identical three-passenger vehicles. The commuter rolls his car out of the garage, drives it to the station, sets it on a slotted ramp, exactly as a toy racing car is set on its track, and relinquishes control. The vehicle is automatically run into the traffic stream, and the driver can go to sleep, read his newspaper, or play cards. When the vehicle reaches its programmed des-

tination, it will be switched out of the traffic stream onto another ramp, with control given back to the driver, who will pilot it to his office, where it will be parked automatically. All very efficient, probably nearly accident-proof, comfortable, convenient — and deplorable to those who will see it as the final crushing of one of man's basic liberties, the right to individual freedom of movement.

The golden age of the motorcar may have run from the middle 1920s to the Hitler war, when the great carriages of legendary name — Bentley, Hispano-Suiza, Bugatti, Voisin, Isotta-Fraschini, and so many others — ran over roads almost deserted by the standards we accept today. In those far-off times, individualism counted. Even the automobiles, cheap or costly, differed profoundly one from another. The driver was the captain of his ship, and he went as he pleased. If he wished to go fast, he could; he could run from Calais to Nice in a day without, as the phrase went, turning on his headlights. Over-the-road motoring really was a sport, a recreation, and a delight. It is no longer, and it will never be again.

In the use of the automobile, in its integration into the fabric of the economy, the United States indisputably leads the world, and therefore in the trend of things here we can see the pattern of the future. In the pattern of the future, individual license in the management of the motorcar will count for nothing or next to nothing. Some bitter rear-guard actions are being fought against this inevitability, but they are doomed. Hear H. D. Bos, in the correspondence columns of the British magazine *Autocar*: "Most, if not all, of us would feel shame after conviction for drunken driving, dangerous driving, crossing on the 'red,' or any other form of dangerous behavior. Like most others, if not all, I feel no shame over speeding convictions, only annoyance. . . ." One

can sympathize with Mr. Bos, but still he is well off. In Connecticut, where I live now, a speeding conviction brings loss of license for thirty days. If Mr. Bos lives long enough, he will find himself under the weight of similar restriction.

In Great Britain, until very recently, there was no speed limit on the open road. I have driven past police cars on British motorways at 125 miles an hour without arousing a flicker of interest. Now there is an overall 70 mph limit. When it was laid down, the British motoring press set out against it a campaign of remarkable ferocity and subjectivity. Four arguments were cited: (1) If traffic were forced to move at a uniform rate, a plague of the dreaded American-style "crocodile" accidents would ensue; (2) The limit would be unenforceable because British motorists, to a man, would break it; (3) It would destroy the British high-performance car industry; (4) Speed is safety — that is, a high power-to-weight ratio, giving, for example, great passing power, enables one to drive out of trouble.

These arguments had zero effect on the Ministry of Transport, perhaps because they are all invalid. The plague of crocodile accidents did not materialize. (For some reason, British motorists believe that the multiple tail-end collision is a standard feature of American life.) Public opinion polls showed that a majority of British motorists did not wish to drive at speeds over 60 miles an hour. The British high-performance industry continued to flourish. A short time after the limit went on, David Brown, head of the Aston Martin company, told me that he had no order cancellations, expected none, believed that he would increase his exports to the United States by 30 percent in 1966, and intended to press on with his plans for a 200 mph road car. And of course the "Speed is safety" argument had no bearing in the premises, since it is applicable only to a tiny minority of specially skilled drivers: professionals, semiprofessionals, dedicated amateurs, and the graduates of the British High Performance School, who are certified as being competent to drive at, say, 100 miles an hour in traffic. And even this is arguable. The most skilled drivers we know are certainly the *grand prix* champions of the world, and of this superselect com-

pany of experts, produced at the rate of only one a year, two have been killed at the wheel in the last decade in ordinary road accidents.

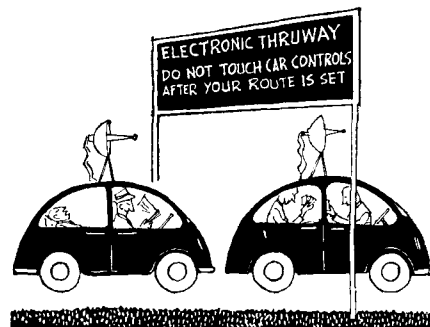
No one prominent in the British motoring press — a much weightier institution than our own — is in my view more competent or better informed than Richard Bensted-Smith. He is right when he says that the American motorist is sheltered by the road system and by the car. And the future will bring him more shelter, and less skill. Regulation, and particularly, lower speed limits, must inevitably lessen skill. Skill of a high order cannot be developed, or even demonstrated, except at high speeds. The future will bring more shelter to the British motorist, too, and less skill, although he will fight harder against it. (The enthusiast segment of British motoring fought the automatic transmission bitterly, and it is only now, two decades after it became standard in the United States, coming to acceptance in the U.K.; much of the British motoring community is still furious because manufacturers no longer furnish a hand crank as standard equipment.)

Bensted-Smith considers the 70 mph limit a dangerous experiment because he is afraid it will produce American-type automobiles, overpowered because 0 to 60 acceleration offers their drivers the only opportunity for speed pleasure; underbraked because American driving conditions rarely call for three successive hard stops from high speed; less road-worthy because travel over carefully graded and curved super-highways emphasizes comfort, and comfort drives out controllability, other things being equal.

I don't think the British 70 mph limit is either dangerous or an experiment. It is an inevitable reflection of the concern society shows when traffic reaches a certain density. It is another step on the path to tomorrow, a step toward the intermediate stage between highway travel today and the automation of the future, a stage that will see automobiles very much alike in size and performance capability traveling under rigid speed and interval supervision over featureless highways. Automatic throttle controls of the kind now increasingly common on American cars will certainly be used, and a sensing device to maintain safe space between cars would appear inevitable as well.

Will this kind of driving be a pleasure? For those who have known nothing else, yes. And even for those who have — crawling about in today's anarchistic traffic is no delight. Those who remember real motoring, and not only yesterday's motoring, but the kind one can have today in South America and in many parts of Europe, will think it horrible. Even now, driving in the United States compared with driving on the Continent or even in England, 70 mph limit or not, is boring in the extreme, frustrating, and annoying. But safer it certainly is, because while it's true that most accidents occur at under 45 miles an hour, it is also true that the higher the speed the worse the accident, and that the safest speed is the speed of the traffic. Those points cannot be argued.

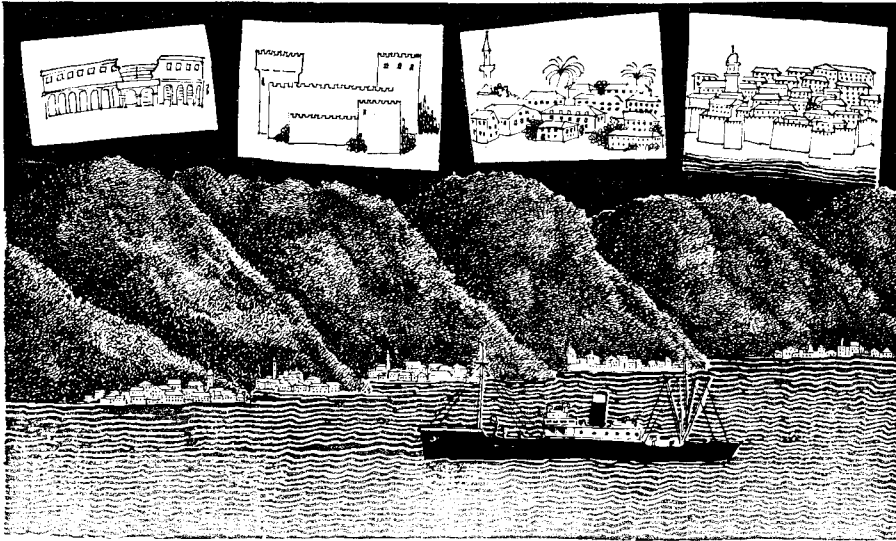
Finally, one must dispute Bensted-Smith's implication that the present generation of British drivers is skilled out of all comparison with the American. This simply isn't true. One sees shockingly bad driving, and very good driving, on both sides of the Atlantic. I think it is true that a higher percentage of British



drivers are adept in the esoteric, dying refinements of the art — "heel-and-toe" downshifting with that Stone Age device the manual transmission, ability to manage an understeer skid, and so on — but the level of good judgment in emergency, the primary factor, is no better than in the States. Two of the best road drivers who ever lived are Pat Moss of England, Stirling Moss's sister, and her husband, Erik Carlsson. Pat Moss has repeatedly been woman champion of Europe, and Carlsson is one of the legendary figures in the tremendously demanding field of high-speed international rally driving. The Carlssons, who drive 20,000 or 30,000 miles professionally every year, think the Belgians the worst in the world, with the Greeks, the Swiss, the Danes, and the British next.

Ken Purdy

# pleasures and places



## THE DALMATIAN COAST ON THE CHEAP

BY SCOTT CORBETT

The customs shed at Piraeus was ominously deserted. The customs man who happened by brought us little comfort. He swore that our Yugoslav cargo-passenger ship *Orebić* was not in the harbor. Bag and baggage, we were ready to leave Greece for another glorious sail up the Dalmatian Coast to Trieste, and no ship.

As it happened, he was wrong, but not to be blamed. Piraeus is a busy port, thronging with craft of all kinds. Put a good-sized fishing boat or a moderate-sized car ferry in the way, and one could easily miss seeing the *Orebić* altogether. Framed at quayside by two Mediterranean cruise ships, she was all but invisible. With cabin accommodations for only thirty-six passengers, she was so small her main deck barely reached the level of the dock. Her gangplank was almost a frill. Any reasonably spry old lady could have sprung aboard her without its assistance. We followed our luggage aboard, and a pleasant young steward showed us to our cabin. We must have walked down the inside passageway a good twelve feet to reach it.

"This cabin is larger than the last one," I remarked to my wife. Three

years ago we had made the same trip on another Yugoslav cargo-passenger ship. Then our cabin was so tiny that if I was at the washstand shaving, my wife could not open the outside door without shoving my face through the mirror. Our present quarters offered perhaps a square yard more space. We had our own bathroom, but the facilities were more like those found in a rustic campground, duckboards and all, than in the sort of bathroom one finds on the average cruise ship.

Why, then, were we here? What was the big attraction in all this?

The answer was a travel bargain, one of the best in our experience, which includes several trips on freighters. We had a five-day voyage ahead of us, with liberal amounts of time scheduled ashore. Plenty of luxury liners, including some Yugoslav ships, make the same trip in half the time, but for those travelers who want to see more for less money, this cargo-passenger run is the answer.

Friends had warned us that the Yugoslavs had a weakness for rancid olive oil and a lamentable habit of drenching most of their food with it. This may well be true in some sections of the country, but it is not so

on their ships. The food was excellent. The salads were well dressed, and featured the best lettuce we encountered anywhere in the Mediterranean. The dining saloon steward served with a deftness worthy of the most decadent capitalistic ship afloat. Yugoslav table wines are exceptionally good, especially the white wines, and cost little. The bar offered such a satisfying possibility as slivovitz, the splendid plum brandy, at ten cents a glass. I can only say that the wine and slivovitz are so good that even French tourists have been known to praise them.

The trip provided bonuses before we reached the Dalmatian Coast. The *Orebić* sailed from Piraeus across the Bay of Salmis and passed through the wedge-shaped Corinth Canal, so narrow that only miniature ships like ours can go through it, and with sides so high we had the feeling of being in a deep canyon. Our ship stopped for cargo at two ports in the Gulf of Corinth (Itea, the port of Delphi, and Patras) and next morning put us ashore for a four-hour visit on Corfu.

After Corfu came the wildly rugged and beautiful southern coast of Albania. Great thick slabs of land plunged steeply down to the sea, with impossibly precipitous crevices folded in between them. We only looked, we didn't visit, for today the Albanians have joined in the hot pursuit of the tourist pound, franc, and mark, but not the tourist dollar. They are said to welcome nearly all nationalities now except two: Yugoslavs and Americans.

By morning we were off Yugoslavia, and soon we entered one of the most beautiful inland seas or fjords in the world. To travel up the twists and turns of the bays or Kotor as they reach inland is something not to be enjoyed elsewhere this side of Norway. Jagged mountains tower above the bays on all sides. Mellow red-roofed villages line the shore at water's edge with rows of handsome houses fronting the stone quays, and an inner bay provides an especially appealing sight, two tiny islands, each with an ancient church. One of the islands is natural; the other was made long ago by sailors who wanted to build a church of their own. A gray ruin ashore, with a rugged bell tower crumbling beside it, reminded me of the great traditions of the bay—a spawning ground for mariners



One of the oldest maritime academies in the world was established here centuries ago, and this building once housed it. Peter the Great sent sixty young Russian noblemen to the academy; the fleet they subsequently captained inflicted three defeats on the supposedly invincible Swedes.

Each port of call offered at least two tempting possibilities for sight-seeing. Kotor itself is a walled medieval town with a fine twelfth-century church and a maritime museum. From Kotor it is possible to take a bus tour up twenty-six hairpin curves to the rocky, barren, windswept wilds of Montenegro and the old capital of Cetinje, rejoining the ship at Dubrovnik. On the other hand, by staying with the ship, one has the trip back down the bays, and arrives at Dubrovnik with more time for sight-seeing there.

Dubrovnik is, of course, unique — the most complete and perfectly preserved walled city to be found on any coast. Standing out over the water with its battlements and towers, the compact old city is like a dazzling series of magnificent stage sets conjured up to bring the past to life. Indeed, a dozen plays and operas are staged in its squares and on its castle walls during the summer festival. The ghost of Hamlet's father strides real battlements, Othello plays out his tragedy before a palace worthy of Venice and Cyprus, and *Don Giovanni* and *The Barber of Seville* are produced against genuine backdrops of earlier times.

For six hundred years the republic of Dubrovnik was an independent sea power, making shrewd trade agreements, paying tribute money to the right places, and leaping nimbly from the protection of a waning major power to that of a growing one as the occasion demanded. How could such a city fail to exploit tourism with a sure hand? Yet "exploit" is hardly a fair word to use if one considers prices. In Dubrovnik, as in most parts of Yugoslavia, first-class accommodations, including three meals, are available at no more than five dollars a day per person. New, modern resort hotels are springing up everywhere.

At the end of the fifteenth century in Dubrovnik the town fathers had the good sense to order all wooden houses pulled down and stone ones

built in their places. Even then, in 1667, earthquakes and fires devastated the city, but it was painstakingly rebuilt. At that time its famous main street, the Stradun, was laid out. The smooth stones of the Stradun, polished by centuries of shoes, make up an eye-filling work of art in themselves. It is important to add that although several thousand persons live and work in the old town, no cars are allowed inside the walls, so that strolling there remains an unspoiled pleasure.

Dubrovnik is stone — stones and stonework, arches and fountains, statues and carvings, narrow streets between handsome stone facades, curving stone-stepped lanes sweeping up out of sight toward the city walls and battlements. Along with the usual churches and palaces, gates and squares, there are many minor fascinations, such as one of the oldest pharmacies in Europe, dating from the 1300s, still preserved in the Franciscan monastery.

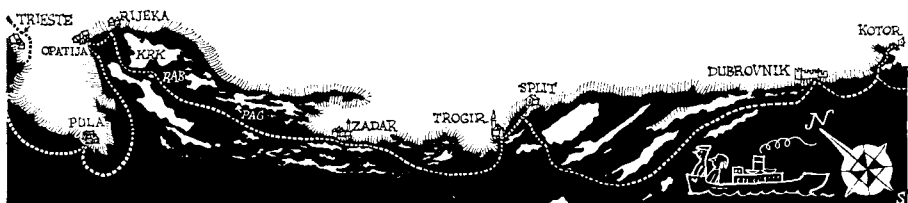
Bus tours are available at every port and are satisfactory if the tourist knows what he is supposed to see and insists on seeing it. The guides are sometimes inclined to be hasty and superficial, bypassing interesting minor attractions and otherwise shortening the tour. We took a bus tour at Dubrovnik and regretted it. First a lot of time was spent driving up into the hills to get a bird's-eye view of the city on a day when not even a bird could have seen through the haze. The trip was enlivened in some measure by our guide's consistent reference to passing olive groves as "olive oil trees," until we half expected to see them tapped like maples to draw off the oil. When at last we returned to the city, he proceeded to lead us on a footrace through unusually attractive palace courtyards and monastery gardens, pausing only for rapid-fire descriptions to accompany ten-second views of paintings, cloisters, statues, and fountains. This sort of thing particularly annoyed us when we considered that bus tours were the only overpriced service we encountered in Yugoslavia (they cost

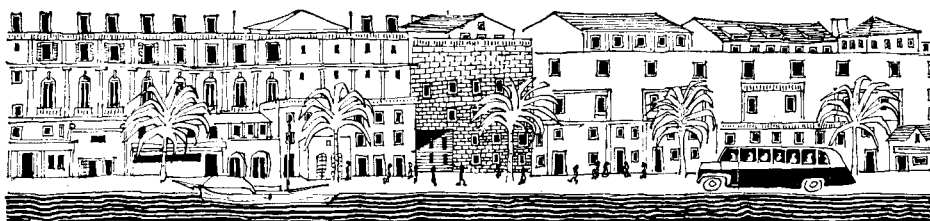
more than comparable bus tours in either Greece or Italy).

The yield was better the next day in Split, where a bus tour seemed the best way to see nearby Trogir. To be sure, our start was not promising. When only nine of us signed up, three taxis were provided instead of a bus. Such arrangements should be refused, since most of the party is then without the services of the guide between stops, and the average Yugoslav taxi driver's English does not qualify him as a substitute.

Trogir is an especially well preserved small medieval walled town, set on a tiny island, with a Venetian fortress thrown in for good measure. Outstanding among its attractions is the medieval sculptor Radovan's greatest masterpiece, the portal of the Cathedral of St. Lawrence. Once we had convinced our guide we were serious about our sight-seeing, he did a thorough job of showing us both Trogir and the ruins of the Roman Dalmatian capital of Salona, on the way back to Split. But it is the Palace of Diocletian in Split that is the must for all visitors. Diocletian was a local boy who made as good as anyone possibly could in those days by becoming a Roman emperor. When he retired, an unusual move in itself, he returned to his homeland and built the largest Senior Citizens' Sunset Village ever known.

First there are the recently excavated underground halls to see. They were built to provide a level platform for the upper halls, and to be a sort of air-conditioning unit through which sea breezes could circulate and cool the living space above. The palace was so vast that when most of its original buildings were destroyed, an entire town (in which three thousand persons live today) was built atop its remains. Architecture of all ages, from classical to modern, mingles on its narrow streets. In the center of the palace the great mausoleum of Diocletian still stands, long since transformed into the cathedral. The columns of the peristyle, or central courtyard of the palace, remain in place, as does





the Temple of Jupiter nearby. The temple is now the baptistery, where for centuries all persons born within the walls of the palace have been baptized. The immense palace stands in the heart of the modern city, facing the sea, only a couple of hundred yards from where our ship tied up.

The next port of call, Zadar, is only an afternoon's sail farther on, with arrival at seven in the evening. Though the town was bombed heavily in World War II, its greatest attractions survived: the massive, towering, splendidly grim and fortresslike ninth-century Church of St. Donat, and the Roman forum on which its foundations were laid. Only in recent years have excavations begun on the forum.

Departure was scheduled for midnight, which meant that we passengers were expected to return an hour or so ahead of sailing time. Back on the ship we sat in the bar capping our night with a slivovitz and watching the bar steward fish for squid in the clear, clean waters of the bay. He could do this without neglecting his duties; though standing at the rail outside, he was not twenty feet from us. One nice thing about a ship like the *Orebić* was that if anything was going on anywhere, we could be there in ten seconds flat to watch. From our cabin I could reach the stern in six. If we walked forward a few yards, we did not need an invitation to come up to the bridge — we were on it.

From Dubrovnik to Rijeka, and especially in the waters off Zadar, islands are numerous and beautiful, with fine old towns well worth a detour if time allows. Any country would be irresistible that had islands named Krk, Rab, and Pag. By forming what is almost an inland sea, the islands also add the attraction of smooth waters for those who worry about seasickness. Somewhere in this area we passed the *Opatija*, our sister ship, making the weekly run in the other direction.

The final stop of any consequence before Trieste is the ship's home port, Rijeka. It arrives there at

six thirty in the morning and stays all day until eight thirty at night. Rijeka has been under many flags in the course of its history, and once bore the more familiar name of Fiume (as do all the old manhole covers on its streets to this day). Fourteen hours there would be a long, long time indeed, since it is a commercial city with nothing much to offer the tourist. Fortunately, however, a full day there makes possible visits to either of two first-rate attractions, the Postojna caves and the ancient city of Pula.

The Postojna caves contain a series of chambers great and small that continue for over twelve miles. My wife, who is not much for caves but somehow keeps finding herself trapped in them on tours, felt we did the entire twelve miles on our former visit, and rebelled against a repeat. Instead, we went to Pula, and I was forced to concede a point: except for cave enthusiasts and grotto fanciers, Pula should take precedence if there is time only for one of the two places.

Pula has many delightful features. First of all, one can reach it comfortably and cheaply by public bus, thus eliminating the hurry-up treatment of the standard bus tour. The route down the coast takes in Opatija, a plush resort with an extraordinarily tropical climate (palm trees, lemon and orange trees, and bamboo flourish there). Pula itself is situated on the point of the Istrian Peninsula. Besides an unusually well preserved Roman amphitheater, the town offers a compact collection of antiquities — temples and churches, triumphal arches, double gates, ancient walls, a fort, and a museum — that can be seen on a walking tour of as little as twenty minutes, but which merit as much time as can be spared. To mention a detail, there are corner caryatids on the town hall, Telemon on the south and Sirena on the north, that are as amusing and appealing a pair of comic medieval carvings as we have seen anywhere.

At all times in Yugoslavia, we were able to go ashore and travel with

complete freedom, whether by tour bus or public transportation. Three years ago our bar steward was a disagreeable, stone-faced Communist, apparently the Party's watchdog aboard the ship. The captain and crew didn't like him any better than we did, and told us so. If there was a Party member on board this time, he was wearing a disguise — a smile — because we never spotted him. Of course, most of the population have to content themselves with being mere socialists; only about 15 percent are privileged to be Communist Party members, and these fortunate few probably have to be spread fairly thin. The people did not seem very repressed last time we were there; they seemed less so this time.

A final night aboard ship, and morning brought Trieste. All I know about Trieste is that it is mercifully close to Venice. We tipped our three stewards — cabin, bar, and dining saloon — just as we would have on a capitalist ship, and decided we would miss our small craft, bathroom duckboards and all.

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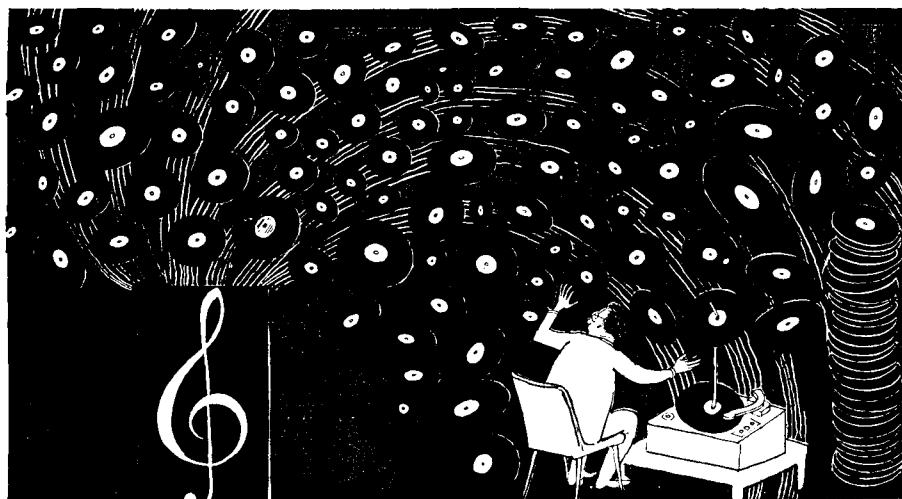
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## RECORDS AT HALF PRICE

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Once upon a time, so the fairy tale runs, there were only two kinds of records, Victor Red Seal and Columbia Masterworks. One had a red label, the other blue; each offered familiar music played by famous artists; and both cost the same price, which never changed.

Or at least it all seems like a fairy tale. Chances are that things were never quite that simple, and that even in that distant era record collectors had their problems and perplexities. But life really became complicated when the long-playing and later the stereophonic record introduced a whole new set of record labels and prices into the market. In fact, it has only been in recent years that the list of labels has shaken down to about a dozen more or less major producers and the price structure has achieved a degree of stabilization.

Now, in the last quarter of this year, three new labels, Crossroads, Seraphim, and World Series, have reached the market with major impact. A fourth, Odyssey, will make a spectacular bow in January. And very likely others will follow.

What makes the entry of these new labels so interesting is that each is a subsidiary of a major company, and each is priced at \$2.49 for both

stereo and monaural — that is, about half the going rate for quality classical records. All the parent companies involved — Angel (for Seraphim), Columbia (for Odyssey), Epic (for Crossroads), and Philips (for World Series) — after launching their lines with a massive burst of some twenty records apiece, expect to put out an average of four or five releases monthly, provided, of course, that the public responds. RCA Victor at first viewed the scramble to get in on the \$2.49 market with magisterial aloofness, but a spokesman later acknowledged that the company was keeping a close eye on developments and might well enter the field.

What will be the effect of good classical records costing half or less the established list price (\$4.79 for most monaural releases, \$5.79 for most stereo) is a matter of conjecture, and even of trepidation among manufacturers. No one really knows whether the record public has expanded sufficiently in recent years to sustain so many new bargain labels. And, equally important, no one can predict what the effect will be on higher priced records, which will continue to exist, whether peacefully or not, with the new ones. Some in the industry believe that the

new labels, if successful, are bound to bring about a general readjustment of price levels. Others think that, like paperback books, they will find their own market without disturbing already existing patterns.

But whatever happens eventually, right now the record collector is in the happy position of being suddenly confronted by a huge number of excellent recordings offering an extraordinary range of music and performers, reasonably well packaged and annotated, and purveyed at a list price of \$2.49 (World Series is priced a penny higher, at \$2.50, to be precise). Life being short and LPs long I have not been able to listen to every one of the seventy or so records that have thus far appeared in the new lines, but I have heard a good many of them complete and have sampled others. What follows is a report on each label based on both announced intentions and achieved results.

Crossroads: This line is put out by Epic Records, which itself is an affiliate of Columbia. Unlike the other new labels, which draw on a variety of sources for their material, all the Crossroads recordings emanate from one producer, the Supraphon Company of Prague, and all feature Czech performers. That best known of eighteenth-century musical travelers, Charles Burney, once called Bohemia "the conservatory of Europe," and the description seems no less apt today. The first twenty-four records issued by Crossroads are capably played and recorded in a stereo sound that is tolerably good if not quite up to the best that has been achieved in this part of the world. Several of the performances are unimpressive, such as a Mahler First (22160012, stereo; 22160011, monaural) and a complete Smetana's *Má Vlast* — "*My Country*" — (22260002, stereo; 22260001, monaural), both by Karel Ančerl and the Czech Philharmonic. But others of the Crossroads line are extremely well played, notably Beethoven's *Archduke Trio*, Opus 97, by the Suk Trio (22160022, stereo; 22160021, monaural); Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* in E-flat for Violin and Viola, K. 364, by Josef Suk, Milan Škampa, and the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Kurt Redel (22160016, stereo; 22160015, monaural); and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, Opus 114, by members of the Smetana Quartet, with Jan



Panenka, piano, and František Pošta, double-bass (22160030, stereo; 22160029, monaural).

Crossroads customers will have to accustom themselves to strange names among composers, too, some being such worthies as Jirovek, Novák, Reicha, Vejvanovský, and Voříšek, not to mention a full complement of more familiar Middle European composers from Benda to Janáček. One of the most engaging releases features a first recording of a Symphony in D Major by Jan Václav Hugo Voříšek, a Bohemian contemporary of Beethoven whose music is a remarkable blend of romantic grandeur and lyricism (22160008, stereo; 22160007, monaural).

Odyssey: Columbia will introduce its Odyssey line next month and, unlike Crossroads, which deals exclusively in new recordings, it will include re-releases, among them deleted items by Casals, Lipatti, Schweitzer, and Bruno Walter. Odyssey has also acquired rights to the superb Haydn, Vivaldi, and Corelli albums originally made by the late Max Goberman for his Library of Recorded Masterpiece subscribers. Columbia says the Odyssey line will also include "new recording projects we feel are needed," which raises the hope, however faint, that the label might resume Goberman's project of recording the complete Haydn symphonies, cut short by his death after the first sixteen volumes.

Seraphim: "Seraphim," according to the dictionary definition carried on each record jacket in this series, are "Angels of the highest order." But that hasn't prevented more than one wag from referring to them as "fallen Angels," and there seems at least a degree of truth in the jest. Many, though by no means all, of these recordings, represent deletions from the Angel catalogue, records which sold out their stock at \$5 or more, and which are now sent forth again, newly engineered and packaged, at the lower price.

More than its competitors, Seraphim represents a "big name" line, with its initial release of twenty albums, including recordings by Furtwängler, Flagstad, Schwarzkopf, Christoff, Hindemith, Klemperer, Fischer-Dieskau, and others of like renown. Most of these are available only in monaural; Angel has sternly (and wisely) resisted the temptation to indulge in artificial rechanneling

of old sound into new. A few of the recordings are ancient, such as Richard Strauss's 1941 performance, with the Bavarian State Orchestra, of his *Alpine Symphony* (60006). But many of the reissues are of reasonably recent vintage, and it is a pleasure to have back in the catalogue at almost any price such cherishable items as the late Guido Cantelli's sensitive Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* (60002), Gerald Moore's delightful illustrated lecture "The Unashamed Accompanist" (60017), and Solomon's finely shaded performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 in C (S-60016, stereo; 60016, monaural).

Three complete operas are included in Seraphim's initial release — Sir Thomas Beecham's well-remembered *La Bohème* with Victoria de los Angeles and Jussi Björling (IB-6000, monaural only: three records); Donizetti's *Elisir d'amore* with Tullio Serafin conducting a lively La Scala cast (SIB-6001, stereo; IB-6001, monaural: two records); and Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* (SIC-6002, stereo; IC-6002, monaural: three records) with Dresden State Opera singers including Hilde Güden, Hermann Prey, Anneliese Rothenberger, Walter Berry, and Edith Mathis. In some ways, this is the most interesting of all Seraphim's operatic albums, for it has never before been released in this country. It is sung in German, which should have a strong appeal to those accustomed to taking their *Nozze di Figaro* in the form of *Figaros Hochzeit*. Despite its change of language, this *Figaro* manages to be light, smooth, and sparkling. It would be wonderful to have so delectable a recording of it in English. In January, Seraphim plans at least one more stimulating operatic release, the long-deleted Paris Opéra-Comique recording of Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*.

Seraphim's annotations are ample and authoritative, and librettos of the operas are provided. In every respect, this is an honest, straightforward product, and some of the bargains are remarkable.

World Series: Philips' low-priced line is more complicated and varied than the others so far released. It encompasses recordings from a variety of sources in the United States and abroad; it includes both re-releases and new productions; its older recordings have electronically

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2. Title of publication: The Atlantic Monthly
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly
4. Location of known office of publication: Merrimack County, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. 03302
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers:  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:  
Publisher: Frank M. Herbert, Jr.  
193 Winding River Road, Wellesley, Mass. 02181  
Editor: Robert Manning  
2 Highland Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138  
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26 Edison Avenue, Medford, Mass. 02155
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| A. Total no. copies printed (Net<br>press run)                                 | 343,581                                                     | 344,091                                   |
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| F. Office use, left-over, unac-<br>counted, spoiled after printing             | 45,580                                                      | 30,826                                    |
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reprocessed sound, thus giving a two-channel effect; and it introduces a new type of "compatible stereo" which enables the same record to be played on stereophonic and monaural equipment.

Of the older recordings made available by World Series, perhaps the most important is a two-record album of the complete Sonatas for Violin and Piano of Charles Ives, released originally by Mercury (PHC-2002). Also welcome back are the Bach Brandenburg Concertos by Szymon Goldberg and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra (PHC-2004, two records) and Clara Haskil's performances of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas Nos. 17 and 18 (PHC-9001).

Among the most notable World Series releases of new recordings are a glowing performance of Dvořák's Symphony No. 6 in D, Opus 60, by Witold Rowicki and the London Symphony (PHC-9008); a recorded premiere of two mystical-sounding masses by the Burgundian master Pierre de la Rue, who lived from 1460 to 1518 (PHC-9021); a set of "Concertos Comiques" based on French popular songs of the early 1700s by Michel Corrette (PHC-9012), and a fine album of the complete Schubert Trios by an excellent American ensemble, the Beaux Arts Trio (PHC-2003, two records).

But it is World Series' "compatible stereo" that is perhaps its most provocative contribution. Such a sound system was introduced in Europe a few years ago, and has apparently been working there with fair success. Each World Series record contains a brief technical explanation of the process, which can be consulted by those interested in the engineering aspects; the musical end result is a record that offers reasonable sound separation on stereo equipment, and that also can be played safely with a monaural stylus. To this listener, "compatible" stereo sound seems somewhat less clearly focused and defined than the best "pure" stereo. But it is close enough to make further improvements and refinements well worth waiting for. And if compatible stereo proves successful on a low-priced line, how long will it take for the rest of the industry to adopt it? That is still another of the fascinating, and as yet unanswerable, questions raised by the sudden surge of new labels.

## Record Reviews

**Mahler: Symphony No. 6 in A Minor  
Berg: Le Vin (text by Baudelaire)**

*Erich Leinsdorf conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; RCA Victor LSC-7044 (stereo) and LM-7044: two records*

The Sixth is the least recorded of Mahler's symphonies; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that this is the first time it has been recorded well. Mr. Leinsdorf has been at pains to establish the proper text of the work, and he has given it a magnificent and blazing performance. Mahler's Sixth is a strongly percussive work of super-Wagnerian grandeur; it seethes with emotional tension, and is colored by such exotic instruments as cowbells, chimes, tam-tam, and a special kind of semi-musical hammer devised by Mahler himself. Leinsdorf gives the work a driving forcefulness without depriving it of its spacious exaltation. If anything can establish Mahler's Sixth in the repertory, this recording is it. Unfortunately, the fourth side of this album is thrown away on a minor work of Alban Berg's, an unimpressive setting of three verses from Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. The whole thing lasts twelve minutes; surely the odd side in so important an album could have been put to some better use.

**Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor,  
K. 550**

**Schubert: Symphony No. 5 in B-flat,  
D. 485**

*Rudolf Barshai conducting Moscow Chamber Orchestra; Angel S-36371 (stereo) and 36371*

The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, which this season is making its first American tour, has more finesse and subtlety than the larger Soviet orchestras which have visited these shores, and its conductor, Rudolf Barshai, is an extremely sensitive musician. So it is no surprise to find the orchestra giving altogether refined and delicate performances of these two symphonies. The Schubert, especially, comes through with a clear, balanced, and mellow sound. The Mozart is a shade more muted, though some listeners may prefer to hear it this way, with its drama and emotionalism underplayed.

### Sibelius: Seven Symphonies

*Akeo Watanabe conducting Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Epic SC-6057 (stereo) and BSC-157: five records*  
This, apparently, is the first integral recording of the complete Sibelius symphonies, or at least the first to come out in a single album. But even more remarkable is that the performers should be a Japanese orchestra and conductor. Considering the distance between Helsinki and Tokyo, Mr. Watanabe and his musicians acquit themselves nobly, bestowing great care on the music's inner details. Perhaps because of this meticulous attention to individual phrases, the large and craggy contours of the music are somewhat softened. Recent recordings of the Second by George Szell and the Fourth by Herbert von Karajan remain unchallenged by the Japanese versions, but Mr. Watanabe and his musicians show their skill and subtlety in a fine recording of the Fifth, which seemed to this listener the best of the set.

### Verdi: Don Carlo

*Georg Solti conducting Royal Opera House Orchestra and Chorus, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; and Nicolai Ghiaurov and Martti Talvela, basses; London OSA-1432 (stereo) and A-4432: four records*

*Don Carlo*, which is about Philip II of Spain and the rebellion of Flanders against foreign rule, is a problem opera, and this is a problem recording. The problem in both cases relates to an unevenness of quality: the opera has passages of tawdriness and grandeur alike, and the performance juxtaposes scenes that are charged with musical excitement and those that permit one's interest to slacken. Nevertheless, the overall effect is surprisingly strong; Verdi, as always, transformed his kings, princes, priests, and rebels into strong-blooded human beings, and infused his music with emotion. Carlo Bergonzi makes for a rather bland Don Carlo, but Renata Tebaldi and Grace Bumbry pour fervor as well as vocal richness into their portrayals of Elizabeth de Valois and the Princess Eboli. As Posa, the noblest figure in the opera, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is skilled and intelligent, but he lacks the vocal velvet of a true Italian baritone. The most memorable scene of

all, as in most *Don Carlos*, is the magnificent confrontation of the two black-voiced basses, Ghiaurov and Talvela, in the scene in which monarch and priest grapple over the fate of a man and the future of a nation.

### Herschel Bernardi Sings "Fiddler on the Roof"

*Herschel Bernardi with orchestra conducted by Peter Matz; Columbia OS-3010 (stereo) and OL-6610*

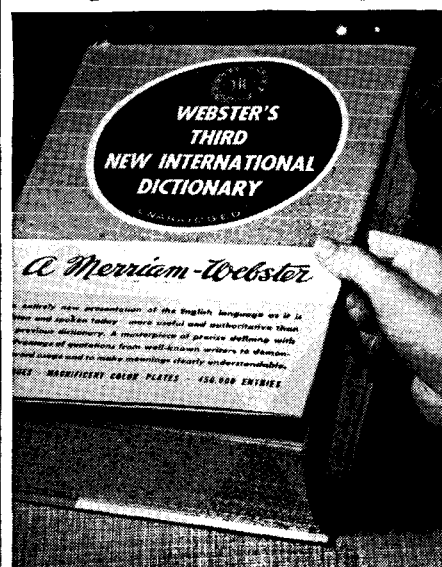
The original Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof* was, of course, Zero Mostel, and he also sang the role in RCA Victor's original-cast album. But since November, 1965, Tevye has been sung by Herschel Bernardi in the long-running Broadway show, and now he has made his own *Fiddler on the Roof* recording. He sings all the songs himself, including those (like "Matchmaker, Matchmaker") written for other characters, and also recites a pleasantly unobtrusive spoken narrative between the numbers. But the most attractive aspect of the record is its inclusion of two songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick which were apparently cut from the show before it opened. One of these, "When Messiah Comes," is so agreeable and characteristic a *Fiddler on the Roof* song that one regrets its omission on the stage. People who have begun to wear Zero's original-cast album thin should find Herschel's version a welcome replacement.

### Ives: Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello; Copland: Vitebsk; Bloch: Three Nocturnes

*Nieuw Amsterdam Trio (Edith Mocsanyi, piano; John Pintavalle, violin; Heinrich Joachim, cello); Decca DL-710126 (stereo) and DL-10126*

There is merit in all three of the twentieth-century works on this record, but, as happens so often, it is the Charles Ives piece that emerges as a masterpiece of originality and imaginativeness. Ives incorporated in this bold and breezy trio flashes of such well-remembered tunes as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Rock of Ages," and "Tararaboomdeeay," and somehow made them all part of a fresh-colored and appealing work, alternately whimsical and lyrical. All three compositions are played expertly by the Nieuw Amsterdam Trio, a New-York-based ensemble of foreign-born instrumentalists.

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## *The Peripatetic Reviewer* BY EDWARD WEEKS

**I**N November, 1933, when money was tight, Charles E. Peterson outlined a project for identifying the historic buildings in the United States worthy of preservation. The idea appealed to the Institute of Architects, and eventually he recruited the first staff and himself directed the Historical American Buildings Survey for the Eastern United States. But the work went slowly, and it is sad to say that of the 12,000 buildings which were originally listed, half have already been demolished in the onrush of highways, suburbia, and urban development.

Under the prompting of the Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, with the backing of the United States Conference of Mayors, the plan was revived and its scope enlarged; two bills, the one to provide for the national, and the other for state and local needs, have passed the Senate and the House and been signed by the President. So it looks as if we shall be in business protecting and restoring our badly damaged national heritage. The time is now or never, for the bulldozer has no conscience. One can think so swiftly of the landmarks and gifts of nature which must be kept: the Great Swamp of New Jersey; Dartmouth Row in Hanover, New Hampshire, and those beautiful white houses rising above the green turf of Orford, New Hampshire; the McIntyre houses of Chestnut Street, Salem, erected by the China Trade; the antebellum beauty of Charleston, South Carolina, and of the Vieux Carré of New Orleans; the seventeenth-century dwellings verging on the Ipswich and Essex marshes; the little houses in York, Pennsylvania, which once sheltered the Continental Congress; the great houses along the James River in Virginia, homes of the men who made Williamsburg a national voice; the gray-green fieldstone of Delaware and Maryland, the red brick of Beacon Hill, Georgetown, and Winston-Salem — these are a few of the more obvious landmarks dear to this Northerner.

The new legislation is intended to be nationwide; it will help survey properties and then protect; it will preserve a district as well as a house: a famous old railroad station or a lock on the Erie Canal or the Boston Light House; the opera house in a deserted mining camp, or the covered bridges in New England, which we once took for granted. We must have speed as well as judgment, for every one of us old enough to vote can recall landmarks which held the spirit of American history and which were ruthlessly destroyed. The Cartaret Arms was the loveliest Colonial building in my hometown of Elizabeth, New Jersey; for a century and a half it had stood there, a symbol of how the well-to-do lived when the Elizabeth River ran unpolluted and the banks were green, and then, presto, it was replaced by a clamorous brick fire station, and who cared?

The whole nation must get into this act. Several states, including Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Ohio, and Wisconsin, are in the van. Working through a commission of historic preservation, each state is expected to survey its own ground and make a tally of sites and buildings worthy to be preserved, including those which have already been protected by local historical societies, church groups, and individuals, and those which have not. In Massachusetts and Connecticut these surveys have been in progress since 1963, and the commissions have been conducting their search with imagination and decision. What is wanted? How good is it? Which buildings are safe; which are in danger? It is not a job just for the weekends; there are 351 towns and cities in Massachusetts alone, and each one of them holds places it would like to cherish. The money will be granted over a four-year period and on a matching basis, \$2 million to be made available in 1967, and \$10 million for the next three years. The plans for saving each landmark must be approved by the Secretary of the Interior,

after the state survey has been completed. Once a property has been accepted and entered in the National Register, it will be defended by a seventeen-member National Advisory Council against demolition or encroachment.

#### WHAT CAN BE SAVED

The guidelines for an undertaking as long-needed and as heartening as this are to be found in a handsome and distinguished book, **WITH HERITAGE SO RICH** (Random House, \$10.00), which was published with a grant from the Ford Foundation. The text, with a foreword by Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, is a symposium of seven pieces, each one by an authority with experience in his field of conservation. "Empire for Liberty" by Sidney Hyman is a lively account of the pioneering audacity and the shrewd bargaining which kept extending our country to its present boundaries. Walter M. Whitehill of Boston writes knowledgeably of "The Right of Cities to be Beautiful." George Zabriskie speaks lovingly of those historic parts of our old cities at this moment threatened with destruction. Richard H. Howland and Robert R. Garvey, Jr., show what Europe has done to protect its monuments and to avoid the dreadful monotony now sprouting on Park Avenue. And Carl Feiss in what is to me the most touching of all the pieces itemizes "Our Lost Inheritance." "Cleveland," he writes, "the 'famous forest city,' can barely contain a tree let alone a forest. . . ." River towns like St. Louis and Cincinnati have hardly a vestige left of the houses with their graceful jalousies which once gave onto the water. The Orphans' Chapel, listed as one of the twenty-six objects of national importance in Charleston, South Carolina, was torn down to add parking space for five cars.

We have all been guilty, and the superb illustrations in color and halftone are for the most part a reminder of what can be saved if we act now. I have only one complaint: the captions to these pictures are poetic when they should be explicit.

It was a happy coincidence that **THE ARTS IN AMERICA, THE COLONIAL PERIOD** (Scribner's, \$15.00) should be published this autumn, for it is a reminder of the extraordinary versatility of American architecture, painting, and the decorative arts which flourished here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the period which we are now so eager to recapture and restore. This is a handsome and beautifully printed book; three of the essays in it are by staff members of the University of Pennsylvania who write so well that one turns the pages with mounting curiosity, and the captions to the 267 illustrations are fully satisfying. Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger

Library, opens the book with his "From Wilderness to Republic," a paper which skillfully points up the diversity of our settlers and the differences in taste and creativeness which developed simultaneously along the Atlantic seaboard.

#### THE TUG AND THE U-BOATS

JAN DE HARTOG was born in Haarlem, Holland, in 1914, and like Joseph Conrad before him, ran off to sea at an early age. His first novel, *Holland's Glory*, published just after the Germans had occupied Holland in 1940, was a tough, gay story of the Dutch oceangoing tugs on which the author had served. Overnight, the book became a symbol of Dutch defiance, and sold three hundred thousand copies before the Nazis banned it. Here in his adopted country De Hartog has written successful plays, the best of them, *The Fourposter*. In his book *The Hospital* he has framed a true and shocking indictment of the conditions in an American charity hospital; but when he comes back to the sea, one feels that he is in his element, and with the death of C. S. Forester, there is no one to match him as a seafaring novelist.

**THE CAPTAIN** (Atheneum, \$5.95) is one of those rarities in contemporary fiction, a real spellbinder, a he-man story, full of action, in which the hero is brave and likable. Captain Harinxma is a young brawny Dutchman, a loner who escapes to England with the fleet of oceangoing tugs which cross the Channel just before the Nazis invade Holland. As the Master of the *Isabel Kwel*, the largest tug afloat, he soon finds himself assigned to a convoy making up for the Murmansk run; his ship is armed with Bofors and depth charges, and he comes under the orders of an infuriating British commander who has already escorted four convoys through this Arctic hell. Harinxma is saddled with a green inexperienced Canadian who freezes under fire, a stubborn Dutch crew whose respect he has to win, and a cook who is a comic; he has to learn to control his brute of a tug in its new role as a rescue ship. The exposure and terror of that long and punishing convoy have never been so powerfully depicted. The art of this book lies in its unforced masculinity, for these men are real. I cannot say as much for the love story.

#### SOMERSET MAUGHAM CONFIDES

There were two Somerset Maughams, the social, cynical professional, putting in his four hours of handwriting every day wherever he might be, mercenary as the devil but often helpful to young artists, and, with his dry wit, a companion of great charm when he chose to be. The other Maugham was a smoldering, vindictive, wealth-



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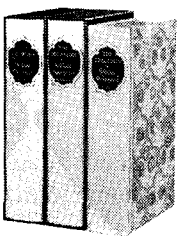
Mozley; *The Book of Proverbs* in the King James version, printed throughout in three colors; designed, decorated, and completely hand-set by the renowned international artist, Valenti Angelo.

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entrenched solitary who in his last years quarreled with almost everyone to whom he had once been loyal. In **REMEMBERING MR. MAUGHAM** (Atheneum, \$5.95), **GARSON KANIN**, who was forty years Maugham's junior, is writing about the first man with intuition and affection.

The art of the interview depends as much on the pertinent question as on the unexpected reply, and during the years of their friendship, which began in 1942, Kanin recorded their conversations faithfully and with great help from his wife, Ruth Gordon. Early in the game, Maugham must have realized that he was being skillfully teased to commit himself about his writing habits, his sexual inclinations, and his one great love affair; about his unhappy marriage; about *Cakes and Ale*, and whether the central figure in it was really Thomas Hardy; about his dislike of sight-seeing, Stonehenge, and Henry James; about his adoration of Ethel Barrymore, and his habit of carrying \$100,000 in American money in an attaché case when he went on trips because once during the fall of France he had been without sufficient currency in his possession. The sunniest entries are at Villa Mauresque on the southern coast of France, where Maugham lived in a curious mixture of luxury and stinginess, and where each morning until he was over eighty he took his dive from the high board. This book is, of course, random by nature, as much a revelation of Kanin's taste as of W.S.M.'s; it does not illuminate Maugham's craftsmanship as well as he did in *The Summing Up*; it lacks the chiaroscuro of S. M. Behrman's portrait of Max Beerbohm; but it is gay, personal, and pungent, yielding an impression Maugham would have found flattering. What a pity he had such an infatuation for money!

In his sad, funny, exuberantly inventive novel **A DREAM OF KINGS** (McKay, \$4.50), **HARRY MARK PETRAKIS**, who made his first bow in the *Atlantic*, presents an antique hero misplaced in the twentieth century. Leonides Matsoukas is altogether larger than life, a Greek immigrant whose loves, hates, hopes, courage, schemes, and laughter flourish to Olympian proportions. They also tend to produce Olympian consequences unsuited to the commonplace air of the United States. When Matsoukas plots to unload a restaurant by a display of fake trade, the deal is swamped by a torrent of customers. When Matsoukas seduces a shy, melancholy widow, she proves to be a ravening tigress. Despite such setbacks, Matsoukas remains indomitable, a man incapable of the contemporary vices of glumness, self-pity, and despair. He suggests Kazantzakis' Zorba; the reader may not believe that Matsoukas exists, but is sure the world would be the better for an army of him.



### Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

Poverty is as old as our society; but the awareness that something can be done about it is recent. Not until our own lifetime was there a challenge to the injunction that the poor always ye have with you. The nineteenth-century humanitarian reformers expected not to end poverty, but to help its victims endure their fate. Only in the wild speculations of utopian novelists did the poor disappear entirely.

The optimistic view that poverty is a problem which Americans can solve arises out of an altered appraisal of national resources and out of a novel diagnosis of the causes of social disorder.

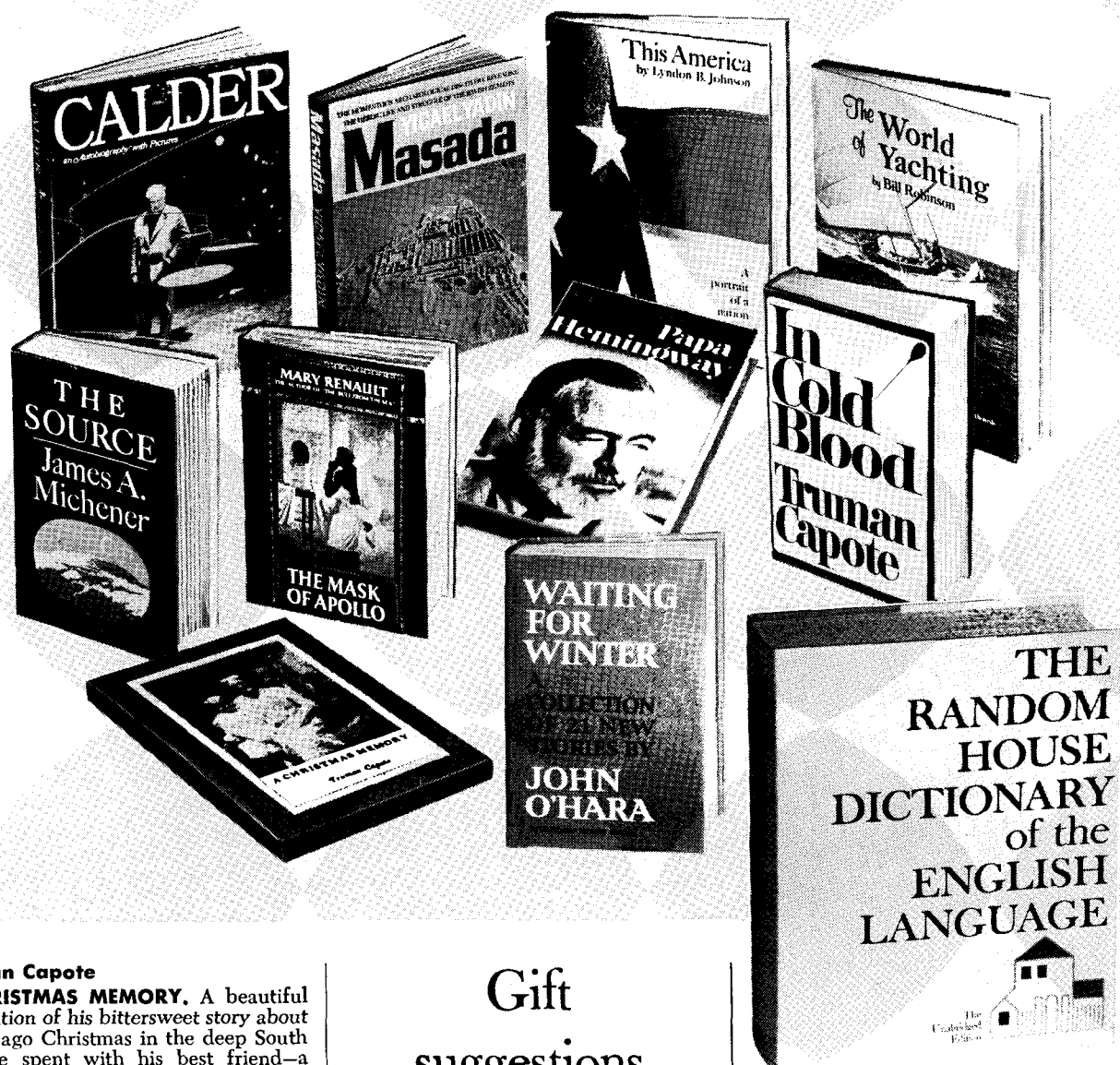
The concern with these inequities is a product of affluence, which since 1945 has made the objective of abundance realistic.

Within this transformed perspective, the hardships of the poor are more often ascribed to economic than to social causes. The nineteenth-century American knew, of course, that some people in India or even in his own cities lacked decent dwellings and often went hungry. But he explained those deprivations by the social shortcomings of the Hindus or immigrants; superstition or drink, laziness or ignorance kept them poor. By contrast, the American of the 1960s assumes that poverty is primarily economic in origin. Ameliorative programs, whether aimed at domestic or at foreign recipients, take it for granted that employment and an equitable distribution of incomes will put an end to the age-old problems of the poor.

### THE SUBCULTURE OF POVERTY

Yet there is evidence that this optimistic view is excessively simple. Some features of the situation of the poor will not respond just to greater income, desirable as that may be; they will call also for drastic changes in living habits. These considerations certainly ought to influence the strategy of future social planning.

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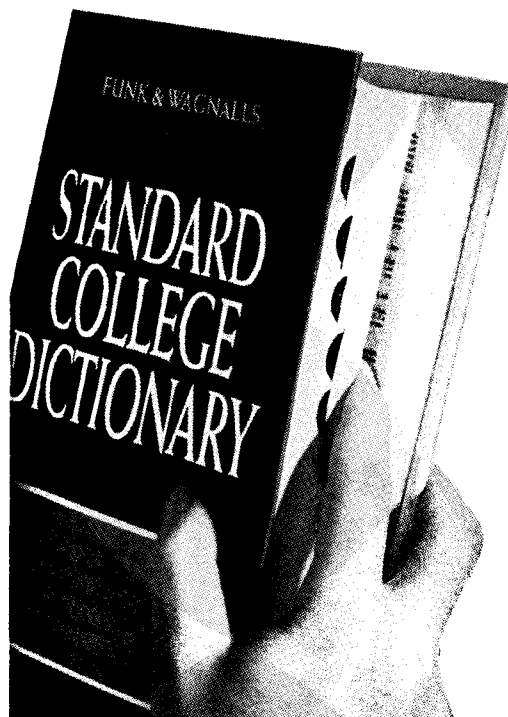
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## FUNK & WAGNALLS

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erations of Ríos, on the island and on the mainland of the United States, speak with the utmost frankness. The book offers its readers glimpses of uncommon clarity into the habits, values, and emotional reactions of some of the poor.

As an anthropologist, Professor Lewis strives for a naturalistic record of family life with a minimum of intervention on his own part. But he also is a shrewd and sympathetic observer who spent many hours attending family parties, wakes, and baptisms and responding to emergency calls. Above all, he has a feeling for the individual. Fernanda, Soledad, and Junior are not types; they are rounded human beings, who appear not as abstractions but as persons.

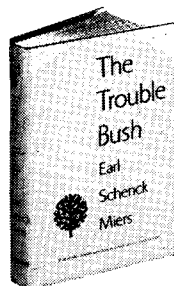
The bulk of the volume consists of multiple autobiographies, similar to those that Professor Lewis compiled in his work on Mexico. Based upon extensive tape-recorded interviews, they are skillfully interconnected to present a full picture of family life viewed from a variety of perspectives. To these narratives, he has added collateral accounts of typical days in the lives of the chief characters. All this material has the ring of authenticity. Professor Lewis has a sensitive ear and a feeling for words, intonation, and slang. He therefore evokes a sense of language as well as of events. It is remarkable, for example, that his rendering in English conveys the difference between the Spanish spoken in Mexico and that spoken by Puerto Ricans.

Professor Lewis presents his characters as they themselves speak, without explanation or synthesis. Interpretation he reserves for a long introduction, which analyzes the significance of poverty in the lives of the Ríos. Casting loose from the data, he expounds an unconvincing theory of the subculture of poverty.

The introduction apologetically recognizes the progress made in Puerto Rico in the last quarter century. Most people there are better off than ever before. The poverty of the Ríos is not characteristic of the whole island but is rather a feature of all individualistic and capitalist societies. In communities with a cash economy, wage labor, high rates of unemployment, and a set of values in the dominant class which stresses the accumulation of wealth and property and explains low status as the result of personal inadequacy,

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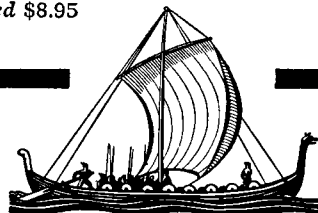
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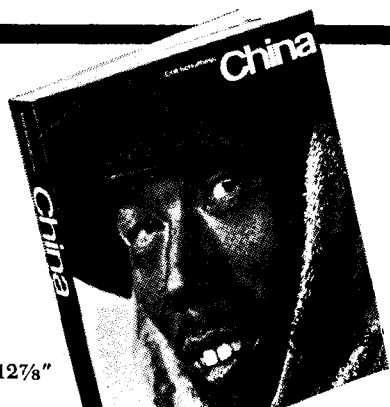
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the poor stand apart from all other groups and react in a common adaptation to the common problem of their marginal position. They develop a distinctive subculture which transcends regional, rural-urban, and national differences. Wherever it appears, it shows remarkable similarities in family structure, value systems, and spending patterns.

In the case of Puerto Ricans, the subculture of poverty emphasizes a great zest for life, especially for sex, and the need for excitement, new experiences, and adventures. The Ríos value acting out more than thinking out, expression more than constraint, pleasure more than productivity, spending more than saving, loyalty more than justice. Their matrifocal households are the product of free unions, formed and dissolved with the utmost ease; Fernanda is on her sixth husband, Cruz, at the age of seventeen, on her third.

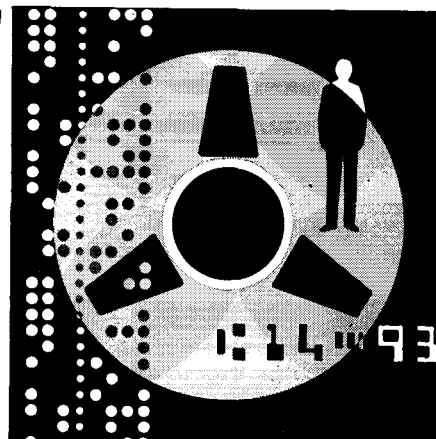
These are certainly not the cultural characteristics of poverty in all individualistic societies. Lewis himself excludes Eastern European Jews, lower-caste Indians, and preliterate peoples. Nor would the poor of Europe and America before 1940 have shared in that subculture. Indeed, even today, only one in five poor in the United States, by Lewis' own guess, leads a life that could be classified within the subculture of poverty, and those who do are primarily "very low-income Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians and Southern whites."

The definition is therefore circular. The kinds of poor people who act as the Ríos do belong in the subculture of poverty which explains why the Ríos act as they do.

But the definition obscures important questions. Why do the other 80 percent of the American poor not fall within the same pattern? Are the forms of behavior here described due to poverty or to altogether different ethnic or personal factors?

A good deal of the evidence bearing on these questions is contrary to Professor Lewis' interpretation. Poverty as such does not play a very large part in the consciousness of the Ríos; and the family has suffered a long history of psychopathology.

This issue is closely related to the decisions Americans make in the course of the war on poverty. The evidence runs counter to the simple assumption that subsidizing these

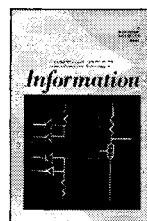


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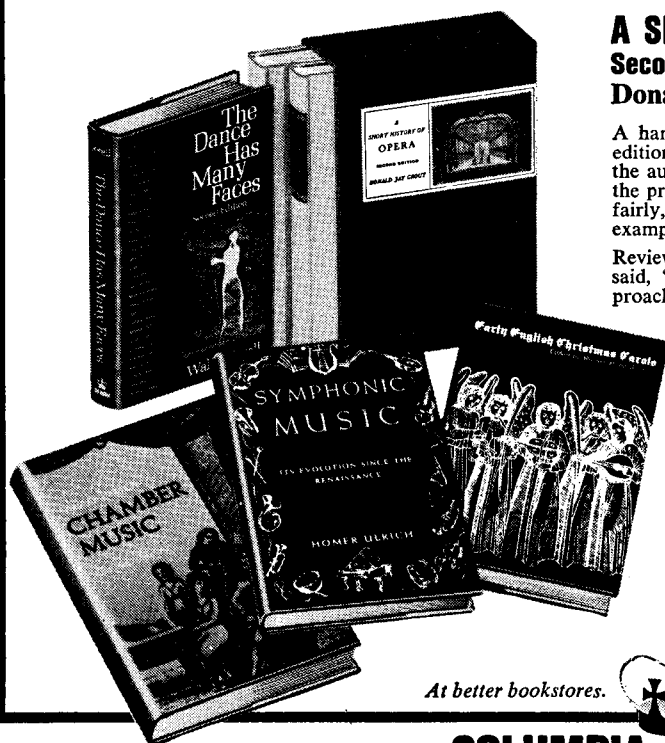
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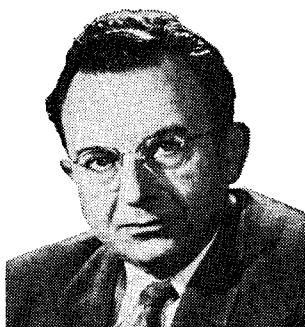


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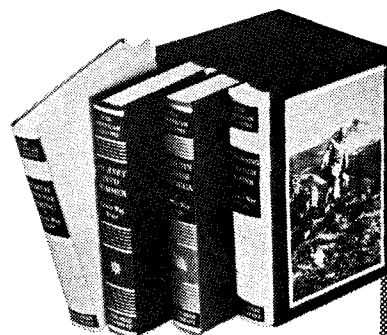
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families will transform their lives and introduce order and self-sufficiency into their existence. Money and material possessions are not factors in their major decisions. Simplicio cannot understand his bosses, who have “the custom of saving money. They won’t eat a lollipop so as not to waste the stick! For them, work is the thing. They kill themselves working, week in and week out. For that reason, they are rich and able to send their children to school to get a good education.” Simplicio and his friends are proud to be poor. When they have money they spend it on clothing or immediate gratifications. Will full employment or even a guaranteed annual wage alter their way of life? Or will the school, no matter how good, transform Soledad’s children, who are not encouraged to study and are never indulged the pennies to buy their notebooks? Will the emotional damage caused by wrenching these people out of the family setting which perpetuates their way of life deprive them of their only elements of stability? To these questions there are no easy answers.

### THE GUILT OF AFFLUENCE

Unfortunately, rationality too often surrenders to sentiment in the considerations of these questions. Thus, **RICHARD M. ELMAN’S THE POORHOUSE STATE** (Pantheon, \$5.95) consists largely of unfounded accusations against the system by which the half million dependent persons of New York City receive aid. The chief targets are the welfare workers, described as vindictive snoopers administering budgets “devised by Pecksniffs with professional de-grees.”

The book deserves attention for the attitude it reveals. To Elman, the dependents are just consumers, and society ought simply to satisfy their needs. Any inquiry about their personal lives is an invasion of privacy. To ask a client to take a job is to plunge him into involuntary servitude. High rates of drug addiction, illegitimacy, alcoholism, and felonious assaults are, Elman points out, “what we chose to define as antisocial behavior.” That sentence is the key to much sloppy thinking. Those phenomena *are* antisocial not because one group or another defines them as such, but because they prevent men from living decently in



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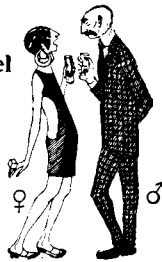
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sexes identical

**Habitat:**  
a house near the flyway.

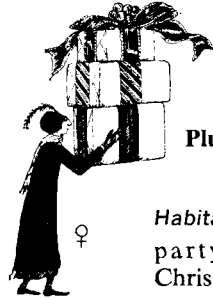
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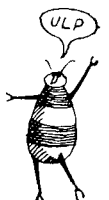
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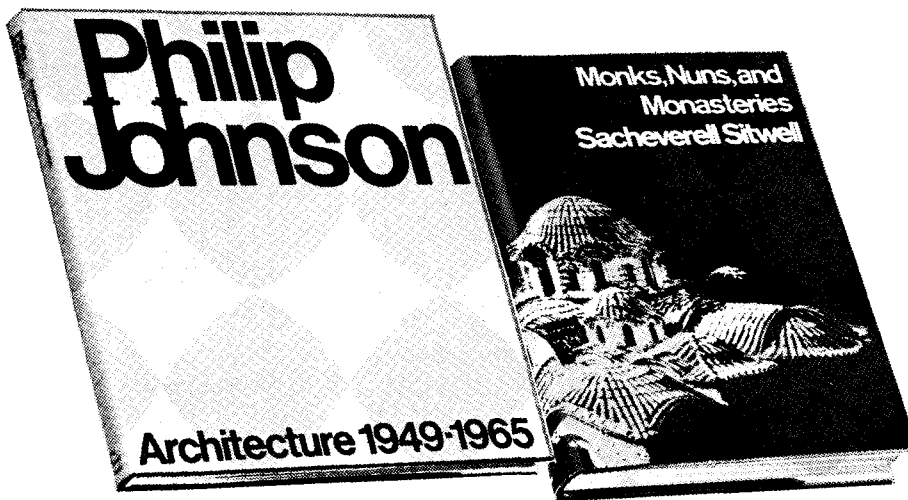
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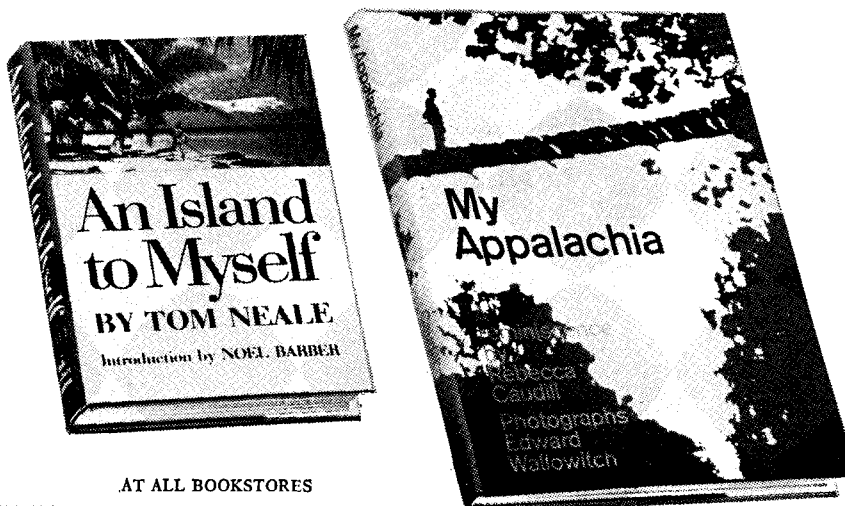
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communities. The state which abstains from making judgments about these matters loses the ability to act by rational standards.

**BEYOND WELFARE** by **HERBERT KROSNEY** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.00) is a more sober report on New York City's war against poverty. For the past five years, active programs, financed mostly by the federal government, have attempted to deal with the consequences of poverty in the nation's largest metropolis, the site of its densest concentration of Negroes. The book contains a good account of the most important of these projects, Mobilization for Youth, and HARYOU. Both stressed the necessity for local community action and self-help to offset control by the political welfare system. Neither really achieved its objectives.

Krosney sympathizes with those objectives. He insists that the state ought not to impose its standards upon the poor; he opposes more welfare or public housing; and he prefers a job creation program or a negative income tax. That preference rests upon a faith — unsupported by the evidence — that delinquency is simply the result of the lack of opportunity, and upon a mistrust of government except as a distributor of the wealth.

Yet the state cannot refrain from making social judgments. The number of children a man begets is no more a purely private matter than the number of wives he marries; both actions affect the whole community, and therefore involve the rights of others. The government can give blank checks to no group, because what it expends in one channel must be diverted from another. Since it must act, it can only do so by the standards that the whole body of the citizens set.

**THE DESPISED POOR** by **JOSEPH P. RITZ** (Beacon Press, \$4.95) points to the dangers of the alternative. The book deals thoughtfully with the war on welfare costs unleashed in 1961 by Joseph M. Mitchell, then city manager of Newburgh, New York. That attempt to generate a backlash against the poor failed, but the issue was close. Initial nationwide reaction was favorable to Mitchell, who was praised for liberating the taxpayers of the burden of supporting immoral loafers. The polls then registered in his support between 85 and 95 percent

of all Americans, working people as well as the wealthy. It would be tragic indeed if the opportunity to cope with poverty were now to become a divisive social issue.

#### SOVIET JEWS

Since 1945, the peace of the world has depended upon an understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. In the longing to believe that the worst could not happen, we have snatched hopefully at every straw which seemed to show a softening of the rigors of the Communist regime. The eagerness to find evidence of a thaw has induced the free world to close its eyes to the tragic plight of the Jews behind the Iron Curtain.

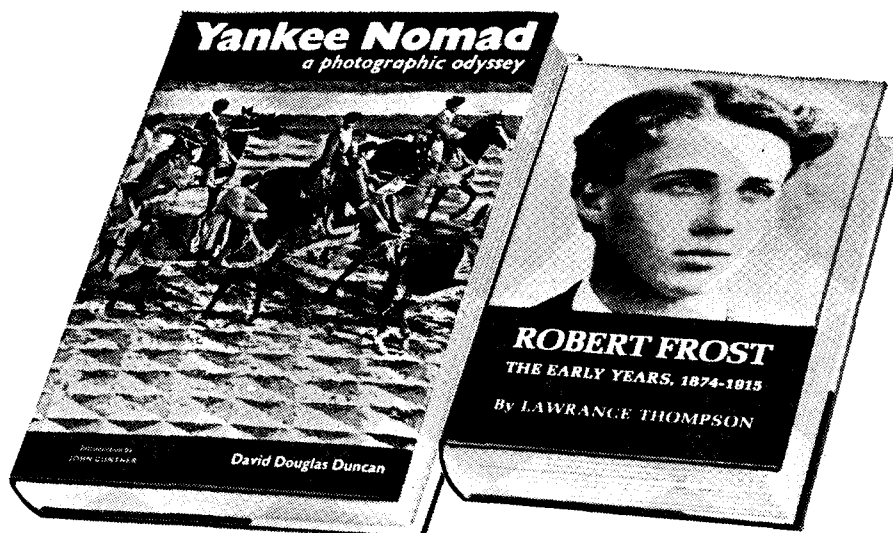
ELIE WIESEL'S *THE JEWS OF SILENCE* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.00) is a personal report on the state of Soviet Jewry. This simple document by a Jewish novelist who survived Auschwitz is eloquent because it records just what he saw — the terror of three million people living under totalitarianism. Anti-Semitism has a long history in the Soviet Union, although it did not always sustain the virulence of Stalin's last years. What is impressive is the extent to which it survives and the pretense that it does not exist.

Wiesel, who shares the hope for peace of other Westerners, refuses to condemn the Communists. "Having never been involved in political action, I hope that what I have written here will neither exacerbate the Cold War nor be used for political purposes. I have never engaged in propaganda, and have no intention of beginning now." Yet the question he refrains from asking cannot be set aside. What is the character or a government that fills tens of thousands of eyes with fear?

The answer is related to another phenomenon that puzzles Wiesel. "Young Jews in Russia want to return to Judaism, but without knowing what it is. Without knowing why, they define themselves as Jews." They are seeking in this vague unformulated way an alternative to the oppressive society around them, which, three generations after the revolution, still rules by terror.

There is silence beyond the Iron Curtain. We can do nothing about it. But we ought not to mistake it for consent.

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# BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

## *A Christmas List*

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

*The author of several juveniles, Mrs. Jackson is children's book editor for the San Francisco CHRONICLE.*

Once again, with Christmas just around the corner, the question of what book to give that special child becomes one of primary importance. It should be a book to twig the imagination, give pleasure to eye and ear, and impart knowledge without dulling the interest of the recipient. The following books are chosen for appealing, expressive illustration and good narrative quality. The age range is from preschool to fourteen. Beginning with the perennial ABC's, the list is in chronological order.

**ALL IN A SUITCASE**, verse by **SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE**, pictures by **Barbara Cooney** (Little, Brown). Aside from learning his letters painlessly, the beginner will have great fun on this trip to Boston playing the suitcase game, in which twenty-six animals, ranging from a piano-playing Aardvark to a Zenopus, are transported. Told in lilting verse with bright and beautiful pictures.

**THE CITY-COUNTRY ABC** by **MARGUERITE WALTERS**, illustrated by **Ib Ohlsson** (Doubleday), is arranged in ingenious turnabout fashion. Half the book takes the child on an alphabetical walk through fields and woods; then when turned around, describes a sight-seeing stroll from a busy city street to the zoo.

**ABC, AN ALPHABET BOOK** by **THOMAS MATTHIASEN**, with photographs in color (Platt & Munk). Pictures of apples, balloons, guitars, clocks, and other everyday objects that small children can readily identify are page-size, with a sentence or two about each one.

**CAT ALPHABET** by **TONY PALAZZO** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) is filled with pictures done in soft crayon of all kinds and conditions of cats, whose names, of course, begin with the proper letter, except occasionally, when some other creature gets top billing; but in each case, a cat is somewhere in the picture.

**THE MOTHER GOOSE TREASURY**,

illustrated by **RAYMOND BRIGGS** (Coward-McCann), is not a run-of-the-mill edition, but one of the most complete collections now in print. Each rhyme is thoughtfully illustrated in the spirit of the period, with some sketches in pen and ink and numerous paintings in brilliant full color by the distinguished English artist.

**OH, WHAT NONSENSE!**, poems selected by **William Cole**, illustrated by **Tomi Ungerer** (Viking). The anthologist makes a point of omitting from this collection the more familiar "nonsense" poems by **Lewis Carroll** and **Edward Lear** in order to include delightful rhymes by other poets.

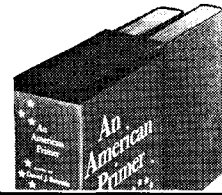
**DO TIGERS EVER BITE KINGS?** by **BARBARA WERSBA**, illustrated by **Mario Rivoli** (Atheneum). This is a hilarious saga in verse, appropriately illustrated, telling how a gentle, obliging king outwitted his vixen of a wife with the connivance of a friendly tiger.

**CLUCK, THE CAPTAIN'S CHICKEN**, story and pictures by **LYNN SWEAT** (Macmillan). A seafaring chicken with a nose for treasure leads her captain to a remote island, on which they discover a large chest filled with gold. The gold is guarded by a greedy bird with a hooked beak, whom Cluck hoodwinks quite simply in a battle of wits. The pictures, bright and sparkling, add a great deal to the story.

**FIRST DELIGHTS**, written and illustrated by **TASHA TUDOR** (Platt & Munk). Sally, a little farm girl, uses her five senses to enjoy the seasons all through the year. She smells the flowers in the spring, listens to the birds, the running brook, marvels at the bursting leaves, and pets baby kittens. Each page has a painting in soft pastels of Sally and the farm scenes.

**PICK A RAINCOAT, PICK A WHISTLE** by **LILLIAN BASON**, illustrated by **Allan Eitzen** (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). This expedition into the world of leaves and their uses is written with infectious enthusiasm and illustrated in such eye-catching color and detail that even the most intractable child will find it fascinating.

**JOHN TABOR'S RIDE**, story and pictures by **BLAIR LENT** (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is a fresh version of the ancient legend in which John Tabor, a whaling man shipwrecked on a tropical isle, climbs aboard a whale for a riotously funny journey



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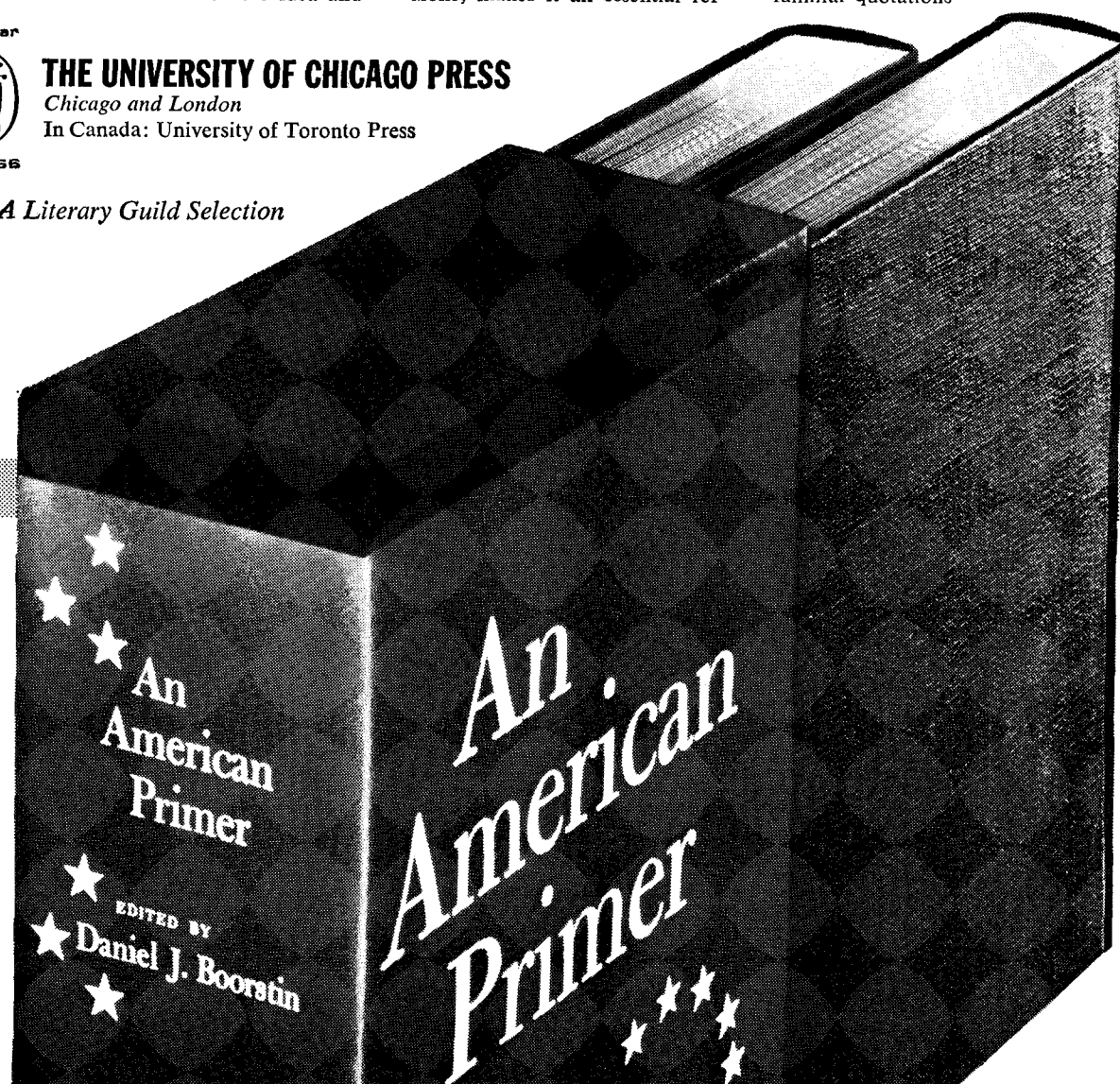
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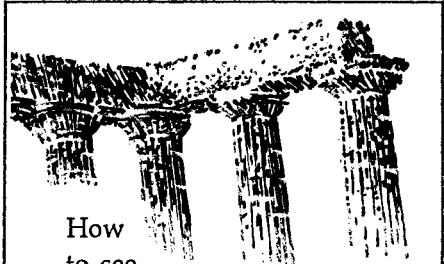
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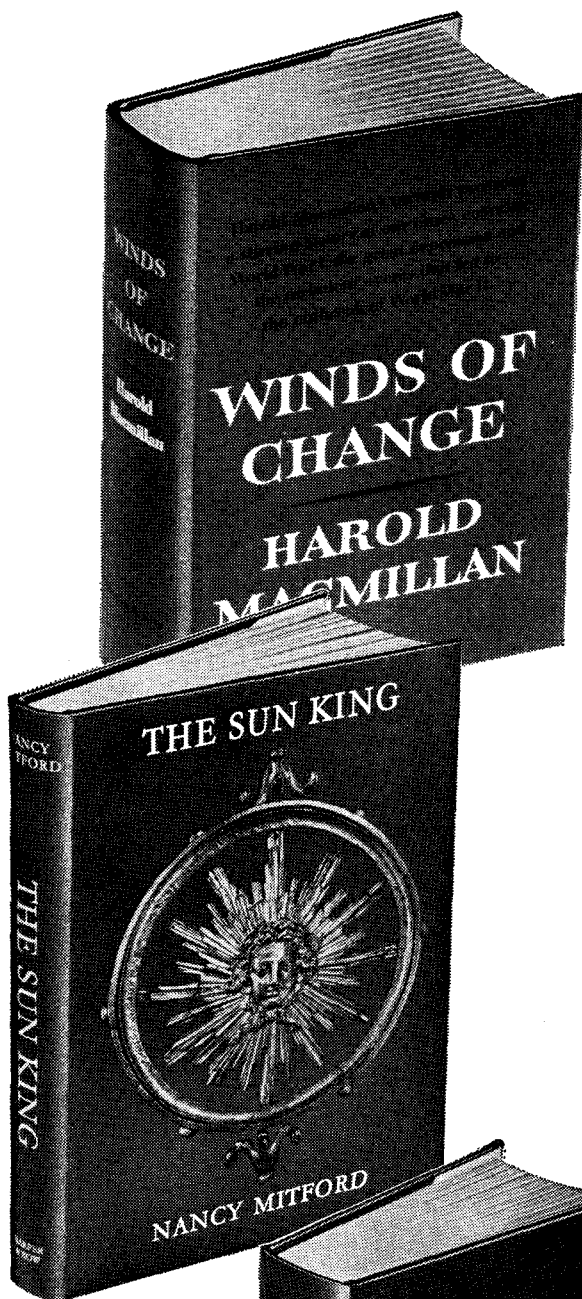
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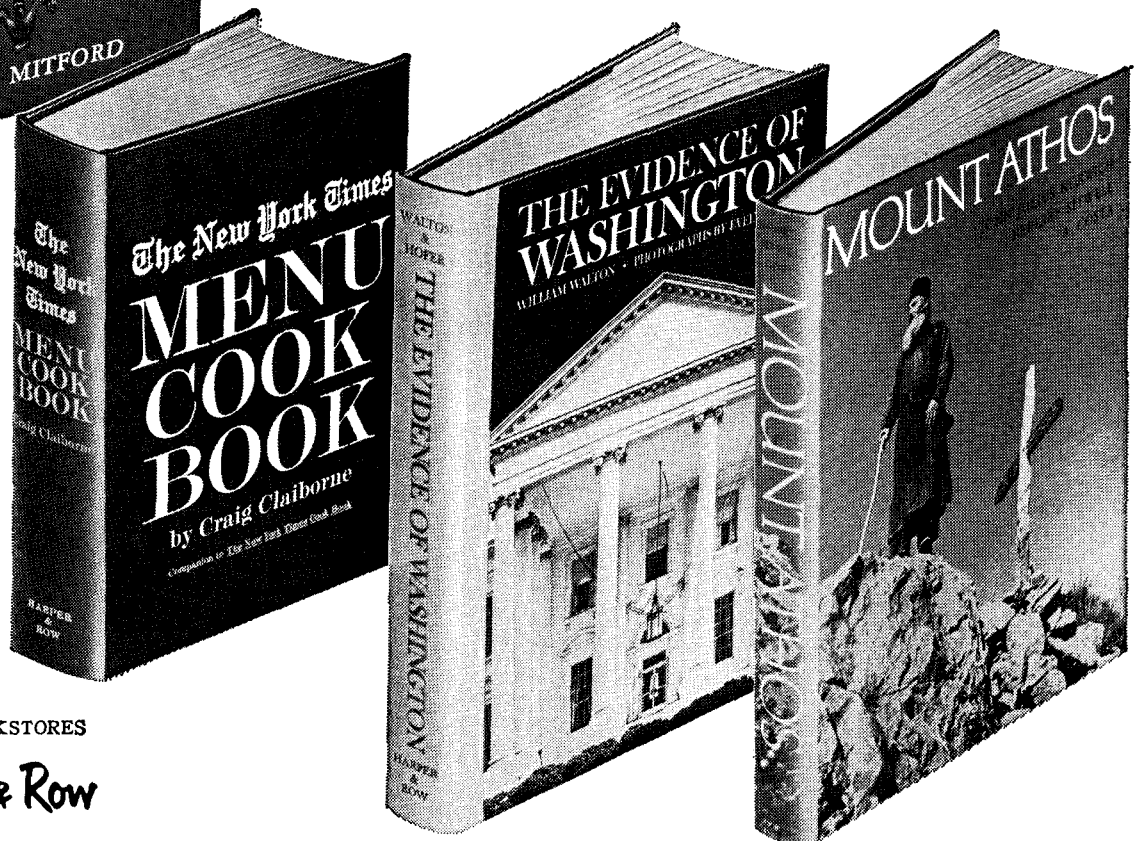
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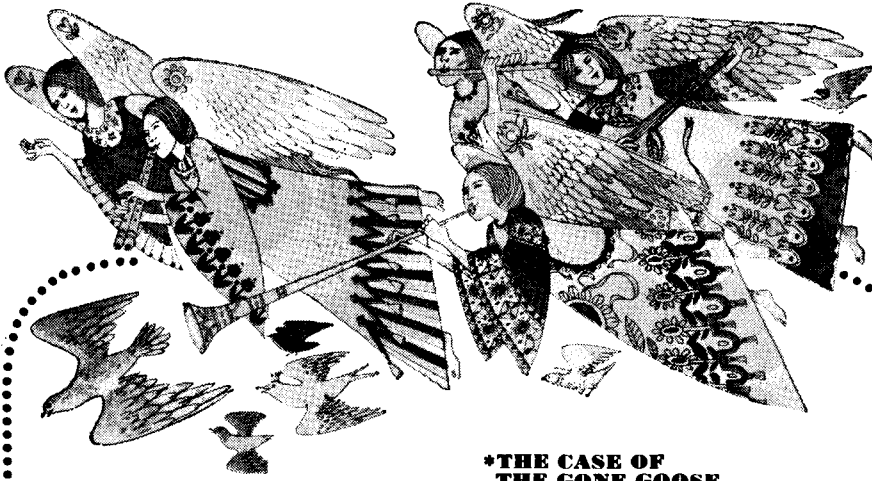
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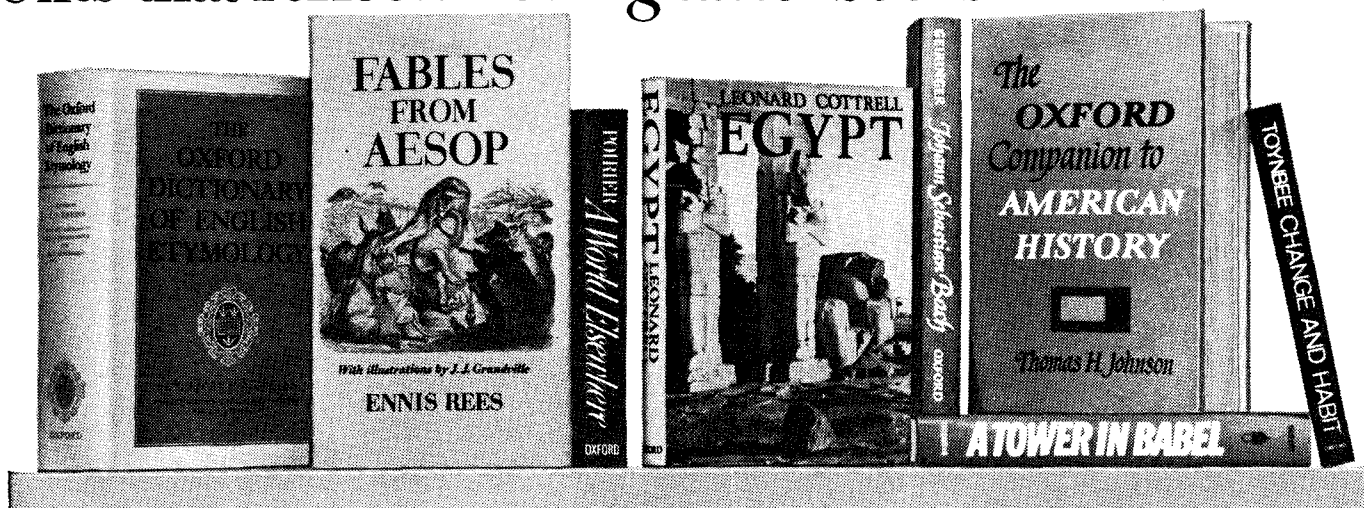
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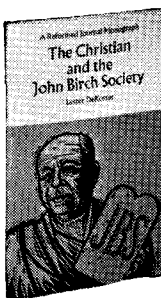
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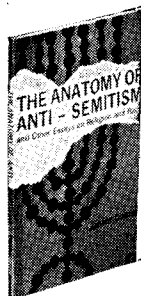
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stages of drowsiness, standing, reclining, stumbling off to find cocoa and cookies, and, at last, singing themselves to sleep in their own beds.

DEEP IN A HAYSTACK by MICHAEL SAGE, illustrated by Arnold Spilka (Viking). A puppy snoozing in a haystack dreams that he is a huge whale, a tiny fish, and even a many-legged octopus skating in the park, all of which was great fun. Upon awakening, however, and a bit of serious thought, he decides that a puppy's life is best.

A BOY WENT OUT TO GATHER PEARS, illustrated by Felix Hoffmann (Harcourt, Brace & World). A distinguished Swiss artist illuminates the old rhyme in which the boy refuses to gather pears, the dog refuses to bite the boy, and so forth, until the whole panorama of events is concluded in a rainbow of miniature pictures.

COME AND SEE ME by MARY KENNEDY, pictures by Martha Alexander (Harper & Row). In this sequence of simple text and beguiling pictures, a little girl invites her friend into her garden to see what she has planted, smell the flowers, listen to the wind in the trees, and savor other secrets of the out-of-doors that she has discovered.

## CHRISTMAS STORIES

A CHRISTMAS PANORAMA: THE FRIENDLY BEASTS and A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE, illuminated by Virginia Parsons, calligraphy by Sheila Waters (Doubleday), is a panel of nativity scenes on one side, and the partridge, pear-tree sequence on the other, with appropriate verse and captions. The panel folds neatly into a miniature book, snugly boxed.

CHRISTMAS TREE ON THE MOUNTAIN, story and pictures by CAROL FENNER (Harcourt, Brace & World). On a snowy New England day, three children, armed with saw and rope, went to the woods for their Christmas tree. At first they found the going hard and only scraggly trees; then a bright-eyed red fox led them to the perfect tree, one that perfumed the whole kitchen with its fragrance.

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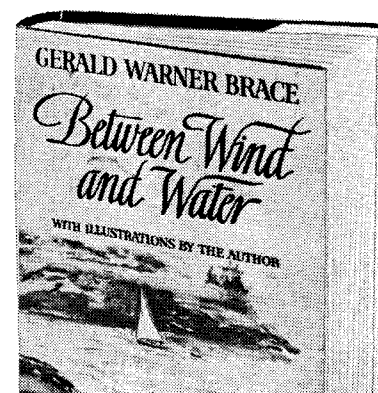
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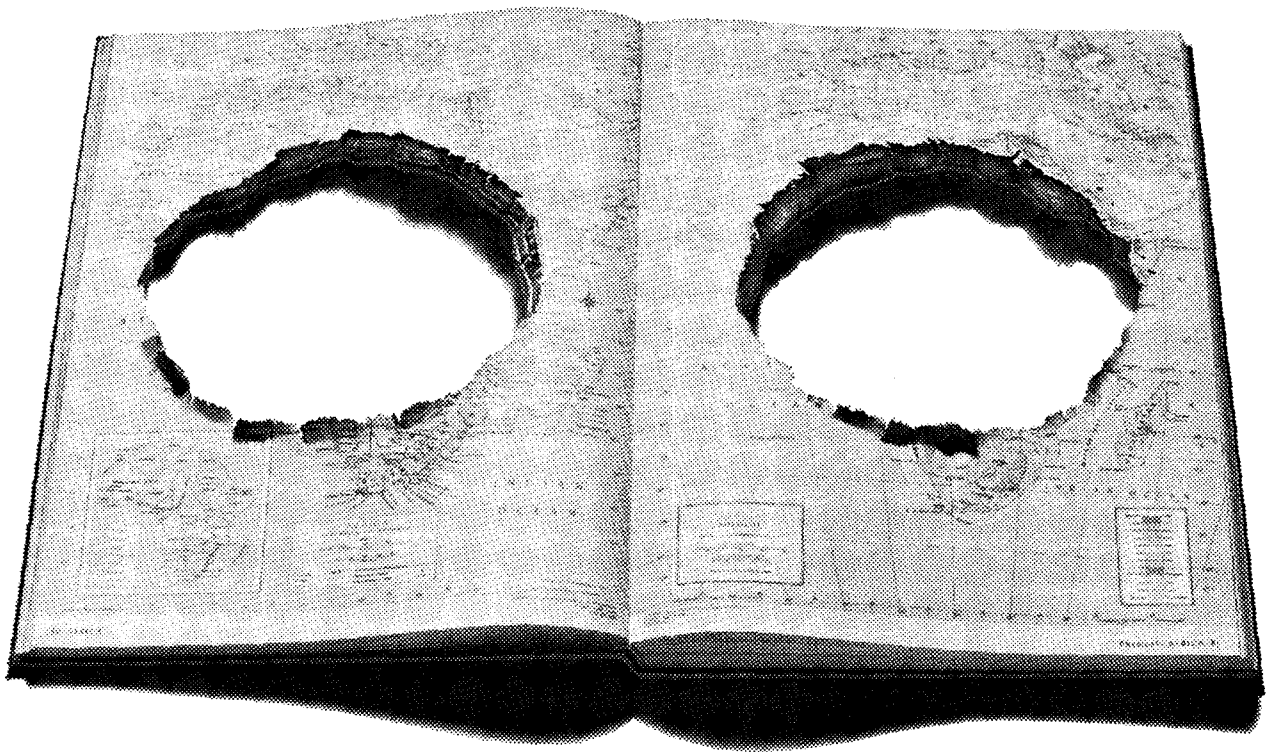
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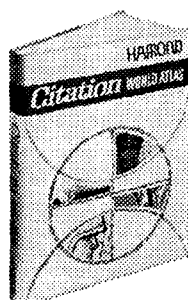
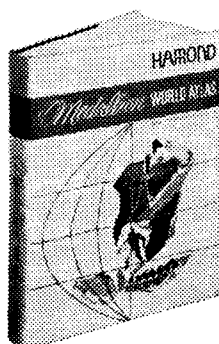
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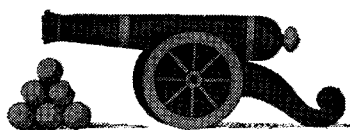


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Christmas theme, some from the gospel of Saint Luke, although the bulk of the songs are drawn from unusual sources. The music is simply written for young pianists, and the collection as a whole is a stimulating gift for those who like to gather around the piano at Christmas.

**THE CHRISTMAS SKY** by FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY, illustrated by Blair Lent (Crowell). This story is based on the annual Christmas show given at New York's Hayden Planetarium. Wood blocks in rich blue and yellow.

**A DONKEY FOR THE KING** by JOHN and PATRICIA BEATTY, woodcuts by Anne Siberell (Macmillan). Jesse, a mute, homeless young shepherd of the Holy Land, whose only method of communication was his flute, joined a traveling circus, where he was in charge of a performing donkey, Belschazzar, who became his trusty companion. During their travels, the donkey is sold, and the story tells how they came together again in Bethlehem during that first Christmas, where the donkey played an important role in the life of the Holy Family. The authors succeed in making the time and place come alive, as well as in telling a moving story.

**A GIFT FROM THE LONELY DOLL**, photographs and story by DARE WRIGHT (Random House). Edith, the lonely doll of other stories, decides that she will make a very special present for her friend Mr. Bear. It turns out to be big enough for three bears, which makes Edith very unhappy until she solves the situation and delights all of her toy friends. A most enjoyable Christmas story, with exceptional photographs of all the toy personnel in action.

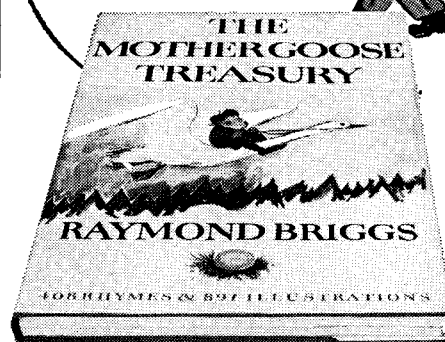
**THE CHRISTMAS STORY**, edited by Marguerite Northrup (New York Graphic Society). Selections from the gospels of Matthew and Luke, King James version of the Bible, with full-color reproductions of famous paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, make this a handsome Christmas gift book. Index of paintings with notes on each.

**JOY TO THE WORLD** by RUTH SAWYER, illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman (Little, Brown). Six legends of Christmas from faraway places, alternated with carols, each page decorated with traditional scenes, handsomely executed in shades of bronze, which is most effective and conveys the holy spirit of the season.

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**BIRDS OF THE NORTHERN FOREST** (Houghton Mifflin, \$20.00) is the bird book for people who detect a whiff of necrophilic melodrama in Audubon. The fifty-six paintings by the Canadian watercolorist J. F. LANSDOWNE record not only color but structure, volume, texture, characteristic motion, and, particularly in the case of the utterly enchanting owls, degree of fluff. In addition to the colorplates, each bird is represented by a page of black and white sketches which prove that Mr. Lansdowne has spent a great deal of time watching his subjects fly, perch, hop, scratch, and study inquisitive artists. The text by the naturalist John A. Livingston is informative and often amusing.

Ignoring the experimental, the symbolic, the Freudian, the non, and all other fashionable inventions in the construction of novels, **FRANÇOISE SAGAN** continues to write with eighteenth-century directness about the foolish way people act, usually because they are, or think they are, in love. There is something heroically unpretentious about Miss Sagan's methods. She depends upon a few characters, a few brilliantly evocative details, and a flatly unemotional tone to create a world and arouse the reader's interest in it. In **LA CHAMADE** (Dutton, \$3.95) she succeeds even better than normally in making a small object cast a long shadow. Her heroine is an amiable, pliable, totally selfish grown-up child whose attempt to behave as the world tells her a young woman naturally ought to behave comes, predictably, to nothing. The end of the story is inevitable from the beginning, but as long as Lucile struggles with the shackles imposed by her own nature, one reads with fascination. What is more, although Miss Sagan is never to be caught openly encouraging anything so dreary, one thinks — mainly about what one has previously failed to observe of the incorrigible, self-frustrating, infinitely ingenious cantankerousness of humanity.

**JEAN RENOIR'S THE NOTEBOOKS OF CAPTAIN GEORGES** (Little, Brown, \$5.95) is another novel about a love

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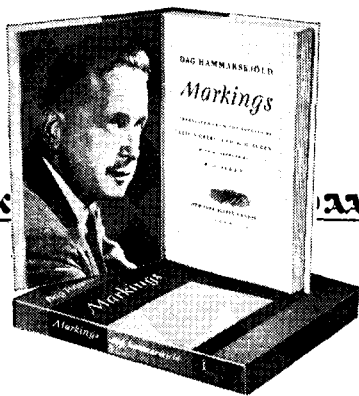
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affair, also translated from French. The author's elegant memoir of his father, Auguste Renoir, has little relation to this fiction. The novel is certainly not parody, or even pastiche, yet the story of love between a young aristocrat and an angelic prostitute back in 1914 hardly seems an independent work. It occurs to me that it is a Colette novel written from the masculine point of view, which permits the introduction of amusing and scruffy descriptions of life in a smart cavalry regiment. This side of the tale turns out to be pure P. C. Wren. In short, it is not possible to take *The Notebooks of Captain Georges* quite seriously, but it is easily possible to enjoy it.

J. I. M. STEWART, a professor in the English literature department at Oxford, and as Michael Innes, an author of mystery stories, has presumably been hampered in writing RUDYARD KIPLING (Dodd, Mead, \$5.00) by the fact that surviving members of Kipling's family still control certain information. Not that the book, a study of Kipling's life and writing, is unsuccessful. It is very thorough indeed in relating the subject matter of Kipling's early, most popular work to his actual experiences. It is less thorough in dealing with the later stories, many of them preoccupied with supernatural themes and abnormal states of mind. Mr. Stewart mentions the fact that Kipling's sister became a medium and a practitioner of automatic writing, and was eventually the victim of some sort of mental illness. There seems to be a connection between these points and Kipling's late fiction, but Mr. Stewart waltzes around the question as lightly as Mrs. Hauksbee at a Simla ball.

THE CITY AND THE ISLAND (Atheneum, \$4.50 and \$1.95) is the second book of poems by PETER DAVISON, whose first was *The Breaking of the Day*. Expertly made, varied in technique, superficially concerned with topics ranging from an eclipse of the sun to misfiled papers, the poems are in fact all part of an examination of the differences between the public world and the private one. The island is a protean territory, shifting from individual imagination to the practice of art to the general graveyard of history; it is always lonely and sometimes terrifying. The city is no less alarming but not so chameleon in habit. Between the two, "the sea never stops/Gulping

and nibbling." Both city and island are full of unexpected images and meanings that turn into other meanings, unforeseeable until Mr. Davison casually lifts a rug or a rock. When the two worlds meet, in "Lunch at the Coq D'or," there is a sputter of ironic comedy:

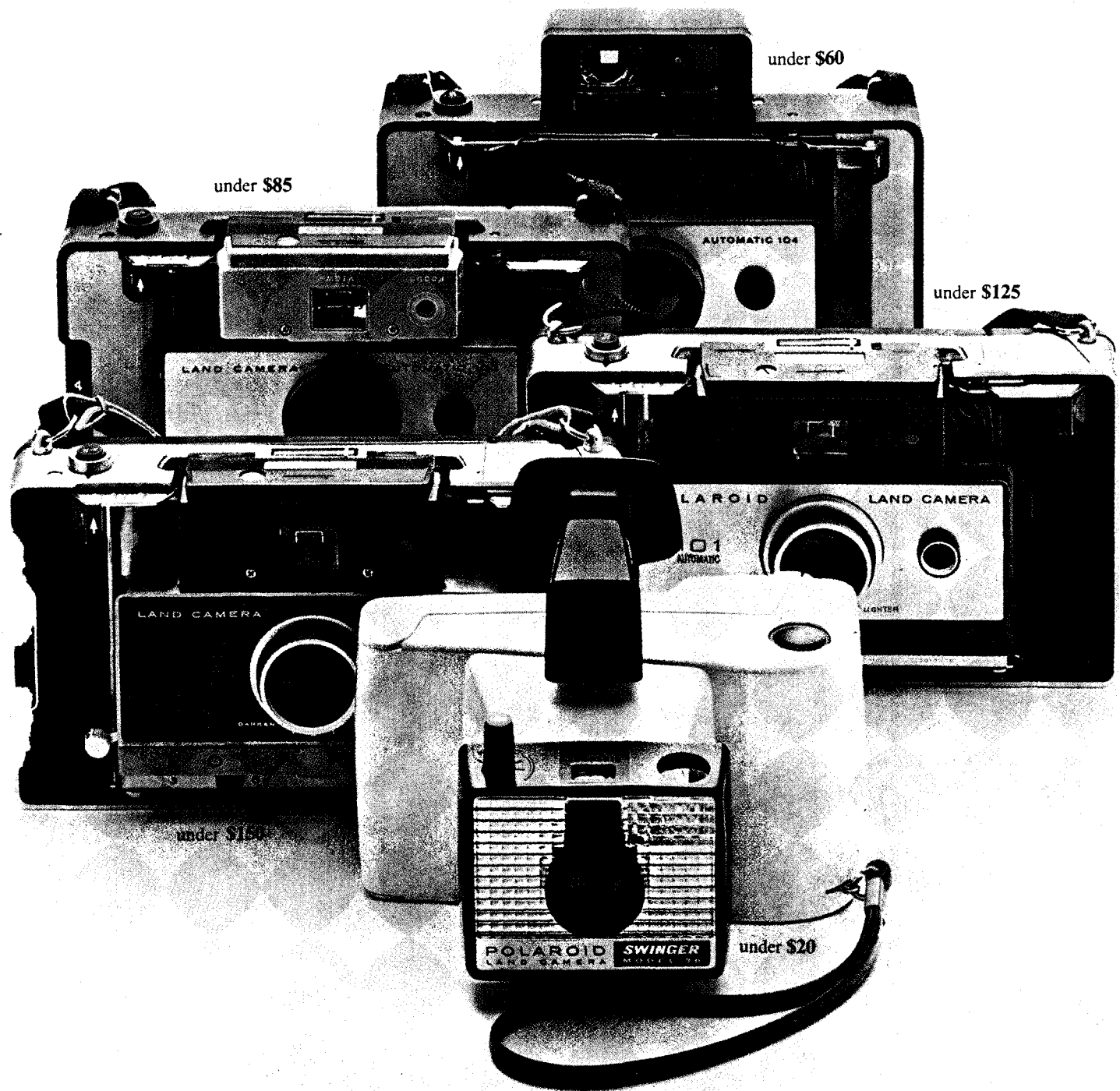
Another round for us. It's good to work  
With such a man. "Purdy," I hear myself,  
"It's good to work with you." I raise  
My arm, feathery in the dim light, and extend  
Until the end of it brushes his padded shoulder.  
"Purdy, how are you? How you doodle do?"

THE BOOK OF SNOBS (Coward-McCann, \$4.00), written by the Duke of Bedford in collaboration with George Mikes, turns out to be a spoof of traditional social nonsense, and some of it is very funny. Its defect is the presence of too much padding between the impertinences.

ON THE GREEK STYLE (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95) is a selection from the essays of the Nobel Prize winner GEORGE SEFERIS, translated by Rex Warner and Th. D. Frangopoulos. The pieces are described as "in poetry and Hellenism," but the subjects are more diverse than this phrase implies. Mr. Seferis is a poet who writes evasively of his own work, but penetratingly of the poet's craft and purpose when he examines the use of history by T. S. Eliot and Cavafy. He discusses Hellenism in terms of individuals, men like the painter Theophilos, a primitive eccentric with a powerful vision, and Makryannis, hero of the war of independence and later leader of demands for constitutional reform. Makryannis was an illiterate who learned to write in order to record the truth of his wars and to explain "that this country of ours belongs to all of us, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, politicians and soldiers, even the least of the people." Mr. Seferis admires the old hero profoundly, and when he writes of Hellenism, has in mind a body of ideas with the flexibility and accessibility implied in Makryannis' concept of Greece. "But what most of our critics do," Mr. Seferis complains, "is simply to create a state of personal litigation between the public and the work of art. . . ." It is not intellect that Mr. Seferis distrusts, but intellectual snobbery.



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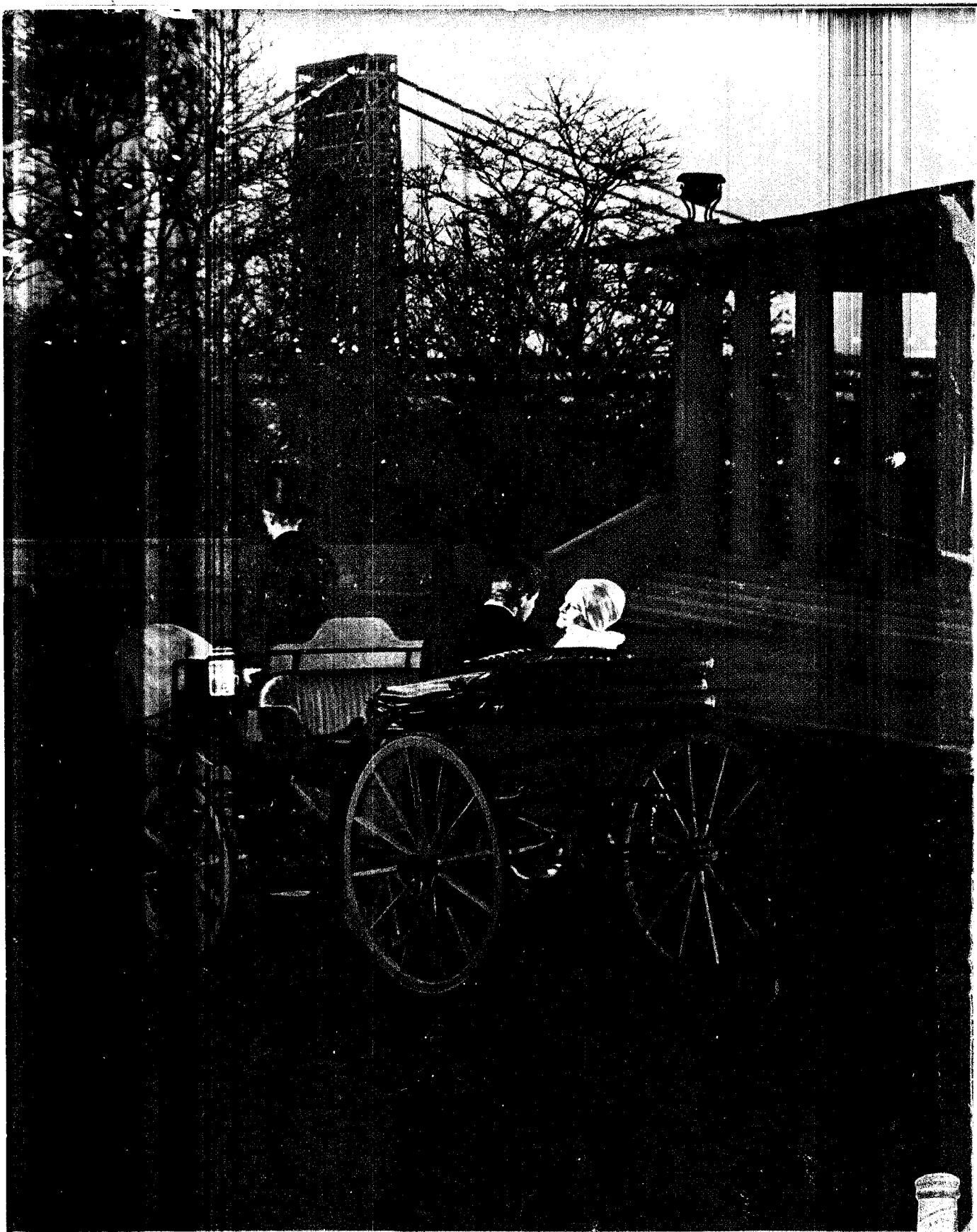
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